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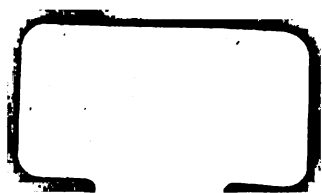
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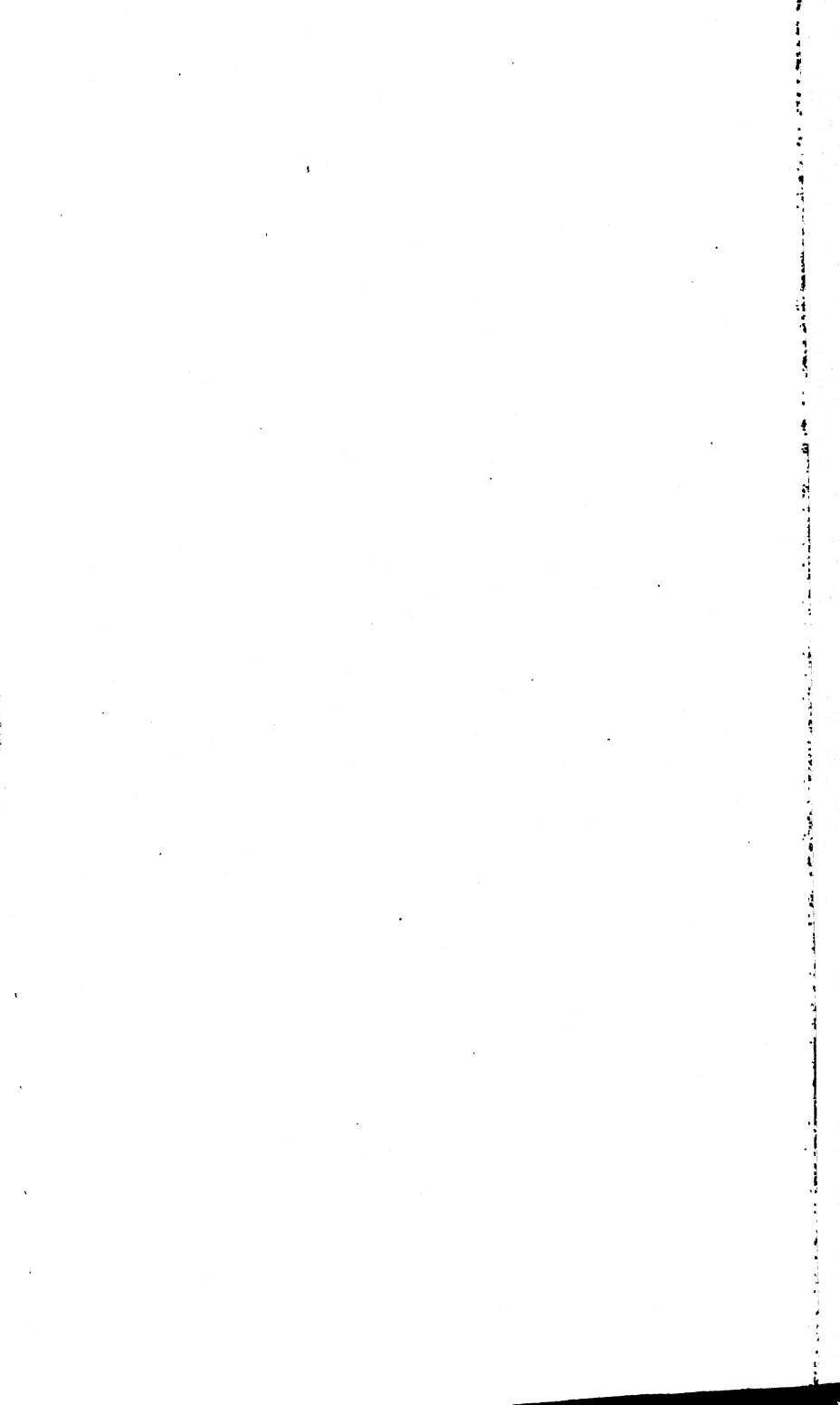


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VOL. VI.

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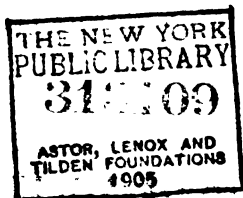
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December 1, 1811.

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR JULY, 1811.

FROM THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army, and a Sketch of the Campaigns in Poland in the years 1806 and 1807. 4to. pp. xxviii. 276. London. Egerton. 1811.

THERE is not a more certain prognostic of the downfall of a nation, than a conviction on the part of the government and the people, that their utmost efforts are inadequate to resist the enemy with whom they may be engaged in war. There is something in this feeling which palsies every nerve, and produces an effect upon a nation, which may be said to resemble the languor of a confirmed melancholy, operating upon individuals. It oppresses those whom it attacks with a listless debility, and whilst the power of the disorder becomes gradually more decided, and its cure more remote, it leaves its unfortunate victims to sink beneath their fate, without effort and without hope.

It is therefore with great regret, and not without some alarm, that we observe in any part of this country a tendency to this disorder; and we consider as no equivocal symptom of its approach, a disposition to represent every extensive application of the great military resources of these islands, as utterly vain and ineffectual. We confess that it has given us pe-

culiar pain to remark, that this doctrine (which appears pregnant with fatal consequences) has been propagated by persons who, from their situation, character, and talents, have considerable weight in the country; and who might, if they thought fit, excite spirit and vigour in the same degree as they now create despondency and fear. They do not, it is true, extend their doubts of the ability of this country to contend with France, to our maritime means; but they entertain such an opinion of the supereminent military genius of Buonaparte, and of the overwhelming strength of the military resources of France, as to look upon the British army (the bravest and the finest undoubtedly in the world) as fit only to wage a petty colonial war, or to wait in trembling apprehension at home for the moment, when the enemy, having consolidated all his means and collected all his might, shall attempt to number the British empire amongst his dependent provinces. For ourselves, we confess that these maxims are by no means congenial

to our feelings, or consistent with our notions of British policy. We cannot very readily understand what benefit, and particularly what security, is to follow from a mode of conducting a war purely and systematically defensive. In the operations of an individual campaign, such a mode of warfare may be prudent and advantageous; but it appears to us that the adoption of it, as a fixed principle, would give to the enemy every advantage which he could desire, and deprive ourselves of every chance of terminating hostilities with safety or honour. Far from considering the state of Europe at the present moment as one which calls upon us to abandon all idea of vigorously resisting Buonaparte upon the continent, we see in the struggles which have ennobled some, and in the reverses which have overturned others of the continental powers, an additional motive for energy and perseverance on our own part: and from an attentive examination of the great military events of the last eighteen years, we are persuaded that by a manly and *honourable* resistance, even the genius of Buonaparte may be foiled, and the spell of French invincibility dissolved.

It is on these accounts that we view with pleasure the work before us; and we think that Sir Robert Wilson has rendered an eminent service to his country, to Europe, and the world, by exhibiting an authentic narrative of the campaigns in Poland, and by thus assisting in tearing away the mask with which exaggeration on the one hand, and pusillanimity on the other, have disguised much of the true character of Buonaparte's strength. That Sir Robert Wilson was well qualified to give these details to the public cannot be doubted, whether we consider the talents which he is known to possess, or the opportunities which he enjoyed of witnessing what he describes. The motives too which he states as having urged him to this undertaking, are highly creditable to his feelings; and he very

naturally represents them to have been awakened 'by the perusal of a French extra-official narrative of the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, and by a late British publication on the character, customs, and manners of Russia, with a Review of that work.'—With regard to the two latter publications, we entirely concur with Sir Robert Wilson in the view which he entertains of their tendency, and of the injudicious tone of asperity in which they are expressed—a tone which many circumstances recorded in the book itself, pointed out by Sir Robert Wilson, render not only imprudent, but unjustifiable. In fact, we are not without suspicion, that if our travellers do not experience in Russia that attention and hospitality to which they conceive themselves entitled, the Russians *alone* are not to blame.—We assert, however, in common with Sir Robert Wilson, (and we have no unsubstantial grounds for the assertion,) that the charge brought against Russia is totally unfounded; and we could add many names to the list which he has given of those to whom he could refer for a confirmation of his opinion. We do not indeed pretend to say that there are no defects in the Russian character; but we are disposed to make great allowances in favour of a people, who little more than a century ago were hardly to be considered as forming part of the European commonwealth, and whose comparative backwardness in many points of civilization, may rather be attributed to the general slowness with which improvement advances, than to any insuperable obstacles arising from the native character of those amongst whom its influence is extended. Be this however as it may, we think with Sir Robert Wilson, 'that the interests of Russia and of England are inseparably united;' and we should consider it almost miraculous if the late selection of Bernadotte to be Crown Prince of Sweden, and the extension of the French empire to the Hanse

Towns, did not excite a degree of jealousy between Russia and France, which may, at no remote period, be attended with very important consequences.

Looking therefore to the prospect of a return of that harmony which formerly subsisted between England and Russia, we are happy to deduce from the work before us the following inferences: first, that experience will have taught Russia those causes of her former failure which depended upon herself; and, secondly, that with the benefit of that experience, she may acquire the means of contending successfully with France. It is not for us to say how soon she may become sensible of the impolicy and danger of her present union with that power, ~~and~~ how soon (supposing that sense ~~of~~ ^{of} danger to be created) she may feel herself in a condition to break the bonds by which she is at present fettered. We cannot but admit, that if the marriage of Buonaparte with a Princess of Austria should give him such a commanding influence in the Cabinet of Vienna, as to compel that power to active co-operation with France against Russia, the difficulties of the latter country would be very materially increased. But the experience of all history teaches us, that the connexions which such marriages form between States, naturally jealous of each other, are frail and fleeting. Can we suppose that Austria will not look with increasing anxiety to the recovery of those portions of her territory which have been wrested from her, and which, from their position and internal resources, are, in a commercial, political and military sense, of such vast importance to the prosperity and strength of the Austrian empire? Nothing which she can acquire on the side of Turkey or of Poland, can, as it strikes us, compensate, in point of feeling and interest, for the loss of the Venetian States; for the dismemberment of her hereditary dominions on the side of Carinthia and Carniola;

and, above all, for the sacrifice of the Tyrol, that gem in the Austrian crown, torn from her after a struggle, which, whilst it excited the admiration, and kindled the enthusiasm of surrounding nations, must have taught Austria herself the intrinsic value of so inestimable a possession. She may indeed be indignant at the conduct of Russia in the war of 1809; but she will recollect that the hostilities of that power were languid and evidently reluctant; and although at the peace of Vienna she was compelled to abandon a portion of her Polish territory to Russia, she will feel that her real enemy and spoiler is France, and that with France is her true and genuine quarrel. Admitting, therefore, that the conduct of Buonaparte towards Austria at the peace of Vienna, was a stroke of policy well calculated to forward his immediate views, we may still venture to doubt the permanency of its effects; and, without following this course of reasoning into detail, we do not think that there is any thing in the present state of Europe which renders it improbable that Russia will sooner or later throw off the yoke of Buonaparte, and assert her native strength with vigour and success. That strength may indeed have been shaken, and even for a time impaired, in the late tempestuous struggle: but is it therefore gone for ever, or has it necessarily been followed by irremediable debility and decay? The branches of the tree may have been shattered, but the trunk and the root remain uninjured, and the sap still moves on in its regular course with healthy and undiminished circulation.

We will now endeavour to lay before our readers a view of the work itself. It is divided into two parts; viz. remarks upon the character and composition of the Russian army, and a detailed account of the campaigns in which it was engaged. These divisions are however preceded by a preface, which contains some

matter not to be passed over without notice. We have already expressed our approbation of the motives which led Sir Robert Wilson to undertake this publication, and our general coincidence in the vindication of the Russian character; but there is one part of the preface which we cannot look upon as entitled to the same assent: we mean that which relates to the partition of Poland, and in which Sir Robert endeavours, as it appears to us, to palliate that atrocious transaction. We really do not think that it was at all necessary, with a view to defend the present state of Russia from the aspersions thrown upon it by Dr. Clarke and others, to advert to this subject; nor does the author appear to have succeeded in his attempt. Our readers, however, shall judge for themselves. After quoting various state papers in order to show that Russia was not only not guilty of religious persecution in Poland, but that, on the contrary, her object was to secure the most perfect toleration, he adds,—

‘Persecution (speaking here of the persecution exercised by the *Polish* government against the Dissidents) went on, and Poland was partitioned, so as to render her a *less formidable agitator to the neighbouring States*. The erasure of Poland from the list of States has ever been deemed an atrocious outrage, *but certainly Poland had abused her independence*. For nine hundred years this fine country (with very little intermission) had been the prey of factions and disorder, *which had kept the bordering States in continual inquietude*, whilst they desolated and degraded the people.’

And again—

‘If the government of Poland had not been vicious, if the state of society had not been depraved, twelve millions of people would have found means to preserve their independence, when the inclination to become a nation was so prevalent; nor would ambition have projected the subjugation, or could Catherine have been enabled before the last partition to reply to a prelate of Poland, who was endeavouring to convince her that his country was a Sovereign State, independent of all other earthly power, and that there was an in-

justice in her Majesty’s proceeding towards it—“Reverend Father, if Poland was an independent State, you would not have been here to intercede for it; as it is, you can give me no security that your country will not fall under the dominion of those who may one day attempt to disturb the happiness of my people. To care for the present, and provide for the future safety of this empire, the Almighty has imposed on me the heavy duty of a Sovereign: and to the accomplishment of our divine mission all earthly considerations must give place.”’

Now upon these passages we have to remark, that admitting (as we do) the accuracy of Sir Robert Wilson’s account of the government and institutions of Poland, we cannot see in them any justification of the partitioning powers. They had not a right even to interfere with much less to dismember, the territories of Poland, unless they could clearly and distinctly show that the anarchy which prevailed in that country was dangerous to the security of their own States. They did indeed pretend to justify their conduct upon this principle; but to us it is manifest that the radical vices of the Polish constitution, and the perpetual confusion which they introduced into every part of the country, so far from being a cause of jealousy and alarm, were guarantees to the neighbouring States of her inability to do them mischief; and Sir Robert Wilson himself confirms this opinion, when he says in the preceding extract, ‘that if the government of Poland had not been vicious, if the state of society had not been depraved, twelve millions of people would have found means to preserve their independence;’ for if these causes rendered them incapable of defending themselves, how could they give them the means of endangering the safety of others? If they were so weak at home, what strength could they display abroad? Upon the ground therefore of self-defence, we think the palliation fails entirely; and we are really surprized that the author should have

introduced into this justificatory part of his preface the speech of Catherine, in which she affects to consider her career of injustice towards Poland, as a duty imposed upon her by Providence for the security of her own subjects. She did indeed make 'all earthly considerations give way' upon this occasion; but they gave way not to the mandates of heaven, but to the violence of inflamed ambition. In short, if there existed no other records of the partitions of Poland, than the manifestoes by which it was attempted to justify them, we should still say that they were conceived in injustice, and executed with every mark of insult, and in defiance of every principle of generosity or honour.

With regard to what Sir Robert Wilson says of the general conciliatory disposition of the Russian government towards its subjects, we are disposed to allow due weight to the following statement.

'Public documents will authenticate, that so far from any existing desire to impose the shackles of slavery, extraordinary encouragements are given to the progress of freedom; and that the total abolition of slavery is the principle of the Russian government, which indefatigably pursues this difficult but noble object, and for which purpose a committee is at this very time sitting, under the superintendence of the Emperor.'

This undoubtedly is highly satisfactory, and most gratifying to every lover of rational liberty; and we certainly think that the tranquillity which Sir Robert afterwards represents as having prevailed in the distant and conquered provinces during the late war, when no troops were left to overawe them, may fairly be viewed as tending still farther to establish the general fact of the conciliatory character of the Russian government. We are at the same time not without our fears, that in a country of such vast extent, and still labouring under so many defects in its political institutions, there must be, at

least in its extremities, many instances of individual oppression.

We cannot conclude our comments upon Sir Robert Wilson's preface, without referring to his charge against Buonaparte for having poisoned his sick soldiers in Egypt, which he there renews. We shall however only observe, that we have not the smallest suspicion that he would have brought forward so grave an accusation without being himself thoroughly persuaded of the truth of the facts which he alleged; and that if he has hitherto failed in substantiating the charge, it is not so much from any improbability in the thing itself, as from the difficulty and danger of producing such testimony as would constitute a decisive proof.

We have detained our readers somewhat too long from a view of the main body of the work. It commences with a description of the Russian army, and Sir Robert points out with great minuteness and in a very interesting manner, the characteristics which mark the different parts of which it is composed. In his account of the infantry he represents them as possessing all the materials requisite for forming complete soldiers; and he records a variety of anecdotes which confirm in a striking manner his general description of their character. We were particularly struck with the following instances of devoted intrepidity, one where the error of a commander had exposed his troops to inevitable destruction, and the other where the idea of gratifying their sovereign, and fulfilling his expectations, overpowered every other feeling.

"Comrades, go not forwards into the trenches," cried out a retiring party to an advancing detachment, "retreat with us, or you will be lost, for the enemy are already in possession."—"Prince Potemkin must look to that," replied the commander, "for it was he who gave us the order.—Come on Russians!" and he and his men marched forward and perished.

The other instance occurred at Eylau.

‘General Benningsen ordered the village of Eylau, which had been abandoned by mistake, to be recovered, and the columns were in motion, animated by an expression in the command, that the Emperor expected his troops to execute the orders; but afterwards thinking it advisable, as the enemy was greatly reinforced, to desist from the enterprize, he sent to countermand the service. “No, no,” exclaimed every voice, “the Emperor must not be disappointed.”’

These are noble sentiments, and the nation which is actuated by them, can hardly fail to be eminently distinguished in war. But we cannot forbear laying before our readers another trait which Sir Robert mentions, because it gives rise to some reflections not inapplicable to our own country :

‘The Russian, nurtured from earliest infancy to consider Russia as the supreme nation of the world, always regards himself as a component part of the irresistible mass. Suwarrow professed the principle, and profiting of the prejudice, achieved with most inadequate means the most splendid success. The love of country is pre-eminent, and inseparable from the Russian soldier. This feeling is paramount, and in the very last hour his gaze is directed to its nearest confines.’

We have noticed this, because we think the feelings here described, are most worthy of our approbation, and because we have observed in some of our politicians, and in a certain class of writers who would sink all high-toned feeling in metaphysical refinement, a disposition to represent the love of country, (considered as a mere sentiment, and independent of the peculiar benefits which the institutions of a particular country may confer upon its inhabitants,) to be a sentiment worthy only of former barbarism and antiquated prejudice. Now we are thoroughly persuaded that this feeling is essential to the maintenance of national independence, and that those who calculate the value of their country, as they would the value of their estate, according

to the degree of personal profit or enjoyment which they derive from it, will never be found firm and constant in its support. We appeal, in justification of this opinion, to the unyielding courage which marked the conduct of the Russian soldiery, and to the splendid and sublime heroism, which has prompted the persevering resistance of Spain and Portugal. These countries, particularly the two latter, were not blessed with a free government; they laboured under numberless abuses, and felt in every quarter the chilling influence of misguided despotism: but the people loved their country because it was their country, they fought for it because they loved it, and thousands of them have sealed by their death the sincerity and warmth of their affection. This may be romantic and unphilosophical, but it is generous, it is noble.

The account of the light infantry, the imperial guard, the cavalry and artillery, is well drawn up, and coincides in most particulars with other accounts which we have heard of them, although it may perhaps be thought that the partiality which gratitude excites in Sir Robert Wilson towards the Russians, has rendered the panegyric passed upon their military establishments in general, rather more warm than in strictness might be warrantable.—We think however that the reader will be particularly interested with his account of the Cossagues and their mode of fighting, of which we have reason to believe the gallant officer was not an idle spectator. It is impossible indeed to peruse this detail without feeling the highest admiration for this singular race of people; singular at least in the present state of the world, whether we consider their form of government, their modes of life, their various virtues, although clouded by a certain degree of ferocity and a disposition to plunder when removed from their own country, or their activity and enterprize in

war. The following extract will illustrate some points of this general description :

‘When a British officer was observing the retreat of Marshal Ney from Gütstadt, his dress and telescope attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed some cannon at him : the first ball struck the earth under his horse, and covered the animal and his rider with sods : a second ball was fired with similar accuracy, when the attendant Cossaque rushed up to him with resentment in his features, and pointing at his helmet, desired him to change it with his cap ; and on the officer’s refusal, he attempted to snatch it from his head and substitute his own : during this contest a shower of musket balls rendered the horses wild, and they flew apart. When the Cossaque was afterwards asked by the Attaman, with feigned anger, for his own explanation of such disrespectful conduct, he replied, “I saw that the enemy directed their fire at the English officer on account of his casque and plume ; I was appointed by you to protect him, I knew you had marched with many Cossagues, but only one stranger ; it was therefore my duty to avert mischief from him by attracting it to myself, and by so doing, preventing the sorrow you and every Cossaque would feel at the loss of a guest perishing in your service.”’

This is a specimen of the sentiments and conduct of a people, of whom the 44th Bulletin of the French army, dated Warsaw, December 21, 1806, does not scruple to speak in the following terms :

‘There are no men so wretched and cowardly as the Cossagues : they are a scandal to human nature. They pass the day, and violate the Austrian neutrality every day, merely to plunder a house in Galicia, or to compel the inhabitants to give them brandy, which they drink with great avidity. But since the late campaign, our cavalry is accustomed to the mode of attack made use of by these wretches ; and notwithstanding their numbers and their hideous cry upon these occasions, they await them without alarm ; and it is well known that 2000 of these wretches are not equal to the attack of a squadron of our cavalry.’

Those who know any thing of the French cavalry, will be well able to appreciate the truth of the latter observation : and we wish we could

bring before the eyes of Buonaparte the following passage :

‘Terror preceded the charge, and in vain discipline endeavoured to present an impediment to the protruding pikes. The Cuirassiers alone preserved some confidence, and appeared to baffle the arm and the skill of the Cossaque ; but in the battle of Preuss Eylau, when the Cuirassiers made their desperate charge on the Russian centre, and passed through an interval, the Cossagues bore down on them, speared them, unhorsed them, and in a few moments 530 Cossagues re-appeared in the field, equipped with the spoil of the slain.’—p. 27.

Many other instances of similar courage and superiority are recorded in this volume, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the testimony of Sir Robert Wilson is at least as valuable as the bulletins of the French Emperor. Indeed the coarse language in which Buonaparte speaks of the Cossagues, is with us a strong proof of the injury which they did to him ; for we have observed that he is abusive and contemptuous in proportion as he has reason to hate or fear ; whether the object be the beautiful and high-minded Queen of Prussia, the daring Cossaque, the enthusiastic resistance of Spain and Portugal, the skill and judgment of Lord Wellington, the vigorous exertions of the British government, or the freedom of the British people, which gives them a spirit to despise his menaces, and an arm to retaliate his aggressions.

Sir Robert introduces many curious traits of the Cossagues in general, and, in describing their Attaman Platow, draws a most striking picture of that noble and distinguished chief. He appears to have risen from the ranks, and the detail of his services fully justifies the author’s observation—‘Proud and happy may his country be, if she always finds a chief with equal mind and virtues.’ If indeed the most undaunted courage, the most incessant activity and perseverance, and the most consummate coolness in the midst of difficulty and danger, are characteristics of an emi-

nent warrior, Platow will not shrink from a comparison with the most distinguished of his rivals.

'It was in this retreat (after the opening of the campaign of 1807) that Platow evinced a trait of that superior mind which attained his station, and which, if he had received a liberal education, would have rendered him one of the first men of the age, as indisputably he is one of the most eminent warriors. After Buonaparte had brought up a second corps of his army, (the brigades of Pajol, Durosnel and Briyères, and the division of heavy cavalry under the orders of General Nansouty,) supported by the whole body he advanced with rapidity, resolved to overwhelm the rear-guards of Platow and Bragrattion, before they passed the bridges of the river which flowed behind them, and to which they had to descend. The Cossagues saw the impending danger, and began to press back in confusion. Platow checked, but found the disorder increasing: he immediately sprang from his horse, exclaiming to the Cossagues, "Let those who are base enough, abandon their Attaman." The corrected lines paused. He gradually moved, and with a waving hand kept back those who had trespassed, sent his orders with calmness, reached the town in order, halted at the bridge until every man had passed, destroyed it, and (still on foot) proceeded on the other side of the town, struggling above ankle deep through the heavy sand: nor could the most tremendous cannonade, and the incessant fire of the French battalions, crowning the opposite heights, and who commenced their volleys as they formed successively, accelerate his pace, or induce him to mount his horse, until the object was attained, and superior duty obliged him, for the direction of other operations. His mein, his venerable and soldier-like appearance, his solemn dignity of manner, combined with the awful incidents of the scene to render this one of the most imposing and interesting sights that could be witnessed. It is afterwards stated of him, that at Tilsitz, when the French generals sent to request leave to present their compliments to him in person, he answered, "There might be peace between his Sovereign and Buonaparte, but no civilities between him and them," and he ordered his sentries to admit no French whatever in their circle.'

We confess that we are oldfashioned enough to admire the proud refusal of this sturdy veteran to share in the contaminating connexion which

had infected many of those around him; and we are happy to believe that there were other noble minds, besides Platow, which deeply felt the degradation that had fallen upon their Sovereign and their country. Sternness and severity, however, are not the only features in the Attaman's character: he appears upon the following occasion, to have graced the ruggedness of military heroism, with all the tenderness of friendship and affection; at the funeral of Colonel Karpow, a distinguished Cossaque officer, who had been killed in a most gallant affair with a body of Polish infantry at Omilow.

'Platow reproached the Colonel's party for not having revenged his death and devoted themselves to sacrifice the enemy; and when he kissed the forehead (according to custom) previous to the lid of the coffin being closed, he could not refrain from tears: wiping them away, he observed, "that he did not weep for the lot of mortality, but that friends could not go together out of the world."

We could dwell with pleasure upon the good qualities of the Cossaque nation and their Attaman; but we must hasten to the consideration of other subjects; and we have still a few observations to make upon the remainder of what relates to the component parts of the Russian army.

After some account of the Basquiens, the author proceeds to describe the officers, the staff, the commissariat, and the hospitals of the Russian army, and concludes this division with some general remarks. It is in these particulars that we discover the great and leading defects of their military system. Sir Robert observes that 'with partial exceptions, the inferior officers of the infantry are disqualified by the neglect of education, and the absence of those accomplishments which should distinguish officers, as well as the sash and gorget. If the Russian troops had better regimental aids, they would, from their disposition to obedience, and habits of temperance, be as distinguished for their discipline,

as they are for their courage.' On the artillery officers, he observes 'that those of inferior rank have not the same title to estimation as in the other European services, for their education is not formed with the same care, and their service does not receive the same encouragement.'

No mention, we remark, is made of the engineers; nor does it appear throughout the course of the narrative, that this branch, so eminently essential in a defensive war, was ever brought much into play, except, perhaps, at the battle of Heilsberg; we doubt, indeed, whether during any part of the campaign any precautions were taken for covering the passage of rivers by *têtes-de-pont*, and other defences, of which Buonaparte knows so well how to avail himself, and by which he is always careful to provide for the security of his retreat. The insufficiency of the Russian staff is a most serious evil in their army, and we are not surprized at the anxiety which Sir Robert represents them to have expressed for the services of General Anstruther, an officer of distinguished merit who fell a victim to his zeal and exertions with the army in Spain, under the command of the late Sir John Moore. We apprehend, indeed, that the Russians have always felt their deficiency in this respect; for we believe that under Suwarrow, in Italy, their Quarter Master General was an Austrian; and in the campaign of 1805, the duties of that station were discharged by Austrian officers: first by General Schmidt, who was unfortunately killed in an action near Crems on the Danube; and afterwards at Austerlitz, by General Weyrother.

The Commissariat and Hospital Departments also appear to labour under many defects; and it is obvious how such deficiencies must tend to cripple the operations of an army, and that whilst they render victory more doubtful, they greatly increase the difficulty of following it up, when courage and perseverance have ob-

tained it. It is, however, but just to remark, that these are not insurmountable evils; and if we may judge by the improvements which have been made in the British army of late years in these essential branches, there can be no reason to suppose that those who direct the military councils of Russia, will be slow to take advantage of their late experience, and to extract from former failure the means of future success: indeed we have heard that their attention has for some time been particularly directed to improvements in these important objects.

We are now brought to the account of the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, in which the prowess and patience of the Russian troops were put to a most severe trial, and in which, notwithstanding the eventful want of success, these qualities were exhibited with peculiar lustre. We are ready, in the outset, to do justice to the clear detail which Sir Robert Wilson has given of these operations, and to the interesting, and in many respects new points of view, in which he has placed them. We were prepared to find that the conduct of the Russians had been highly creditable to their steadiness and courage; but we were not altogether aware how much their activity and enterprize had annoyed the enemy, and, in some degree at least, compensated for their inferiority of numbers. It is due also to General Lestoque, and the Prussian corps under his command, to point the attention of the reader to the useful and honourable part which they performed in these campaigns, and to the proofs which they exhibited (under circumstances the most discouraging) of that spirit which had been created by the genius, and kept alive by the example of the great Frederick: a spirit indeed which was not confined to General Lestoque and those who shared in the operations described by Sir Robert Wilson, but which had been previously manifested by General Blucher, and the brave

men who accompanied his glorious retreat, after the battle of Jena.

The first striking feature in these campaigns was the battle of Pultusk. Various affairs of more or less consequence had previously taken place, but this was the first occasion on which the main bodies of the contending armies came in contact with each other. Upon perusing Sir Robert's account of this affair, together with the more minute details of it, which are contained in the Appendix, and illustrated with plans, and comparing them with the statements of the French Bulletins, it is, we think, quite obvious that the victory *on that day* was with the Russians: and although a variety of unfortunate circumstances concurred in rendering it impossible for General Benningsen to take advantage of his success, yet we entirely agree in the opinion expressed by Sir Robert of the consequences of the battle, and which we lay before the reader in his own words:

'The result of this affair made a very favourable impression for the character of General Benningsen, and on the Russians. It was the first check which Buonaparte had experienced on the continent, a charm was broken, and the French army foresaw that their future combats would be no longer chases of pleasure. The Russian Generals resumed confidence. The stain of Austerlitz was effaced from their escutcheons, and the soldiers recognised themselves as not unworthy of the companions of Suwarrow. It was in vain that Buonaparte denied the victory. It was in vain that he boasted the trophy of some cannon which the Russians had abandoned, in consequence of the state of the roads, on their subsequent march: he could not deceive the army. He was not able even to rally his interrupted operations, so as to pursue the offensive, until he had possessed himself of what yet remained of Prussia; and thus, if he could not render the battle equivocal in history, diminish the mischievous consequences of its loss. It was in vain that he announced the entire destruction of the Russian army, and his consequent return to Warsaw, and here to repose until he chose to renew the campaign. His march had been arrested, all his enterprises discomfited, and he had scarcely proclaimed that he

had repelled the Russians eighty leagues, when the same Russians re-appeared in the field, to assure him with terrible evidence of their existence.'

After this battle, the French army went into winter quarters; but we find that the Russians, 'instead of wandering with the hope of saving themselves behind their frontier, defeated, disgraced, and fugitives, without artillery, means of transport, or baggage, and with the loss of 30,000 men,' as represented in the French Bulletins, undertook what Sir Robert Wilson justly calls, 'a hardy and active movement;' beat up the cantonments of the French left, and having gained various advantages in the field, and relieved the important fortress of Graudentz, compelled Buonaparte to abandon his winter quarters, and assemble his whole forces for offensive operations. In referring to this part of the campaign, we request the attention of our readers to the following circumstance, p. 85.

'In General Bernadotte's baggage (taken at Mohrungen), the money seized in the town of Ebing for his own private use, 10,000 ducats, exclusive of 2500 for his staff, was recovered; and there were found, to a great amount, various pieces of plate, candlesticks, &c. bearing the arms of almost all the States of Germany. The marshal's servant was so ashamed of this plunder, that he would not claim it, when purposely desired to point out his master's property; but as the articles were taken in the marshal's own quarters, and in his trunks, and were in such quantity, they must have been there with his knowledge. There was likewise found an order for the reception of Buonaparte at Warsaw, directing where he was to be hailed with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, together with official accounts of actions prepared for publication, and private duplicates with the real facts stated for Buonaparte's own perusal.—General Benningsen has the papers.'

Bernadotte is not the only general in the French service, who has adopted this mode of rendering war a source of profit as well as glory. The baggage of Dupont, when he surrendered to Castanos in Andalusia after the battle of Baylen, contained abundance of the same ill-gotten wealth.

We fear, indeed, that unless the high situation which the Swedes have lately thought fit to confer upon Bernadotte, should have changed his character and disposition, that nation will soon have cause to execrate his rapacity, and deplore their own imprudence. It is, however, to the latter part of the preceding extract, that we attach the greatest importance; and we are glad that the circumstance is announced in such an authentic shape: it proves undeniably to what a regular and well combined system of artifice Buonaparte had recourse, in order to throw around his actions that dazzling but fictitious lustre, which, having deluded nations almost into a belief of his supernatural powers, has made them accessory to their own destruction. We will take the liberty of producing a later instance of this system. Our readers may, perhaps, recollect, that in the *Moniteur* of November 23, 1810, there appeared a letter, purporting to be written by Massena, and dated Alenquer, November 3d. It is stated to have been brought to Paris by General Foix, and amongst other things it represents Massena as denying the truth of the accounts which he professes to have read in the English newspapers, respecting the condition of his army.

Now, not to observe, that it is next to impossible that General Foix could have marched from Alenquer to Paris, even if he had been altogether free from interruption, within the period in question; we assert, upon no slight grounds, that he actually left the French army on the 7th of October. As to what Massena is made to say about the accounts in the English newspapers, this again is evidently false: for the paragraphs referred to appeared in this country after the receipt of letters from Portugal, of the 14th of October, and consequently no newspaper containing them could have reached the French army by the 3d of November. We think it therefore obvious, that

no letter, bearing that date, conveyed under those circumstances, and containing those passages, was ever received at Paris, and that pure fiction was resorted to, in order to tranquillise the minds of the people, in regard to the state of the army in Portugal. So deeply laid is this plan of deceit, and so essential does it appear to the operations of the French government, that it is extended not merely to the details of military operations, but to every department of literature, which has any (even the most remote) reference to political questions. It is not for us to determine how long these deceptions may continue to produce the consequences which we conceive to flow from them; we nevertheless think it a matter of no small importance, that the imposture should be detected, and the world know that documents, stamped with the authority of Buonaparte himself, are intentionally false and fraudulent. We return to the progress of the campaign.

As soon as it was ascertained that the whole French army was in motion to attack the Russians, General Benningsen felt the necessity of retiring; and after having experienced great difficulties, and no small loss during the retreat, (which appears to have been most ably and gallantly protected by Prince Bragration,) the Russian army took up its position in the rear of Preuss Eylau, and prepared for the conflict which was obviously about to ensue. If it would not greatly exceed our limits, we would gladly present our readers with the whole of Sir Robert's able account of the important events of the 7th and 8th of February; but we must content ourselves with recommending an attentive perusal of it, and with giving the following extract, explanatory of the grounds which determined General Benningsen to retire upon Königsberg:

* About eleven o'clock, (on the night of the 8th, the Russian generals assembled, still on horseback, when General Benning-

sen informed the circle, that he had determined, notwithstanding his success, to fall back upon Königsberg, for he had no bread to give his troops, and their ammunition was expended; but by a position in the neighbourhood of such a city, his army would be certain of every necessary supply, and be assured of the means of re-equipping itself, so to appear again in the field, before the enemy could repair his losses.

'All the Russian Generals entreated General Benningsen to keep the field, and not to render nugatory a victory so dearly bought. They assured him that the enemy was in retreat, that his own army was ready to advance at the moment; and General Knoring and General Tolstoy (the Quarter Master General, and second in command) offered to move forward, and attack whatever troops Buonaparte might have rallied, and thus complete their victory: and at all events they pledged their lives, that if he but remained on his ground, the enemy would retire altogether. General Lestocke also urged the same arguments; but General Benningsen thought it his duty not to incur the hazard of a reinforcement of fresh troops, enabling the enemy to cut off his communications with Königsberg. He found the privations of his army pressing heavily upon their physical powers. He knew his own loss was not less than 20,000 men, and he was not then aware of the full extent of the enemy's disorganization and loss, which was afterwards found to exceed 40,000 men, including 10,000 who had quitted their colours, under pretence of escorting wounded, &c. he therefore persevered in his original determination, directed the order of his march, and after thirty-six hours passed on horseback, without any food, and being almost exhausted, placed himself in a house, filled with hundreds of dead and dying, to obtain an hour's repose.'

The retreat of the army was unmo-
lested; nor was it till two days after
the battle that the French advanced
in pursuit: their forward movements,
however, were attended with very bad
success, and the author mentions a
variety of serious affairs of cavalry,
in which the enemy suffered consi-
derable loss, and which are altogether
sunk in the French Bulletins, or very
slightly noticed. In the mean time
Buonaparte tried the effect of a pro-
position for an armistice with Prus-
sia, which the King had the courage

and magnanimity to refuse; and
finally, on the 19th of February, the
whole French army retired (not with-
out much molestation and loss) into
their cantonments in front of the
Vistula.

The battle of Eylau was one of the
most sanguinary and desperate that
has occurred in modern times; and
was attended by consequences which
materially affected the relative situa-
tion of the two armies. It appears
by an intercepted dispatch, addressed
to Bernadotte, which fell into the
hands of General Benningsen at the
end of January, that when Buonaparte
broke up his first winter quarters, his
object was to cut off the Russian
army from their frontiers. The ac-
cidental knowledge of this intention,
rendered the project abortive, at least
in its full extent; but Buonaparte
felt the necessity of driving back the
Russians beyond the Pregel, and of
obtaining possession of Königsberg,
to be so strong, that he pressed the
Russian army with considerable vi-
gour: and so confident was the expec-
tation of securing Königsberg, and
the supplies of all sorts which were
collected in that town, that Berthier
wrote to the Empress Josephine, on
the 7th of February:

'We shall be at Königsberg to-mor-
row:' and he adds—'Since leaving winter
quarters we have made about 10,000 pri-
soners, taken twenty-seven pieces of can-
non, and killed and wounded a great num-
ber, without taking into account the ad-
vantages which must result from the
whole, and ultimately prove fatal to the
enemy.'

These objects, however, were frus-
trated by the battle of Eylau, which
nevertheless Buonaparte represented
as a decisive victory on his part.

'He gains the victory,' says Sir Robert
Wilson, 'according to his own account;
but what are the results of this most sa-
nguinary battle? What are the advantages
that he obtains?—The maintenance of his
position in the field, and the occupation on
the succeeding day of the Russian ground;
a state of inaction for eight days, except
with his cavalry, which is disgraced and
defeated with heavy loss in every rencon-
tre; the retreat of his army on the tenth

day, after having endured the greatest distress from famine and pestilence, and the abandonment of a great part of his wounded, tumbrils, &c.'

We consider these facts as abundantly sufficient to show that the French had not much to boast of at Eylau; and nothing can be more contemptible than the mode by which Buonaparte attempted in a subsequent bulletin, to account for not having taken possession of Königsberg. 'It was fortunate,' he says, 'for that town, that it did not come within the plan of the French Generals to drive the Russians from the position which they occupied in its neighbourhood.' This statement our readers will observe, is directly at variance with the letter of Berthier, to which we have already referred. Sir Robert informs us,

'That the corps of the French army were (upon returning into winter quarters) extremely weak, and that in addition to the casualties of the field, sickness was so prevalent, that in Warsaw alone, there were 25,000 men in the hospitals, and that the French cavalry were entirely unfit for active service. To repair these losses, Buonaparte raised the siege of Colberg, nearly evacuated Silesia, ordered under the severest penalties, a new levy in Switzerland; marched troops from Dalmatia, Calabria, Italy, and the very invalids of Paris, to recruit his army in Poland: and in a message to the Senate, dated Osterode, March the 10th, demanded a new Conscription of the year 1808.'

In the interim the main bodies of the respective armies continued inactive in their cantonments; but Buonaparte, feeling the vast importance of obtaining Dantzic, and thus securing the line of the Vistula, determined to press the siege of that fortress; the investment of which, we find by one of the bulletins, was completed on the 14th of March. Many interesting events occurred during the siege, and different attempts were made, but without success, to relieve the place. The last was on the 18th of May, when an English vessel of twenty-two guns, endeavoured to force her way up the Vistula, in order to introduce a supply of pow-

der into the garrison. This attempt however failed, like the rest, and

'Dantzic,' says Sir Robert Wilson, 'was reduced to the last extremity; General Kalkreuth had protracted the defence to a most extraordinary length (fifty-two days open trenches.) He had done all that ability and loyalty could effect; he had applied, he had exhausted every resource, and could entertain no hope of succour. Therefore as the enemy were preparing to storm the Hacklesberg, he proposed to capitulate, if allowed to retire with his garrison and arms, on condition of not serving, without being regularly exchanged, for one year, against France or her allies.'

The garrison had originally consisted of 16,000 men; besides two Russian battalions, and some Cossaques: it had suffered, however, severe losses during the siege, and when, on the 27th of May, it marched out for Königsberg, did not exceed 9000 men.

As the war was concluded within a very few days after the fall of Dantzic, we will finish our sketch with the principal events of the campaign, before we enter upon the considerations which press upon our minds in tracing the progress of this important contest.

'On the third of June, notwithstanding the surrender of Dantzic had disengaged 30,000 of the enemy's troops; notwithstanding the Russian means had not been subsequently augmented, General Benningsen proposed a plan of operations, by which he hoped to cut off Marshal Ney; and, if successful, to fall on Marshal D'Avoust, at Allenstein. Circumstances retarded the march until the 5th; when the Prussians, 10,000 strong, and the Russians 75,000 strong, (exclusive of 17,000 under General Tolstoy on the Narew) immediately under the command of General Benningsen, opened the campaign against an enemy, who could oppose to that force 150,000 men, and who had re-collected between the Vistula and the Memel, by the most vigorous exertions that Buonaparte had ever occasion to make (exertions unparalleled in the history of Europe) 190,000 men, including the garrison of Dantzic, whilst his cavalry had been reinstated, almost renewed, by considerable remounts drawn from Silesia, and the country about Elbing.'

The first operations of the Russians, being directed principally against the single corps of Marshal Ney, were attended with some success, and the enemy was driven back from his advanced position with considerable loss. On the 8th of June, 'in consequence of some information from prisoners, General Benningsen determined to fall back with his army upon Heilsberg, leaving Prince Bragration to cover the retreat of his left, and General Platow the right. The conduct of these two officers during this arduous operation was highly meritorious; for although Prince Bragration had only 1500 cavalry, and 5000 infantry, and General Platow only 2000 Cossagues, and a regiment of Hussars, they not only succeeded in protecting the retiring army from insult, but upon different occasions resumed the offensive with great vigour and effect.

'On the 10th, the French, being now concentrated, (except the corps of Victor, which was manœuvring on the left,) and composed of the corps of Marshals Ney, Lasnes, D'Avoust, Mortier, Oudinot's division, the Imperial Guard, the Cavalry under Murat, advanced upon Heilsberg, and drove in the advanced posts of the troops stationed to observe their approach.'

This movement was followed by a most desperate and bloody action, in which the Russians maintained their position; their loss however was very severe; and General Benningsen, conceiving in the course of the ensuing day, that the enemy were marching upon Königsberg, detached General Kaminskoy with 9000 men, to support General Lestoque, in his defence of that place, and moved himself in the night of the 11th of June, across the Aller, in order to march upon Wehlau, and maintain the line of the Pregel. On the 13th, in the evening, the army reached Friedland, from whence a body of French hussars had in the morning been driven by the Russian cavalry. On the following day was fought the battle of Friedland, which

decided the campaign, and terminated the war. The circumstances which led to this fatal action are explained in the following passage:

'From the information of the prisoners, General Benningsen believed that Oudinot's corps, so shattered at Heilsberg, was alone stationed at Posthenen, about three miles in front of Friedland, on the road to Königsberg. Having occupied the town, and thrown forward some cannon to cover it from insult during the night, he determined, at four o'clock in the morning, to fall upon Oudinot with a division and complete his extinction; accordingly he ordered a division to cross the Aller, and advance to the attack. The enemy at first showed but a very small force, which encouraged perseverance in the enterprize; but by degrees resistance so increased, that another division was ordered to cross the Aller, and in addition to the town bridge, the construction of three pontoon bridges was directed. A heavy cannonade soon commenced, the enemy's tirailleurs advanced, columns presented themselves, cavalry formed on the Russian right flank, and General Benningsen, instead of a rencontre with a crippled division, found himself seriously engaged, not only with Oudinot, but with the two supporting corps of Lasnes and Mortier, sustained by a division of dragoons under General Grouchy, and by the cuirassiers of General Nansouty, while his own feeble force was lodged in a position which was untenable: from which, progress could not be made against an equal force, nor retreat be effected without great hazard, and when no military object could be attained for the interests and reputation of the Russian army, whose courage had been sufficiently established, without tilting for fame as adventurers who have nothing to lose and every thing to win.'

Without entering into a description of the battle itself, it is easy to anticipate the consequences which were likely to ensue from engaging under circumstances such as we have just stated: the Russian army was totally defeated—but as an army it was not disgraced, and we have peculiar pleasure in quoting in this place the language of Lord Hutchinson, who appears from a passage of his dispatches, to have done ample justice to their extraordinary valour; a valour,

'Which he wants terms sufficiently strong to describe, and which would have rendered their success undoubted, if courage could alone ensure victory: but whatever may be the event, the officers and men of the Russian army have done their duty in the noblest manner, and are justly entitled to the praise and admiration of every person who was witness of their conduct.'

We have before remarked on the conduct of General Lestoque and the Prussians: but during no period of the two campaigns did that General display more talents than in the management of his retreat upon Königsberg, when the advance of the French army in the beginning of June separated him from the main body of the Russians, and in his subsequent movements to join General Benningsen on the right bank of the Memel. In this situation of affairs, the Emperor Alexander was in an unhappy moment induced to enter into negotiations for peace:

'Thus,' says Sir Robert Wilson, 'terminated the campaign and the war: a war in which Russia, with the feeble numerical aid of Prussia and the partial aid of Sweden, had been opposed not only to France, but to Switzerland, Italy, Saxony, the Confederation of the Rhine, part of Poland, and even Spain (for the advance of the Spanish troops into the north of Germany, enabled Mortier's corps to join the grand army) a combination of force of which the Russians might have said, as the Great Frederick when enumerating his enemies, I do not know that there will be any shame for me in being defeated, but I am sure there could be no great glory for them in defeating me.'

Even against such a powerful combination, the resistance of Russia was of so decided and energetic a character, that during the progress of the war Buonaparte had been induced, upon more occasions than one, to solicit peace, and in order to recruit his shattered forces for the opening of the campaign of 1807, compelled, (as we have before had occasion to observe) to draw reinforcements from every quarter of his dominions. We believe, indeed, that he admitted himself, to the Emperor of Russia, at Iilsitz, that the

passage of the Vistula, and carrying of the war to the frontiers of Russia, in the inhospitable climate of a Polish winter, was 'une bêtise:' and that his loss, since he first crossed that river, was not less than 119,000 men.

With all our admiration, however, of the courage of those who caused so destructive a loss to the French army in the short period of six months, we cannot conceal from ourselves the conviction that great errors were committed by the Russian General. Sir Robert Wilson has with equal propriety and delicacy abstained from pointing them out; but in fact the mere perusal of his narrative is sufficient to make them intelligible. It is obvious, in the first place, that time was unnecessarily lost, and the Russian army exposed to the most imminent hazard, when after the affair of Mohrungen, at the end of January, General Benningsen, upon the concentration of the French, determined not to retire at once from that place, but making a flank movement by his left to Yankowo, there to await the issue of a general action. The position which was there taken up, appears to have been an extremely unfavourable one, and he was compelled with a greatly inferior force to retreat in the presence of the enemy, whose superiority enabled him not only to press the main body of the Russian army with vigour, but to manœuvre upon their right, and nearly to cut off their communication with General Lestoque.

The ground chosen for battle at Eylau appears also to have been exposed to great disadvantages, as we find that 'the French position domineered it so completely, as to expose the minutest object to their fire:' and it is afterwards stated, 'that the French cannon replied with vigour and effect, as every man in the Russian army was exposed from head to heel.' With regard to General Benningsen's determination to retreat after the battle we do not presume to give an opinion, as the propriety of

the course to be adopted under such circumstances, must depend upon a variety of considerations, into which we cannot feel ourselves competent to enter. We are, moreover, extremely unwilling to follow the example of many persons in this country, who deriving all their knowledge of military matters from the ignorant comments of ignorant scribblers, condemn every officer as incapable, whose mode of conducting the difficult and complicated operations of war, does not exactly accord with their own extravagant and presumptuous notions. But although we would hesitate on points of a doubtful nature, yet we cannot but be sensible, that there are errors sufficiently obvious, even to those who have no practical knowledge of military affairs. Among these we reckon the determination of the Russian General to open the campaign in June 1807, with a force so extremely inferior to that of his antagonist; whereas, it is manifest, that, situated as he was, with the knowledge that an effort was about to be made by England; and that *possibly* such an effort *might have been* powerfully seconded from other quarters, delay ought to have regulated every movement, and that above all things a general engagement was to be avoided. Unfortunately these considerations did not operate upon his mind; and he not only assumed the offensive when he should have retired, but suffered himself to be drawn into a general action, in a position where success was hardly possible, and where defeat was destruction: one circumstance indeed occurred at Friedland, which would scarcely be credible if it were not communicated by so unimpeachable a witness as Sir Robert Wilson: we mean the total ignorance in which the Russian Generals seem to have been of the ford by which the defeated army crossed the Aller, the accidental discovery of which saved them from annihilation.

It affords a convincing proof of the

lamentable deficiency of their staff, and, combined with the other events of that fatal day, renders it quite painful to peruse the description of it: 'Never,' we may say with our author, 'was resolution more heroic, or patience more exemplary than that displayed by the Russians—Never was a sacrifice of such courage more to be deplored.' We do indeed deeply deplore the sacrifice, and the train of calamitous consequences which resulted from it, to England and to the world. But has England nothing wherewith to reproach herself? Has she no 'compunctious visitings of nature,' for the cold and timid policy which locked up her treasure and her strength, at a moment when a liberal application of them might perhaps have turned the scale, and saved the falling fortunes of the continent?

Without entering into a more detailed view of these questions, and above all, without referring invidiously to those who conducted the administration of this country, we have little hesitation in saying, that the timely interference of England might, and perhaps would, have produced the most decisive and fortunate results. We should have thought it wise for England to stretch out her arm to an ally whose fidelity and resolution were so nobly displayed throughout the war, till disappointment and distrust alienated her affections, and threw her in a moment of defeat and despondency into the arms of France. Indeed a general system of opposition to that ambitious and restless power, is not more accordant with our safety than our interest. The *active* resistance, which has been partially attempted by one administration, and abandoned by another, must become the fixed principle both of the government and of the people. Thus only can our independence be secured—thus only can the exalted rank which nature intended us to hold among the nations of the earth be gained, and permanently established.

Sir Robert Wilson claims indulgence from the public, 'on account of the motives which led him to present his work to their notice, and he trusts that he may disarm the hostility of contemporary writers by the modesty of his literary pretensions.' The public, we are confident, will grant the indulgence, and if we may judge from our own feelings, will peruse it with interest and gratification: and it is because we decidedly approve the manly tone and spirit in which it is written, and the general substance of its contents, that we venture to suggest to the author, that its value would not have been diminished if the construction had been somewhat more grammatical, and the style less

rhetorical and ornamented. There are indeed some passages so involved in their arrangement, that it requires more pains than ordinary readers can be expected to bestow, to discover their real import. Those to whom it may be agreeable to find fault, may animadvert upon them more at large, we shall content ourselves with merely noticing the fact; and if, after the discussion of the great questions which are involved in the subject of this work, we were to descend to more trifling considerations, we would add, that it is so unnecessarily expensive, as to check that circulation, to which, on many accounts, it is entitled.

FROM THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The History of Mauritius and the neighbouring Islands, &c. &c. By Charles Grant, Viscount de Vaux. 4to. pp. 571. London. G. and W. Nicol.

THE unfortunate result of the gallant attack by the four frigates under the orders of Captain Pym, gave to the enemy, for a few days, the naval ascendancy in the seas contiguous to the Isle of France. In the first moments of dismay, this event was considered to be fatal to our meditated expedition, the armament prepared for this purpose being actually on its passage from India. As soon, however, as the gloom began to disperse, exertions were made at the Cape of Good Hope, and at the neighbouring Isle of Bourbon, to dispute the superiority of the enemy, which were probably never surpassed. Four ships in the East India Company's service were speedily manned and equipped for the purpose: but the gallant Rowley, whose conduct appears above all praise, had already accomplished this object. By the capture of the French commodore's ship, *La Venus*, and the recapture of the *Africaine* and *Ceylon*, the command of those seas was again

our own; and from that instant the success of the expedition could no longer be doubtful. The result has deprived the enemy of his last colony, and of the only means of annoying our extensive and valuable commerce in the Indian seas.

With a view of communicating to our readers a concise, but comprehensive, sketch of the probable advantages to be expected from this acquisition, we had recourse to the volume now before us, as being the largest, and, we believe, the latest work which professes to describe those islands, if we except a small pamphlet by 'An Officer of the Expedition against Bourbon.' We knew, indeed, that the Viscount's book contained the greater part of all that had been written or published on the Isle of France, within the last century, together with other matters which had little or no connection with 'the History of Mauritius.' We knew, too, that it was made up from the

'sailing directions,' the 'remarks,' the 'observations,' and the 'descriptions' of navigators and hydrographers from D'Après de Manivillette to Alexander Dalrymple; but we were not prepared to meet with so many agreeable biographical digressions as we actually found there. We have the 'Life' of M. de la Bourdonnas, 'An account of the Greville family,' the 'Life of D'Après de Manivillette, of M. l'Abbé de la Caille, M. le Gentil, Royal Academician, Count de Lally, and, strange as it may appear, of Hyder Ally Khan; from whom we are transported back to that distinguished barbarian Timur Beg. The reader will wonder how the Viscount contrived to bring these scraps of biography into a 'History of the Mauritius,' but his surprize will cease when he opens this huge quarto, and finds it 'a mighty maze' resembling the variegated patchwork of some industrious lady; with this difference however, that, in the latter, the coloured remnants are disposed on something like system, whereas the patchwork before us is thrown together at random. We verily believe that of the 571 pages of this closely printed volume, there are scarcely 50 which can be ascribed to the editor, and even these perhaps might have been omitted without much injury to the book. The following *morceau* of natural history, which we conscientiously believe to be original, will enable our readers to judge for themselves:

'The scorpion, which has very long claws, increases its shell every year. Its old claws become useless, and it forms new ones. It may be asked, what it has done with the old ones? In the same manner the porcelaine has a thick mouth which is formed in such a way that it cannot augment its revolutions on itself, if it does not succeed in destroying the obstacles to its opening. It is not improbable, that these animals possess a liquor capable of dissolving the walls of the roof, which they wish to enlarge, and if this dissolvent exists, it might be employed for the stone in the bladder, and to destroy those glu-

tinous humours, which resemble the *prima materia* of shells.' P. 62.

We have nothing farther to offer on the Viscount's book than our frank avowal that it bids defiance to the analytic art, and is beyond the power of criticism: we shall proceed therefore to give a summary account of our newly acquired possessions, endeavouring to point out in what way, and to what extent, they are likely to become subservient to the commercial and political interests of the British empire.

The first discovery of the Isles of France and Bourbon appears to have been made by Don Pedro Mascaregnas, a Spanish navigator, in the year 1505; to the former of them he gave the name of Cerné, and on the latter conferred his own. At that time they are represented as being uninhabited by man, and even destitute of every species of quadruped. After this period, the two islands were occasionally visited by Spaniards and Portuguese; but it does not appear that any attempt was made by either nation to form establishments upon them. They served merely as points to touch at for refreshing their crews and replenishing their stock of water. In the year 1598. the Dutch admiral Van Neck landed on Cerné, and, finding it unoccupied, thought fit to confer on it the name of Mauritius, in honour of the Prince of Orange.

In August 1601, the Dutch navigator Hermansen put into Mauritius for water. The boat was absent nearly a month, and, on her return, brought off a Frenchman who had been discovered on the island. The account he gave of himself was, That he had embarked in London on an English vessel bound to the East Indies; that she was lost near Malacca, where all the crew died except himself, four Englishmen, and two negroes; that these seven people seized an Indian junk, with the intent of returning to England; that the negroes, after failing in an attempt to get possession of the vessel, threw themselves

into the sea; that she was driven upon the coast of Mauritius, whence the English put to sea again to continue the voyage, but that he, the Frenchman, was resolved to remain there, rather than encounter new hardships; that he had been nearly two years without the sight of a human creature, and that his sole sustenance was the fruit of the date palm and the flesh of turtles. His bodily strength, it seems, had not failed him, but his understanding was considerably impaired. His clothes had gradually fallen to pieces, and he was found in a state approaching to nakedness.

From this period the Dutch were in the practice of calling at Mauritius for water and turtles; but it was not until the year 1644 that they began to think of making a regular establishment upon it. Whatever that establishment might have been, it is certain that it failed of success: for, towards the end of the century, they abandoned the island altogether.

In the mean time, M. de Flacourt, a director of the French East India Company, who had proceeded on a mission to the Island of Madagascar, passed from thence to Mascaregnas, and, finding it unoccupied, formed a settlement upon it in the year 1657, and gave it the name of Bourbon. From Bourbon a few families went to Mauritius, which the Dutch had abandoned, and in 1712 established themselves on the island, changing its name to that of the Isle of France. The neighbouring island of Bourbon, in the heat of revolutionary frenzy, was named, we know not why, Re-union, which, in the servility of adulation, was afterwards sunk in that of *Bonaparte*; at the same time Port Louis, the capital of the Isle of France, was dignified with the name of Port Napoleon. It is to be hoped, however, that we shall not sanction these names of modern prostitution.

The Isle of France, situated to the eastward of Madagascar, between the 20th and 21st degree of southern latitude, and about 58° 30' of eastern

longitude, is, according to the measurement of the Abbé de la Caille, about 35 miles in length and 23 in breadth. It can scarcely be called a mountainous island, though there are some considerable ranges on the northern and eastern coasts. The chain which encircles the town of Port Louis is considered as the highest; one of the peaked rocks of which bearing a fancied resemblance to the figure of a woman, is estimated at somewhat more than 3000 feet. On the southern, western, and central parts of the island are plains of considerable extent. The greater part of the island was once, and the mountainous and rising grounds are still, covered with wood, among which are several kinds of timber of good quality; but, where the approaches to the forest were not difficult, the trees have been so wantonly destroyed, that at present very little remains. Streams of water, but few of them perpetual, rush from the highlands in every direction. The soil is not generally rich. It consists mostly of a brown volcanic rock of argillaceous lava, abounding with iron, which easily crumbles into mould. The shores of the island are girt with reefs of coral rock, in some parts of which, especially at the mouths of the rivers, are intricate passages for small vessels.

In no place is a sandy beach to be found; the margin of little bays or coves are covered with the calcareous fragments of those extraordinary submarine fabricks, supposed to be the work of worms.

The only town in the island is Port Louis, situated in a narrow valley at the head of the harbour of the same name, on the northwestern coast. From the range of broken mountains behind it, a copious rill of water flows through the middle of the town. The houses are principally constructed of wood, only a single story in height. In the skirts of the town are the government storehouses, and the military parade: the naval arsenal, we believe, is complete in

all the requisite buildings; but as the tide does not rise above three feet, there are no docks for repairing ships. The port, however, affords every convenience for careening.

On the opposite coast of the island there is another and a more spacious harbour, called Port South East. The Dutch made this their principal port. Being on the windward side of the island, its entrance is easier than that of Port Louis, and from the free circulation of the air, it is a much healthier situation, but as the wind almost perpetually blows into it, the difficulty for ships to get out, counterbalances the advantage of the facility with which they enter. It is supposed, however, that by blowing up a few rocks, a northern passage might be opened, which would remedy the inconvenience.

No data have yet been made public, on which any correct estimate can be formed of the population of the island. The Viscount de Vaux states it, (on his own authority apparently,) in 1779, to consist of 65,000, of which 10,000 were whites and mulattoes, and 55,000 slaves. We have reason to believe that the number is nearly double. Port Louis alone is supposed to contain 30,000 inhabitants.

The colonists of the isles of France and Bourbon are distinguished for simplicity of manners and hospitality. Here, as every where else, the ladies (far the gayest part of the population) are fond of displaying their figure in dancing. They are in general well made, of good features, in possession of a tolerable share of wit and vivacity, and have more taste than might be expected in so remote and secluded a colony. They marry at an early age, and are remarkable for attention to their domestic duties, and for attachment to their husbands and children. 'Both men and women,' says Admiral Kempenfelt, 'are strong and well made; they breathe a wholesome air, are in continual exercise, and are distinguished for their moderation and

temperance. The women are remarkable for the beauty and elegance of their shape, in which they surpass those of old France.'

The climate is moderate, and on the whole, so delightful, that we have little doubt the Isle of France will speedily become the Montpelier of the East, to which the invalids of Hindostan will repair for the restoration of health. We can scarcely venture to pronounce this an advantage to the colonists, unless the making of money cheap, and every thing else dear, may be so considered. According to M. Perron, the greatest heat, excepting on particular occasions, does not rise beyond 82° of Fahrenheit, and the least descends not below 64°. The general range of the mercury, from May and November, when the S. E. trade blows, is from 66 to 72°; and, during the rest of the year, when the winds are variable from the N. W. to N. E. from 66 to 78°. The hurricanes, which seldom fail to take place about once in five years, are commonly in the month of December.

The products of the island, as may be supposed, from its favourable position, are very various. Almost every species of fruit, grain, &c. might be raised, and, in fact, almost every valuable plant has had its trial. The cinnamon, pepper, cocoa, tea plant, and the cactus cochinellifera have indeed failed; but sugar, coffee, cloves, manioc, cotton, and indigo may now be reckoned as the staple commodities of the island. The native trees, shrubs, creepers, and herbaceous plants, are equally numerous and elegant. The inhabitants sow but little grain; two thirds at least, of this article being drawn from the neighbouring isle. They have few cattle, and depend chiefly for what beef they consume on Madagascar; but they have no want of pigs and poultry. The sea supplies them with various kinds of fish, and the rocks on the coast with crabs, lobsters, and oysters.

The Isle of Bourbon is about 100

miles W.S.W. of the Isle of France. It is nearly circular, without a bay or indent on its coast. It rises gradually, from every side, to a high peaked point, near the centre, which is volcanic, and almost perpetually emitting either flame or smoke. Its altitude has been estimated at 9000 feet above the level of the sea. There are two towns in this island, St. Dennis and St. Paul the former of which is the principal, being the residence of the Governor, the Supreme Council, and the other public functionaries. Not only is the soil of this island more fertile than that of the Isle of France, but the colonists have a better system of cultivation, and the produce is more abundant. The quantity of grain may be much increased; the plantations of cotton, which is here of a superior quality, may also be extended. The coffee is excellent, being reckoned little inferior to that of Moka.

The population of Bourbon, according to Viscount de Vaux, is stated (but on no better authority, we presume, than before) at 56,000, of which 8000 are whites and mulattoes, and 18,000 slaves. In the pamphlet by 'An Officer of the Expedition' its population is said to consist of 90,346, of which 16,400 are whites and creoles, 3,496 free blacks, and 70,450 slaves. In the same book, the total value of the agricultural produce of Bourbon is estimated at 1,430,800 dollars, and the public revenue at 230,000.

The island of Rodriguez should not be forgotten. Situated to windward of the other two, it was, with great judgment, first taken possession of by Colonel Keating, as the outwork to the others. It is about 18 miles long, by six broad, abounds with wood for fuel, and has a plentiful supply of excellent water. There are two good roadsteads for shipping; one on the north, and the other on the south. The climate is delightful; myriads of land turtles are found on it: sea turtles are also abundant on the coast. Three families only inha-

bited the island. The Viscount gives us (p. 103.) the history of a M. Le Guat, one of its first settlers. This person was one of the refugee protestants of France, who went from Holland with a view of taking refuge on the isle of Bourbon; finding it, on their arrival, in the possession of the French they landed on Rodriguez. This little narrative, which is given in the adventurer's own words, is, in our opinion, much the best part of the book; and is, indeed, interesting and amusing in a very high degree.

Among the number of our acquisitions must also be included the group, or archipelago, of small islands, situated to the northward, called the Amiranté. Mahé, or Sechelles islands, the principal of which is the Great Sechelles, containing about 600 inhabitants. It abounds with wood and water, and possesses an excellent harbour. Another of these islands, called Praslan, has also a good harbour. They must all now cease to be what they have been, the resort of marauders, and the receptacles of French plunder and slaves from Mozambique, Madagascar, and the Comoro islands.

We now proceed to inquire in what manner, and to what extent, our recent conquests are likely to prove advantageous. In the first place, then, we do not conceive that any immediate benefit to the commercial world will result from the addition of the isles of France and Bourbon to the number of our colonies. As colonial territories merely, we should consider them as of no great importance. With all possible economy, the retention of them must add something to the national expenses. Coffee, cotton, and sugar we cannot be said to want; and these are their principal products. The colonists have little, at present, to give in exchange for the few manufactures of Great Britain and India, which they consume. Except the petty traffic carried on with Americans, consisting chiefly in exchanges of provisions for hard money and lumber, their trade

was confined to the coasts of Madagascar, the Comoro islands, and the Arab settlements on the eastern coast of Africa. This trade consisted in the barter of prize goods, spirits, fire arms, and ammunition, for black cattle, rice, gold dust, elephants' teeth, and slaves. Such was the legitimate commerce of these islands; but of late, a number of small piratical privateers, fitted out by speculative adventurers, infested the channel of Mozambique, plundered the defenceless settlements of the Arabs and Portuguese, and made prize of every embarkation unable to resist them. Having thus worked themselves into a full cargo, they stood to the northward of Zanzibar, crossed to the Mahé islands, and, remaining there till the hurricane season approached, and our squadron was, in consequence, withdrawn, they slipped into Port Louis.

The Americans, we should have added, were likewise the purchasers, or the carriers, of the numerous and valuable cargoes captured from the East India Company.

It is obvious that some of those resources have ceased; but the legal trade will rapidly extend itself to every part of the great island of Madagascar, the Comoro islands, the whole range of the eastern coast of Africa, and thence along the shores of Arabia to the mouth of the Euphrates.

Casting our eyes to the eastward, we may observe how very favourably situated the Isle of France is as a central point of communication with those innumerable islands which constitute the great Asiatic archipelago, from the Philippines on the north, to Van Dieman's Land on the south, containing a population, probably, not inferior to that of the whole of Hindostan.

The intercourse with those islands has been hitherto carried on by the Dutch, the Americans, the Malays, and the Chinese. They are without the scope of the East India Company's trade, but, unfortunately, not

considered as without the range of its charter.

We feel confident, however, that the time is not far distant, (and the fall of the French islands must hasten the event,) when that bar will be removed which, though closed against British subjects, has unaccountably been open to all the world besides. We pretend not to draw the precise line where exclusion and toleration should meet, but we may be permitted to question the policy of allowing a free and uninterrupted trade in the Indian seas to the Americans, while a British vessel is not permitted to double the Cape of Good Hope! Surely, under the difficulties with which British commerce now labours, it is not too much to hope, that these parts of the East with which the India Company have no immediate intercourse, may be thrown open to the private trader. The plea of a want of capital to embark in Indian commerce, which has been sometimes alleged in justification of the interdiction, appears to us utterly inconclusive, in the present case, judging, as we do, from the example of the Americans. We speak from authority, when we say, that more than 300 of their ships touched at the Isle of France alone, in the course of the year previous to the embargo.

It was a favourite project of the French, before the Revolution, to make the Isle of France, not only the grand entrepôt of their commerce in the East—another Tyre, surpassing the ancient mart in wealth and magnificence—but also to render it the bulwark of all their settlements in Asia, the cradle of future conquests. To them, indeed, it was of infinite importance; but to us, who hold the Cape and Ceylon, it cannot be considered as equally valuable. It will be found, however, particularly useful on account of its safe and commodious harbour, and its abundance of refreshments. The commanding situation of the island not only opens a wide field for commercial enterprize,

but holds out considerable encouragement for the extension of that important branch of commerce and navigation, the whale fishery; both the black and the spermaceti whale abounding in those seas.

If, then, no immediate advantage to the commerce of this country may be expected from the possession of those islands, yet we have no hesitation in affirming, they must, eventually, lead to great public benefit, unless, indeed, the intercourse with them shall continue to be cramped by the East India Company.

But the importance of the conquest is not, in our minds, to be measured merely by the balance of profit and loss in the merchant's ledger, or by the amount of the custom house receipts. It is important to the interests of humanity that these colonies should be wrested from France. By this event an immediate and total stop must be put to that part of the slave trade which was carried on from those islands. No plea can now exist for the continuance of that odious traffic, either with Madagascar or any part of the eastern coast of Africa, not included within the narrow limits of the Portuguese settlements. Even there it ought, and we venture to prophecy, very speedily will cease. The sovereign of these wretched remnants of former splendour has pledged himself, by a solemn treaty, to put an end to this trade throughout the whole of his dominions, merely reserving to his subjects the right of purchasing slaves within the African possessions of the crown of Portugal. Now as these possessions have reference chiefly to the western settlements, and as Portuguese subjects are not permitted to carry on the trade without the limits of their own territories, the result must be a gradual abandonment by the slave dealers of those miserable spots which they now occupy, and where they feebly drag on a life of perpetual dread, amidst privations and dangers of every kind. We are the more

inclined to hope this, as the Portuguese vessels which carried off slaves were very few in comparison with Americans, French, Arabs, and, sorry are we to add, English. The Portuguese were the collectors and wholesale dealers; the others were the carriers. If, however, any of the former are now caught trading *without* their settlements, or of the latter *within* them, they will become equally seizable by our cruizers.

The great and populous island of Madagascar will feel immediate benefit from our conquest. The unhappy natives of this island have long been cursed with the restless and unceasing activity of that description of Frenchmen recently known by the name of Commercial Agents, not less than forty of whom were dispersed round the coast, to encourage war among the natives, as the most fertile source of a supply of slaves: and as the whole island, large as it is, was unable to satisfy their demands, the natives of the north-west coast of Madagascar have, for many years, been in the practice of fitting out formidable expeditions, consisting sometimes of three hundred large boats, and from ten to twelve thousand men, against the peaceful inhabitants of the Comoro Islands, for the purpose of carrying them off and selling them to the French. By these predatory invasions the beautiful Island of Johanna, of which we have so interesting a description from the pen of Sir William Jones, has nearly been depopulated.

The whole, indeed, of eastern Africa must equally participate in the benefits that will result from the capture of the Isles of France and Bourbon. The natives on the coast will find an inducement for the cultivation of a soil extremely fertile, under a climate favourable to the growth of every description of grain and fruit; and those of the interior will, as in ancient times, flock to the ports with gold dust, elephants' teeth, and such other marketable articles as their

country produces. On this side of Africa, there is the most encouraging prospect for bettering the condition of the natives, who, from all accounts, appear to be deserving of a better fate than has fallen to their lot. The least civilized, as far as discoveries have been pushed, are the Koussi, or Kaffers, bordering on the colony of the Cape of Good Hope; yet these people live in considerable societies, and in a state of subordination to their rulers. Private property is respected, and they are remarkable for their gentle disposition and hospitality to strangers. Beyond these are the Bosshuanas, next the Barraloos, of the same race with the Koussi, but advanced beyond them in civilization: they reside in towns, containing from five to fifteen thousand souls. Their lands are in a state of cultivation. They have granaries for the preservation of their produce; and vast herds of cattle; nor are they unacquainted with some of the arts of civilized life. There is also great reason to believe that the farther we proceed to the north, the more enlightened are the natives, the more populous is the country, and the more productive the soil. This we learn from the few notices which have been received from the late Dr Cowan, who, while he proceeded towards the north, found the inhabitants of so good and benevolent a disposition, that had he fortunately continued his journey in that direction, there is no reason to suppose that he might not have pushed his discoveries to the banks of the Niger, or to the sources of the Nile. But turning off to the eastward, along a branch of the Zambezé, with a view of reaching Soffala, he had the misfortune, as we stated in a former number, to fall into the hands of traffickers in human flesh, and from that moment no further intelligence has been received from him or from any of his unfortunate companions.

While in a moral commercial point of view, an intercourse with the interior of Africa from the east is a de-

sirable object, such an event would, at the same time, tend to the enlargement of the sphere of human knowledge. The pernicious effects of the slave trade on the minds of the natives, added to the extreme jealousy of the Portuguese, have prevented our acquaintance with the interior. The Portuguese it is true, formerly navigated the Zambezé for some hundred miles up the country, but the little which they have thought fit to communicate, through the most authentic historian of their conquests and discoveries, tends rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. We are told by De Barros that near the gold mines of Soffala, are some very ancient stone buildings, bearing several inscriptions equally unintelligible to the Moorish merchants and to the Portuguese. It is not probable, therefore, that they were erected by those Arabs who are known to have settled on this part of the coast before the commencement of the Christian era. Nor can they be considered as the works of the Chinese Colonists, who, according to Marmot, formed a settlement at Soffala the strength and solidity of the buildings being very different from the light and airy houses inhabited by their countrymen. It is still a question, indeed, whether the Chinese, at any period, traded so far down the coast of Africa. It is not easy to conceive how a nation whose dwellings are their ships and boats, should cease to have ships and boats; yet it is very certain that Vasca de Gama did not observe a single embarkation of any kind, from the bay of Saldanha to the mouth of the Zambezé. A parallel has been drawn by a modern traveller between the Chinese and the Hottentots; and the resemblance is sufficiently remarkable; he observes too that the latter have not a single canoe for fishing, nor a raft to cross a river.

Looking at the isles of France and Bourbon in a political point of view, an immediate and most important advantage presents itself. The value-

the trade of the East India Company, and of the private merchants in India is now exempt from those ruinous losses by capture to which they have been exposed since the commencement of the war. Not a single port is left open to the enemy throughout the Indian seas; the inner, the middle, and the outer passages from the Cape are now equally safe. Before the capture, no force on our part was equal to protect so wide an expanse of ocean. The squadron employed in these seas will now be greatly reduced. It appears from Steele's list, that the force actually employed on the Cape and Indian stations amounted to six sail of the line, two of fifty guns, thirty-two frigates, and six sloops; the expense of which cannot, in those seas, be estimated so low as 1,500,000*l.* a year. Supposing one half of this force to be withdrawn, and we doubt not that more than one half will be so, an immediate and positive saving will be effected of 700,000*l.* a year. But the most material saving is that which will be effected in the expense of human life, by withdrawing so large a proportion of our seamen from an unhealthy climate. This consideration alone is worth all the cost of the expedition:

The revenues of the islands, from an increased trade and influx of shipping, will probably more than defray the civil establishment; and we conceive that a small military garrison will be sufficient for the protection of the two islands, whose security appears to us to depend rather on a naval than a military force.

It is the Cape which must be considered as the great military depôt; and the Isle of France, with its commodious harbour, as the general naval establishment for repairing and refitting the squadron employed on the Cape station. The military works for the protection of Port Louis being all that are necessary to be kept up, and being already, as we understand, complete, the talents of an engineer cannot be required, and the expendi-

ture of that department, which seldom knows any bounds, may be altogether spared.

But, for other reasons than that of expense, it may be politic neither to extend, nor indeed to keep in repair, the military works on the island. When the great question of peace comes to be agitated, if such an event can be looked to during the life of the present ruler of France, we may be assured that the restoration of the two islands will be made a *sine qua non*. This consideration will undoubtedly have its due effect on the minds of those who may have to negotiate, and they will not, we are well assured, fail to exact an equivalent in some other quarter in which our interests and our wishes are equally concerned, for a sacrifice to which the enemy attaches so decided an importance.

Looking forward to such an event, we should be inclined to say, pull down rather than build up; demolish rather than repair; encourage agriculture and commerce, and contribute by every possible means to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants; but repress the expenditure of British capital on the permanent property of the island, and, above all, on military works, which may one day be turned against us.

The Cape of Good Hope is the colony on which British capital may be laid out to individual and national advantage. Why this delightful region has been so totally neglected since it came into our possession; why a tract of country equal to the immediate subsistence of ten thousand families, and eventually to ten times that number, is suffered to remain a waste, is a mystery in political economy which we do not pretend to unravel. This grand outwork of India cannot by any possibility be ceded at a peace. To whom indeed should it be ceded? Obtained by conquest from a power that no longer exists, whose very name is blotted out of the map of Europe, we should as soon yield

up one of our ports as listen to a proposal for surrendering this important colony. Here unquestionably should be established our great military dépôt, where the climate is favourable for the soldier, and where his subsistence can be afforded at a cheaper rate than in any other part of the world.

We have stated that the Isle of France was considered as highly important for the commerce, &c. of the enemy. It was, in fact, the only source from which he could draw a small supply of colonial produce. To his marine it was of more consequence than would at first appear. It was the only place to which his frigates could run. The safe return of any one of them was a great feat; an escape was hailed as a triumph; the officers and crews, now become sailors, were distributed among their line-of-battle ships, to instruct the amphibious and sea-sick officers and landsmen, who had been so long pent up in port. By the capture of the islands we have cut off this little nursery for training sea officers, and narrowed the means of raising seamen. Napoleon may build 'ships' till his ports and harbours are choaked with them; he must have 'colonies and commerce' before they will be of much use to him; they are machines that will neither fight nor sail of their own accord, nor can they ever be fought or moved by landsmen. Our obvious policy, therefore, is to prevent him, which we can easily do, from making seamen.

The Isle of France was the spot in which was hatched and nurtured the spirit of disaffection and revolt among the Mahrattas and other powers of Hindostan. It furnished

a ready and never-failing supply of adventurers in search of military fortune. It supplied arms and ammunition, and officers to teach the use of them, to the disaffected in Persia, through those ready instruments, the commercial agents, stationed at Muscat and Bussorah. All assistance and co-operation from this quarter with any of the powers of India is completely cut off; and so commanding is our situation in those seas, that were we, by any unforeseen event, compelled to abandon the Peninsula of India, we verily believe that no power on earth would hold it to any advantage, or in any state of tranquillity, while the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, and Ceylon remained in our possession. This last magnificent island, possessing harbours in which the whole navy of England might lie in perfect security, might become, by proper culture, the granary of the Indian empire. To England it should be considered as the brightest jewel in the Indian diadem. It is the spot on which, in case of misfortune, our army will find a safe retreat, and from which alone we could hope to regain a footing on the continent.—In short, it is the key of India. Here should be our grand establishment. Our empire is insular; and while we confine ourselves to islands we are secure.

Having thus concisely pointed out the several views under which the conquest of the French islands may be regarded, we have only farther to observe, that no event of equal importance to the state of the war, has, in our opinion, taken place, since the memorable and unparalleled victory of Trafalgar.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW.

A Tour in Quest of Genealogy, through several parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in Dublin; interspersed with a Description of Stourhead and Stonehenge. Together with various Anecdotes, and curious Fragments from a MS. Collection ascribed to Shakespeare. By a Barrister. 8vo. 12s. Illustrated by Eight Views.

FROM the dedication to the Hon. Matthew Fortescue, we learn, that the author of these letters, which are addressed to Charles O'Brien, Esq. having quitted the country, the Editor, Mr. H. Jones, set about the task of preparing them for the press; and certainly, no one would undertake the office with greater propriety, Mr. Jones having been the Tourist's companion in the route described.

The letters are written in an easy and pleasant style, and exhibit a strong mind, and vivid imagination. But the most original part of the volume (at least, that which, perhaps, will first attract curiosity from the title-page) is the Shaksperian MSS.; a suspicious article, our readers well know.

It seems, that in October, 1807, our author purchased these at an auction in Carmarthen;—but we may as well let him speak for himself, p. 29.

“On our return from the morning's ramble, I was tempted to enter an auction-room, where, amongst other articles, books were selling, in the Catalogue, said to have belonged to a person lately dead, who had left, as I was informed, very little more to pay for his lodgings, which he had occupied for three months only. He was a stranger, had something eccentric and mysterious about him, passed off for an Irishman, but was suspected to have been one from North Wales. I bought two or three printed books, and one manuscript quarto volume, neatly written, importing to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare and Anna Hatheway, whom he married, as well as

letters to and from him and others, with a curious journal of Shakespeare, an account of many of his plays, and memoirs of his life by himself, &c. By the account at the beginning, it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare, which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales, whose ancestor had married one of the Hatheways, that, to rescue it from oblivion, a process was made use of, by which the original was sacrificed to the transcript. Bound up with it is another manuscript tract, written in an antiquated but fair hand, though on paper much discoloured and damaged, a collection of old Prophecies, translated from the ancient British language, supposed all to relate to Wales, with a note prefixed, importing that they were translated during a voyage to Guinea, by a Welchman on board Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, and written with a pen made out of the quill of an eagle, from a finely illuminated vellum book, said to have come from the abbey of Strata Florida, and in the possession of a relation to the last abbot, then on board the same ship. This small tract appears to have been interleaved by the last, or some very late possessor, as a vehicle for notes *variorum* on several of the prophecies, which appear to be unravelled with considerable ingenuity, and a strong spice of satire; with an account how and when the notes, evidently very modern, were obtained. The style of the original has something very turgid and oracular

in it. I bought it for half-a-crown; and persuading myself that it may be what it professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording, like most diaries, the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of. I know by this description I make your mouth water. Perhaps I may treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago before I invite you to feast upon it."

After this, we hear no more about our author's new purchase, till p. 187, where he says,

"Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint and brilliant conceits, and smacking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion of it consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadlier, Henry Cuffe, &c.: part of a journal, like most journals, carried on for a month together, then suspended during a period of four or five years; and memoirs of his own time, written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age he lived in, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception. As the volume professing itself to be a transcript of an old manuscript collection found in a state of such decay as to render it necessary, on account of a curious process made use of, to sacrifice the original to the copy, is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authenticity; I believe I shall, if ever I succeed in my *Hwlfordd* adventure, and have leisure to arrange it, publish the whole; yet in the meantime I

will not so far tantalize you as not to treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago, but shall tack on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

"*With a Ringe in Forme of a Serpēt, a Gift to his Belovyd Anna, from W. S.*

"Withinn this goulden circlette's space,
Thie yvorie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altaur on mie lippe.

"Then as thie finger it shall presse,
O! bee its magicke not confined,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to binde

"Nor though the serpent's forme it beare,
Embleme mie fond conceipt to sute,
Dread thou a foe in ambushe theare
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

"The frute that Hymen in our reche
By Heven's first commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breche
Of anie law, maie pluck and taste:

"Repeted taste—and yett the joye
Of such a taste will neaver cloie,
So that oure appetits wee bringe
Withinn the cumpass of this ringe.

"A letter, inscribed 'To Mistress Judith Hatheway, with mie hartie Commendations.'

"GOOD COZEN JURITH,

"I am out of necessitie to enact the part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payed her owne dett; for in trying to save a little robin from the tiger jawe of puss, her foote slipped, and her righte waiste therebie putt out of joynte, which hath bin soe paynfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her dellicat frame verie weake and feeble; wherefore I have takin her a countrie lodging, in a howse adjoining the paddock of Sir Waulter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man, shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of his new plant called tibacca, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrowe for his thought, whiche I hear helpeth it mucche, and may be said for a trueth to enable him to

drawe light from smoke. In an evnyng he sumtymes condescends to fumigate my rurale arbour with it, and betweene evrie blast makes newe discoveries, and contrives newe settelmentes in mie lyttle globe. Mie Romeo and Juliett, partlie a child of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondlyng of it, is nowe out of leding strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your faire hand. I think mie Nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah, at Charlecot; I owne shee was mie model; and in mie Apotticary you will discover ould Gastrell, neere the churche at Stratford; but to make amendes for borrowing him for mie scene, I have got him sevrall preserved serpents, stuffed byrds, and other rare foraign productions, from the late circumnavigators.

"Thankes for the brawne, which younge Ben, who suppd last night with us, commended hugelie, his stomach proving he did not flater, and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

"You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie-tree this scorching wether, the which you maye remember that I planted when last with you, rather too late, after the cuckow had sung on Anna's birth-daie, and I hope you maye live to gether berries from it, but not continew unweddid till then.

"Have you gott my littel sonnett on planthng it? for if you have not, it is lost, like a thousand other scraps of mie pen. And soe poor Burton, my ould schoolmaster, is gone to that 'bourne from which noe traveller returns:' I fancy I still see him, when every Munday morning, as was constantlie his custome, he gave a newe pointe to his sprygges of byrch, growen blunted in the service of the forgone week; a practise felt throw the whole schoole, from *top* to *bottom* You maie soone look to hear from your crippled kins-

woman, whose limm is much restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poultise; soe fare ye well, and lett us live in your remembrance, as you assuredlie doe in that of your sincere and lovyng Cozen,

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

"*From my Loginge at Iselinton, June 12mo, 155..*"

To the foregoing we shall add a few other of these Shakspearean dainties, omitting the extracts from Shakspeare's Journal; in which, however, we find, that in those days "the flea, this little chartered lybertine, as impudently runs his capers in the Queen's Majestie's ruffe, as Mistress Shakspeare's."

"*Out of Shakspeare's own Memoirs, by Himself.*

"Having an earnest desier to lerne forraine tonges, it was mie goode happ to have in mie fathere's howse an Ittalian, one Girolamo Albergi, tho he went bye the name of Francesco Manzini, a dier of woole; but he was not what he wished to passe for; he had the breeding of a gentleman, and was a righte sounde scholar. It was he taught me the littel Ittalian I know, and rubbid up my Lattin; we redd Bandello's Novells together, from the which I getherid some dellicious flowres to stick in mie dramattick poseys. He was newew to Battisto Tibaldi, who made a translacion of the Greeke poete, Homar, into Ittalian, he showed me a copy of it givin him by hys kinsman, Ercole Tibaldi.

"He tould me his uncle's witt was never so brilliaunt, and he never composid soe well, as when he was officiatyng att the shryne of one of the foulest of all the Roman deities, and had left a large vollume of reflexiones whilst employed after this sorte, intituled, *Pensieri digeriti*.

"Altho he trusted me with much, yet he smothered some secrettes whose blazin was not to be eares of fleshe and bloud, that dyed withe him.

"His whole story known mee-thinkes would have bin a riche tyssew for the Muses. By an Ittalian stansa tyed rowned withe a knott of awborn hayer found hanging att hys brest, hys misfortun. and thatt mysterie he studyed to throwe over it, was oweing to an earlie passionne for a fayer mayden of Mantua, which urgid him to kill his rivalle in a duell.

"His knolege of dying woolle was nott that he was broughte upp to the trade, butt from his being deepe in all kinds of alkymy, wherewith he was wont to say he could produse gould owt of baser metalles, butt he would not increse the miseryes of mankynd. What would yong Benn have gyven to have knowne hym?"

"To the beloved of the Muses and Mee."

"Sweete swanne of Avon, thou whoose art Can mould at will the human hart, Can drawe from all who reade or heare, The unresisted smile and teare :

"By thee a ryllge maiden found, No eare had I for measured sounde ; To dresse the fleese that Willie wrought Was all I knewe, was all I saught.

"At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe, Enamor'd of thie songe I grewe ; The distaffe soone was layd aside, And all mie woork thie straynes supply'd.

"Thou gavest at first th'inchanting quill, And everie kiss convay'd thie skill ; Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell The wondrousse force of suche a spell.

"Nor marvell if thie breath transfuse A charme replete with everie muse ; They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thyne Distill their sweetes improv'd on myne.

"ANNA HATHEWAY."

*"To the Peerlesse ANNA, the Mag-
nette of mie Affectionnes."*

"Not that mie native fieldes I leve,
Swelles in myne eie the scaulding teare,
Or biddes with sighes mye bosom heave ;
"A wyse man's countrie's everie wheare :

"Not that I thus am rudelye torneſt
Farre from the muses' haunte I love,
With manlie mynde this might be borne,
Else where the muse might friendlie
prove ;

"But, ah ! with thyne mie vitall thredde
So close is twysted, that to parte
From thee, or e'er the bridal beddet
Was scarcele tastid, breakes mie harte.

"Oh ! would the fatall syster's steele
Be streched to cutt her worke inn
twayne,

Wythelde whiche destynes me to feele
That lyfe thus lengthen'd is butt payne.

"But yett a whyle her sheares be stayde,
For dicing I would fayne reclyne
On Anna's brest, and theare be layde
Wheare Anna's duste mote wedde withe
myne."

The reader of this volume may promise himself much amusement and useful information, without fear of disappointment.

"* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the Life of Milton, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist :

'Patria est, ubicunque est.'

"† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anna clearly settles.

"‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place ; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels in the South of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. Pp. 224. Pr. 3*l*. 3*s*. Johnson & Co. London. 1811.

SO closely do the representations by this traveller of the state of the country he has visited, agree with those which from time to time have appeared in the Panorama, that it might almost be inferred that our pages had been graced with communications from Mr. Jacob's pen, as the observations occurred to his mind. There is scarcely any opinion that he ventures to discuss, but what has already been adverted to by us; and were it necessary to justify the correctness of our statements, we have only to appeal to the volume before us, for that purpose. We predicted a long struggle on the part of the Spanish nation against their insidious foes, although treachery had given to those intruders a decisive and incalculable advantage. We complained of the want of union and combination in the nation, *as a nation*; notwithstanding the losses in the *detail massacre* by townships to which the French are exposed, and from which they suffer beyond calculation. We dreaded the partition of power into many hands, when it ought to be concentrated into few; and in fact, for the time being, when it ought to be lodged in a dictator. We regretted that no such predominant spirit, no blazing star had hitherto risen above the political horizon, nor fascinated into *real* patriotism, self-devotion, and *obedience*, the mass of those who by extraordinary events were called to exercise official power. We lamented that while the bulk of the people were hearty in the cause of their country, those of the superior classes, who ought to be their exemplars, were drawn aside by prejudices, were blinded by ignorance, were deluded by false dependencies, or were so enfeebled by supineness, that

they felt but very indistinctly the stimulus of that honour which they continued to claim as due to their stations, while they omitted to justify that claim in the face of their country, which had granted it for purposes of the utmost political consequence. In all these, and in many other points, Mr. Jacob's volume completely supports our statements. This gentleman, however, has seen a *part* of Spain only. His excursion extends from Cadiz to Gibraltar, to Malaga, and to Granada. On the interior of the kingdom he offers no intelligence; and the northern provinces he does not so much as mention. We notice this, because had he been acquainted, even with Madrid only, he would have qualified certain expressions employed in estimating the virtues and the vices which enter into the Spanish character: he would not have spoken generally of some things of which he was witness, but as it were in one division of the country and people.

Mr. Jacob visited Spain at an interesting moment, shortly after the surrender of Dupont's army to the Spaniards; and he was in that country during the residence of the Marquis Wellesley as ambassador from his Britannic Majesty;—during the operations of the British army, which ended with the victory of Talavera;—and during the irruption of the French through the passes of the Sierra Morena, their advance to Seville, and the narrow escape of Cadiz from capture, by the well laid plot and characteristic activity of that corrupted and corrupting people;—including, as all the world believes, the criminal connivance, or treasonable culpability of the representatives of the nation then

assembled, professedly, to save their country. From this dire disgrace, and from the loss of (apparently) the last hope of Spain, Spain was delivered by the judgment, activity, and *disobedience* of the duke of Albuquerque. Our own nation has witnessed the return made to that nobleman for his service: instead of being placed in a chief command of those troops which had applauded his skill and decision, he was honourably exiled to an embassy, where military talents were not necessary, and where insult from home was so severely felt by his ardent mind, as to deprive him of his understanding and life.

The origin and causes of the continuance of those interfering powers which bid fair to ruin the cause of Spain, are stated by our traveller with clearness, and, we believe, with accuracy. It is true, that much is due, by way of allowance to the opinions and the measures of persons suddenly called from the privacies of life, to discharge the delicate offices of sovereign power. The most rational, considerate, and sensible counsellors will not, under such circumstances, be the most forward, nor the most boisterous in enforcing their opinions: they will give advice coolly and cautiously; they will, therefore, usually be foiled. The pert will prevail against the prudent. Intrigue will be active, while integrity is lost in astonishment; personal favouritism will banish national freedom; loyalty will be silenced by the sneers and insinuations of licentiousness; and the cause of Spanish liberty, with that of the deliverance of Europe, and of the world, will be sacrificed—to what? to mutual suspicion and want of confidence, too well justified by a knowledge of reciprocal pusillanimity, indifference, waywardness, and corruption—by the lukewarmness, awkwardness, and ignorance—not of the Spanish people, but of the Spanish chiefs.

Those who can contemplate this state of things without regret, or

who can withhold a tear from the weakness of our common nature, we envy not. While we censure, we commiserate: while we condemn, it is not without appeal. The means that have been in the power of the Spanish leaders to command, have been less than the world believes: their authority has been exposed to collisions not to be fairly estimated by strangers: but, above all, they have not really possessed that commanding confidence in their nation, in themselves, and in their cause, which circumstances demanded to ensure success: they have trod uncertainly, as if they feared to sink in unsettled ground; not with energy, as if conscious that it was their own weight only which caused the earth to tremble. The unhappy Don Solano, governour of Cadiz, is a specimen of a great part of the Spanish gentry: Mr. J. says, “no man in Spain more severely regretted the state of degradation to which the government of his country was reduced,”—but, “he had no confidence in the spirit of his countrymen, nor any conception that Spain contained men with energy sufficient to throw off the French yoke, or exhibit that *DETERMINED character* which was discovered at Baylen, Saragossa, and Gerona.” “The chiefs communicated to Solano, in full confidence of his co-operation, all their secret, and as yet undigested projects. Solano, with the caution and coolness of an experienced and wary man, doubted if the plans of the leaders were sufficiently matured to afford a prospect of success, or *the energy of the people sufficiently roused to second their views*.” Had he contributed to rouse that energy, and put himself at the head of his countrymen, what might not his confidence have done?—His despair cost him his life, and multiplied the calamities of his country, till they are now interminable.

Mr. J. gives a specimen of the *movements* of the Spanish government, in the state of their manufac-

tory for musquets: what other branch of service might not have afforded a similar specimen?

Nothing can show in a stronger light the indolence and want of combination among the Spaniards, than the state of the manufactory for musquets in this city. The government can raise as many men for the army as it desires, and very little food is requisite to subsist them; but musquets are absolutely necessary, and the demand for them is considerable; for like most raw levies, the troops when defeated, are too apt to ensure their safety by throwing away their arms. This, in spite of the great assistance derived from England, has occasioned their present scarcity, and the establishment of manufactories of this important article has been, in consequence, most strenuously and frequently urged as indispensable: but it is now more than fourteen months since the commencement of the manufactory, and not a single musquet has yet been produced. They are erecting a handsome building, when plenty of others might have been appropriated to the purpose; and the time lost in the new building would have enabled them to finish, and send to their armies, thousands of arms for the men enlisted and ready to use them.

They have in this place a large train of artillery, mostly brass battering twenty-four pounders, and they are the most beautiful I have ever seen. These, in the present state of Spain, are of little use; but of field ordnance, of which they particularly stand in need, there is a great scarcity.

Are the Spaniards drones, then? not as individuals. Mr. J. shall describe them:

The agility of the Spaniards in leaping, climbing, and walking, has been a constant subject of admiration to our party. We have frequently known a man on foot start from a town with us, who were well mounted, and continue his journey with such rapidity, as to reach the end of the stage before us, and announce our arrival with officious civility. A servant likewise, whom we hired at Malaga, has kept pace with us on foot ever since; and though not more than seventeen years of age, he seems incapable of being fatigued by walking. I have heard the agility of the Spanish peasants, and their power of enduring fatigue, attributed to a custom, which, though it may probably have nothing to do with the cause, deserves noticing from its singularity. A young peasant never sleeps on a bed till he is married; before that event he rests on the

floor in his clothes, which he never takes off but for purposes of cleanliness: and during the greater part of the year, it is a matter of indifference whether he sleep under a roof or in the open air.

I have remarked that though the Spaniards rise very early, they generally keep late hours, and seem most lively and alert at midnight: this may be attributed to the heat of the weather during the day, and to the custom of sleeping after their meal at noon, which is so general that the towns and villages appear quite deserted from one till four o'clock. The labours of the artificer, and the attention of the shopkeeper are suspended during those hours; and the doors and windows of the latter are as closely shut as at night, or on a holyday.

Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility, and to pass them with the usual expression, "Vaya usted con Dios," or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of Cabaleros, would be risking an insult from people who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their religion; it is a subject on which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcilable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain, than in any other country I have visited.

Their generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told, that, after the Revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprize, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests, the persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself

to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been *paid for* by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.

I should be glad, if I could, with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but, perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen, has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders are much inferior to those of the peasants, as their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.

Mr. J. has alluded to religion: as the practical part of religious profession is open to all observers, and marks the influence of *mind*; and as much of the fervour accompanying the present resistance of Spain to French oppression is maintained by the religious orders, we shall insert a part of our author's reflections on the subject:

The feelings of religion are supported by every object that presents itself to the view: at the corners of most of the principal streets, the shrines of various saints obtrude themselves upon the passenger; even the fronts of many of the houses are adorned with their images, to which the pious stranger uncovers his head with humility, and silently expresses his devotion by making the sign of the cross.

In the midst of the gayeties which commence about five o'clock in the evening, when the Paseo, or public walk, is crowded with company, dressed in their most splendid attire, and indulging in the liveliest conversation, the sound of a bell an-

nounces the approaching hour of sunset. At this signal, which is called oracion, every one, as if by magic, seems fixed in his place; every head is uncovered, and the whole company repeats, or is supposed to repeat, a mental prayer: after a few minutes devoted to these formalities, the lively scene is resumed, and the conversation continued from the point at which it met this pious interruption. This ceremony takes place in every part of Spain; and where theatres or other public amusements are open, the sound of this bell suspends the entertainment till the prayer is over; so great is its effect, that it is even said that assassins, at the moment of executing their horrid design, have held their hand at the sound of the oracion, and, after repeating the habitual prayer, have perpetrated their diabolical purpose.

However decorous the Spaniards may be in the performance of their public devotions, nothing can be more indecent and slovenly than the manner in which their domestic worship is conducted; a circumstance which I have frequently noticed in the family with whom I lodge. Towards the conclusion of supper, when seated round the table, the master of the house commences with repeating ten Ave Marias; the wife repeats the Pater Noster and her ten Ave Marias; others at table repeat in the same manner, while one of them with a rosary of beads keeps the account, till they have repeated the Ave Marias fifty times, and the Lord's prayer five times, the number being accurately corrected by the string of beads. They then say a litany, adding to the name of every saint of a long list, "*ora pro nobis*;" then a prayer for the dead, another for protection during the night, and conclude the whole with a Gloria Patri. The words are uttered with as much rapidity as possible; and if any employment calls away the person who is repeating, he performs the work without interrupting the prayer or losing any time; in fact, the Spaniards appear to act slowly and deliberately in every thing they undertake, except it be in this one instance of family worship.

Under every strong emotion of mind, a Spaniard has recourse to religion, and naturally crosses himself, to calm the rage of passion, dispel the horrors of fear, and allay the feelings of surprize and astonishment. The solitude of a churchyard, the loneliness of a desert, and the darkness of night, are disarmed of their terrors by this magic sign, and even the exclamations of wonder, excited by English ships of war and English regiments,

(and nothing has excited more wonder) can only be silenced by using this never-failing and powerful charm.

With all this attachment to forms and ceremonies, it might naturally be expected, that the clergy would be looked upon as objects of veneration; but so far as I can judge, this is by no means the case. The language held towards the ministers of religion, is not always respectful, and is sometimes scurrilous. A few days ago, the auxiliary bishop of this city made a tour round his diocese, for the purpose of confirmation; from every person confirmed, a small sum of money was required, which was either an increase of the customary fee, or a novel demand. On his return to the city with the money he had thus collected, he was attacked by a banditti, who robbed him not only of his extorted wealth, but also of all the clothes and vestments which he carried in his coach. The knowledge of the story excited the jokes and the merriment of the people, mixed with wishes that the clergy were the only victims of robbers. The character and conduct of the friars is generally the object either of virulent reprobation, or ludicrous jocularities. They have lost the esteem of every one, and instead of being respected for their seclusion from the world, they are reproached by all classes for their indolence, their voluptuousness, and their profligacy; their dispersion is generally looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, as an event that must take place, if ever the people of Spain are assembled by their representatives the Cortes.

But, with whatever sentiments his observations on the religion of the Spaniards might inspire him, our author describes the Inquisition as by no means terrific; he even ventured, heretic though he was, to inspect the "whole" buildings of the Holy Office at Seville. This "whole," however, proves to have been with several exceptions, concerning which "*he could obtain no replies*" to his questions.

Circumstances have changed with regard to the Merino flocks, so entirely since Mr. J. was in Spain, that we cannot now coincide in his opinion that they have suffered little from the French: but we believe his account of the power of instinct in these creatures, when he says,

The shepherds lead the flocks to the pastures in which they fed during the pre-

ceding winter, and in which most of them were brought forth; and such is the sagacity of the animals, that, if not conducted thither, they would of themselves discover it, nor would it be easy for their leaders to guide them to more remote districts.

In the month of April, they begin their route towards the north. The sheep become restless as the time approaches, and must be narrowly watched, lest they should escape the shepherds and enter on their march alone: for instances have frequently occurred of flocks wandering from their guides, and proceeding several leagues towards the north, early in the morning before the shepherds were awake.

What will our commercial readers exclaim when they learn that so few merchant ships had been built in Spain of late years, that it was impossible to carry on even the little trade they had, during the war with England, without employing vessels not of Spanish construction, in direct defiance of law!—In consequence, the government tolerated the transgression, for two years: a remarkable instance of the universal confusion produced in the commercial world, by the disturbance of the political world.

Our author has obtained some useful information on the growth of sugar in Spain, the expenses on which he calculates. The following is the most *direct* ancient description of the process for obtaining *granulated sugar* that we are acquainted with:

It is not generally known, that sugar is one of the productions of Spain, for at least seven hundred years, and that the process of planting the canes, grinding them, and granulating the juice, has been very little, if at all, improved within that time. I am indebted for this fact to an Arabian author on agriculture, who wrote in the kingdom of Seville, about the year 1140 called Ebn Mahomed Ebn Ahmed Ebn el Awaum. In his directions for the mode of planting the sugar cane, he quotes the authority of another author of the same nation, who is known to have written in the year 1073, called Abn Omar Aben Hajaj: as the fact is interesting, I shall translate a few passages on the subject.

"The canes should be planted in the month of March, in a plain sheltered from the east wind, and near to water; they

should be well manured with cow dung, and watered every fourth day, till the shoots are one palm in height, when they should be dug round, manured with the dung of sheep, and watered every eighth day till the month of October. In January, when the canes are ripe, they should be cut into short junks, and crushed in the mill. The juice should be boiled in iron cauldrons, and then left to cool till it becomes clarified; it should then be boiled again, till the fourth part only remain, when it should be put into vases of clay, of a conical form, and placed in the shade to thicken; afterwards the sugar must be drawn from the vases, and left to cool. The canes, after the juice is expressed, are preserved for the horses, who eat them greedily, and become fat by feeding on them."

It is to the honour of our country, that the propositions of an Englishman, and his reasonings on the best mode of assembling the Cortes, were preferred by the most judicious Spa-

niards to those of a native of their own country. This is more pleasing to us as a deference to Britain, than a thousand exclamations of "Viva les Ingleses," and "Moriar Napoleon;" for the same reason we admire, in this land of cork trees, the good sense of the Spaniard who sent to Malaga for corks of English cutting, and wine bottles of English blowing.

The notice taken by Mr. J. of the pictures and buildings he inspected in various convents—of the meteorological effects to which his feelings as well as his sight bore testimony, —of the mineralogical formation of hills and mountains, the situations of many towns on their sides and summits, with other incidents, we must forego. They discover a readiness of mind, and are expressed with perspicuity and ease.

FROM THE BALTIMORE REPERTORY.

CRITICISM—PIKE'S EXPEDITIONS.

An account of expeditions to the sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Arkansaw, Kans, La Platte, and Pierre Juan rivers; performed by order of the government of the United States, during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807; and a tour through the interior parts of New Spain, when conducted through these Provinces, by order of the Captain General, in the year 1807. By major Z. M. Pike. Illustrated by Maps and Charts. Philadelphia; published by Conrad & Co. &c. Fielding Lucas, jr. Baltimore, &c. Octavo pp. 277, with appendices, maps, tables, &c. pp. 204. Price \$3 50 bound

THESE journies constitute a portion of that plan for the investigation of the different parts of our Western country, which was adopted soon after the acquisition of Louisiana, and which reflects no less lustre upon the wisdom that projected it, than upon the zeal and intrepidity that led to its successful execution. A knowledge of the nature of the country, of the courses and depth of its various streams, of the manners and character of the different Indian

tribes who roam throughout it, though of the very first necessity, could not be accurately obtained from any means of information extant. Some of the boldest rivers of America, and mountains that vie in height with any upon earth, were unknown to the civilized world: and immense tracts of country had never been crossed by any but the savage foot. With the purpose of discovery, therefore, chiefly in view, but at the same time to throw light on

the science and character of the country, about the same time that Messieurs Lewis and Clarke were directed to explore the Missouri, Mr. Pike was employed in the journeys of which this work gives a detail. The first two parts relate to these: the third, which gives an interesting account of New Spain, with maps of the different Provinces, comprises the particulars of a journey which made no part of the original plan: but arose from Mr. Pike's having accidentally entered the Spanish territory upon the river Nord; whence he was conducted through a great part of that country on his return home.

This work, therefore, comprises three distinct journeys. The first was for the purpose of exploring the sources of the Mississippi; and was commenced from St. Louis, on the 9th of August, 1805: whence Mr. Pike with a guard of twenty soldiers proceeded to the heads of the river, and returned to St. Louis on the 30th of April, 1806. The second journey was commenced on the 15th of July, 1806, for the purpose of exploring the internal parts of Louisiana, with a view to the establishment of a boundary line between Louisiana and North Mexico. Mr. Pike began this journey also from St. Louis, ascending the Missouri and the Osage, in company with twenty-three others, and proceeding thence to the Arkansas and up to its sources. This part of the tour concludes with his arrival at the Rio del Nord in February, 1807. The third part contains a history of his journey thence in the same month, under the conduct of the Spanish officers, who conducted him and his companions to Chihuahua and thence by a circuitous route, by which he approached within about four hundred miles of the city of Mexico, to Natchitoches, where he arrived on the 1st of July, 1807.

These journeys are written in the journal form, with copious statistical and geographical appendices, from notes which the writer states were fre-

quently composed by fire-light, when hungry and fatigued, he had ended at night the various labours of the day, which his situation exacted from him. But though a mere journal of occurrences and observations, made often in this unfavourable manner, they present a variety of interesting situations, and engage deeply the attention of the reader. The narration, though simple, bears the original impression of the spot; and carries with it that most desirable of all qualities in a traveller, an innate air of truth. While they interest our feelings in the toils and dangers of Mr. Pike and his companions, they lead us through a variety of country, of people, and of manners; and the narrative thus produces a romantick and interesting effect.

But it is to the geographer and the statesman that Mr. Pike's labours will be invaluable. The Mississippi has been traced to its very sources. Its courses, its tributary streams, its portages, its falls, and its lakes, as well as the rude nations who glide on its bosom, or roam upon its banks, are now, for the first time, known with accuracy. In like manner, that vast country lying between the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Mexican mountains, with its noble rivers and majestick mountains, has been fully developed. Nor are the accounts and maps of the rivers, towns, population, manners, &c. of the different provinces of New Spain, particularly of those bordering upon Louisiana, less interesting, though beyond our boundaries: more especially in the present situation of the world, when that part of Spanish America so particularly interesting to us, appears to be on the eve, with the rest, of freeing itself from the shackles of foreign domination.

Each of these journeys we purpose to notice distinctly. At present we return to that which is first in point of time, the voyage up the Mississippi. Mr. Pike continued his voyage in boats until the 16th of Octo-

ber; when, from the commencement of cold weather, and the increasing shallowness of the water, he was obliged to stop, and prepare to ascend the remainder of the river in a different manner. From this place, after suffering severely from cold, want of provisions, and repeated disappointments, but with unabated vigour, he renewed his march with a portion of men on the 10th of November, in sleds and a canoe: the rest of his guard being left at his encampment. He continued ascending until the last day of January, when the mighty Mississippi, the father of waters, had dwindled into a stream of only fifteen yards in width. (p. 66.) The next day, February 1st, our travellers arrived at Lake Leech, where they were hospitably entertained by the agent of the English North West company, who, as Mr. Pike states, were extending their establishments to the North-Sea and the Pacific ocean, while they fixed themselves upon the lakes and streams of the Mississippi, in the territory of Louisiana. Lake Leech (or as it is called by the French, lake *la sang Sur*) which Mr. Pike calls the main source of the Mississippi, he found to be in latitude $47^{\circ}, 16', 13''$. He afterwards visited the upper Red Cedar lake, which he calls the upper source of the Mississippi, reaching about 15 miles N. of the other. This last is the extent of canoe navigation, and is within two leagues of some of the waters of Hudson's Bay! Its latitude is $47^{\circ}, 42', 40''$. It is often a matter of curiosity to be able to designate the exact source of a river, illustrious for its fertility or distinguished for its size and grandeur. The famous source of the Nile has not only excited the enthusiasm of the poet and the enterprize of the traveller, but even potent monarchs have sighed to visit its coy fountains. Yet almost always it is impossible to mark any particular spot as the source in preference to others; and a multitude of small lakes seem to contend with almost equal claims for

the honour of being the fountain-head of the Mississippi.

As the chief purposes of this journey were of a political nature, to wit, to observe the various tribes of Indians near the river, to stop their fierce and bloody wars with each other, and inculcate amongst them the benevolent and pacific views of the American government in respect to them, the accomplishment of these and other objects which occurred, left no room for the investigation of many subjects on which we might have expected some information. But little intelligence is to be found therefore relative to the mineralogy or natural history of the country through which Mr. Pike travelled: a country which will no doubt be found interesting in these points of view, to those whom the zeal of science may lead to its future examination. But though Mr. Pike furnishes little intelligence on these subjects, to which he confesses neither his taste nor his habits attracted him, he was completely successful in the immediate objects of his enterprize. He found various small tribes engaged in predatory and bloody hostility; he commanded peace, and concord and tranquillity were established. The views of their civilized brethren were developed to the suspicious savage, and were proved to be disinterested and just. The disorders and licentiousness, connived at by unprincipled traders, were suppressed: and the intercourse with the tribes was fixed upon a footing, not less honourable and useful to ourselves, than important to the interest and happiness of the Aborigines.

Nor is this journey less interesting to the general reader. It is true that in tours such as these, among tribes of rude and indigent savages, there is no opportunity for that variety of description which pleases the fancy and interests the heart, in the accounts of cultivated society. The traveller cannot picture the busy town, the swarming river, the exuberant harvest field,

the splendid palace, or the statued lawn. Nor can he trace the powers of all subduing art, limiting the boisterous ocean, or levelling mountains and filling vallies for the accommodation of man. But if these subjects fail, there are not wanting others which are calculated in an eminent degree to interest our feelings and awaken our imagination. Nature appears before us in her own bold and gigantic features, not yet tamed or distorted by the wants or caprices of man. Venerable forests which have stood for ages secure from the ax, robing the earth with their annual crop of fertility: rivers of an extent unknown to the limited scale of Europe start up to our view, and present a new navigation, for many miles into the interior: commanding heights, from whose summits the eye discerns the distant champaign till it fades into the clouds of heaven: vast prairies, decorated occasionally with trees, afford pleasure grounds to the wild inhabitants of the forest, and offer, in the autumnal months, a variety of tint and colour, unknown before even to the imagination of the painter. Here the eye of the observer dwells with rapture, and exhausts itself in discerning new objects in the variegated scene. The imagination then looks forward into futurity, and beholds these fields and rivers peopled by civilized man: towns glittering, where now the lonely creek washes the aged trees: cities spreading their populous squares upon the margins of the rivers: nations whose names are not yet thought of, drawing from the fertile bosom of the new world those enjoyments which the over-peopled or exhausted old world have denied to her famished children.

Rude as these tribes are, we often observe among them surprising instances of sensibility and feeling. Nor are they destitute of the tender passions: love, which rules all nature with tyrant sway, finds also in the savage breast, a heart not less suscepti-

ble than the most refined intellect of civilized life. It was thought that ancient Greece alone had her Leucadian rock; and the desperate leap of Sappho had consecrated it in the eyes of all the enthusiasts of love in succeeding generations. Who would have supposed that the rocks of the Mississippi were destined to be its rival: and that the rude breast of the savage should be the habitation of a heart that was to equal the desperate heroism of the Grecian poetess?

"I was shown," says Major Pike, "a point of rocks from which a Sioux woman cast herself, and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the rocks below. She had been informed that her friends intended matching her to a man she despised; and having refused her the man she chosen, she ascended the hill, singing her death song: and before they could overtake her, and obviate her purpose, she took the lover's leap! and ended her troubles with her life. A wonderful display of sentiment in a savage." (p. 22.)

We find in this journal a description of a dance, which is one among the numerous examples that savage nations exhibit, in which it is hard to decide, whether their conduct and belief are the effects of the darkest superstition or of designing knavery.

"I afterwards went to a dance, the performance of which was attended with many curious manœuvres. Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were all dressed in the gayest manner; each had in their hand a small skin of some description, and would frequently run up, point their skin, and give a puff with their breath; when the person blown at, whether man or woman, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony; but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their great medicine; or, as I understood the word, dance of religion. The Indians actually believing that they puffed something into each others' bodies, which occasioned the falling, &c. It is not every person who is admitted: persons wishing to join them, must first make valuable presents to the society, to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, give a feast, and then [*they*] are admitted with great ceremony. Mr. Frazer informed me, that he was once in the lodge with some young men who did not

belong to the club, when one of the dancers came in, they immediately threw their blankets over him, and forced him out of the lodge; he laughed, and the young Indians called him a fool, and said, 'he did not know what the dancer might blow into his body.' (p. 17.)

The following contains satisfactory evidence as to a fact which, though asserted before, might appear doubtful to those who had seen specimens from most Indian tribes: who, whatever they may think of themselves when they have adjusted their beards, their vermilion, their beads, and feathers at their toilette, (of tweezers and bear's grease) would in spite of fashion, be considered by our belles and beaux, as hideously ugly:

"Charlevoix and others, have borne testimony to the beauty of this nation, (the Shawanocs.) From my own observation I had sufficient reason to confirm their information as respected the males; for they were all straight and well made, about the middle size, their complexion generally fair for savages, their teeth good, their eyes large and rather languishing; they have a mild but independent expression of countenance, that charms at first sight; in short, they would be considered any where as handsome men. But their account of the women I never before believed to be correct. In this lodge there were five very handsome women when we arrived, and about sun-down a married pair arrived, who my interpreter observed were the handsomest couple he knew; and in truth they were, the man being about five feet eleven inches high, and possessing in an eminent manner all the beauties of countenance which distinguish his nation. His companion was twenty-two years old; having dark brown eyes, jet hair, and an elegantly proportioned neck, and her figure by no means inclining to corpulency, as they generally are after marriage. Her father however was an American." (p. 88.)

The ideas entertained by the red tribes of the people of the United States, according to Mr. Pike, manifest a sense of our vast superiority, flattering to our pride: although it would seem that prior to Mr. Pike's arrival, the power of the white people had sometimes been exerted to inspire dread rather than to cultivate

the esteem and love of the savages. It gives us pleasure to reflect that Mr. Pike's journey among other benefits, has been calculated to impress more just ideas of the principles of civilized America: and to convert their former fear into sentiments of respectful esteem and cordial gratitude.

"In the course of this day," (September 2d,) says Mr. Pike, "we landed to shoot at pigeons: the moment a gun was fired, some Indians, who were on the shore above, ran down and put off in their perogues with great precipitation; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that the women and children were frightened at the very name of an American boat, and that the men held us in very great respect, concerning us very quarrelsome, and much for war, and also very brave." (p. 11.)

"13th March, Thursday.—Ascended the mountain which bounds the prairie. On the top of it I found a stone on which the Indians had sharpened their knives, and a war club half finished. From this spot you may extend the eye over vast prairies with hardly any interruption, but clumps of trees, which at a distance appeared like mountains; from two or three of which the smoke rising into the air, denoted the habitation of the wandering savage, and too often marked them out as victims to their enemies, from whose cruelty, I have had the pleasure in the course of the winter, and throughout a wilderness of immense extent to relieve them, as peace has reigned through my mediation from the prairie Des Chiens to the lower River. If a subaltern with but twenty men, at so great a distance from the seat of his government, could effect so important a change in the minds of those savages, what might not a great and independent power effect, if instead of blowing up the flames of discord, they exert their influence in the sacred cause of peace? When I returned to the fort, I found the Fols Avoin chief, who intended to remain all night. He told me that near the conclusion of the revolutionary war, his nation began to look upon him as a warrior; that they received a parole from Michilimackinac, on which he was dispatched with forty warriors; that on his arrival he was requested to lead them against the Americans. To which he replied, 'We have considered you and the Americans as one people. You are now at war; how are we to decide who has justice on their side? Besides, you white

people are like the leaves on the trees for numbers. Should I march with my forty warriors to the field of battle, they with their chief would be unnoticed in the multitude, and would be swallowed up as the big waters embosom the small rivulets, which discharge themselves into it. No! I will return to my nation, where my countrymen may be of service against our red enemies, and their actions renowned in the dance of our nation." (p. 78.)

We find this subject thus noticed in another place :

"On our march, we met an Indian coming into the fort; his countenance expressed no little astonishment, when told who I was and from whence I came; for the people in this country themselves acknowledge that the savages hold in greater veneration the Americans, than any other white people. They say of us, when alluding to warlike achievements, 'that we are neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, but white Indians.'" (p. 61)

We shall close this part of our author's journeys with the description of his feelings on his arrival at the falls of St. Anthony, on the 10th of April, in his voyage home:

"The appearance of the falls was much more tremendous than when we ascended, the increase of water occasioned the spray to rise much higher, and the mist appeared like clouds. How different my sensations now from what they were when at this place before! At that time, not having accomplished more than half my route, winter fast approaching, war existing between the most savage nations in the course of my route, my provisions greatly diminished, and but a poor prospect of an additional supply; many of my men sick, and the others not a little disheartened, and our success in this arduous undertaking very doubtful; just upon the borders of the haunts of civilized men, about to launch into an unknown wilderness, (for ours was the first canoe that had ever crossed this portage) were sufficient to dispossess my breast of contentment and ease. But now we have accomplished every wish; peace reigns throughout the vast extent; we have returned thus far on our voyage without the loss of a single man, and hope soon to be blessed with the society of our relations and friends." (p. 92.)

Notwithstanding his recent long absence upon the journey to explore the sources of the Mississippi, such

was the ardour of our traveller, that in the course of two months and a half he commenced a second journey, in a new direction, which appeared likely to be even more difficult and laborious than the former. This journey, of which we now propose to give an account, commenced on the 15th of July, 1806, and was intended ultimately to explore the head waters of those two great rivers, the Arkansas and the Red River, of the Mississippi, which, flowing eastwardly from an immense distance in the interior, promised a medium of navigation unrivalled in importance and extent westward. Connected with this great object was the restoration to their homes of some Osage and Pawnee Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Potowatomies, and redeemed by the government of the United States, and were now at St. Louis on their return from the City of Washington: besides which, instructions were given to Mr. Pike to mediate peace between several Indian nations on his route.

The travellers proceeded in boats up the Missouri to the junction of the river Osage, and from thence ascended the Osage to the villages of that nation. This voyage was comparatively easy, and was effected with complete success by the 15th of August: the prisoners being restored to their long lost families and homes, and received with the liveliest testimonies of affection, as well as of gratitude to their deliverers: the red people manifesting that however they may control their feelings at ordinary times, they are as fully sensible to the touches of nature and of affection, on such occasions, as the most refined of civilized society. From this point the journey was to be made on horseback through trackless wastes and unknown mountains and rivers, where the travellers were compelled to depend upon their success in hunting, for the supply of their daily subsistence.

In prosecuting their journey they of course left the direction of the

great rivers, and travelled westwardly along the dividing ridges of the waters of the Osage and the Arkansaw. The first great river which they struck upon in this route was a branch of the Kans river, which from this point runs a north-easterly course till it falls into the Missouri. Among the streams which empty into the Kans, Mr. Pike discovered two that were strongly impregnated with salt; one so remarkably so as to salt sufficiently the soup of meat boiled in it. Their course hence was northerly: and brought them, on the first of October, to the Pawnee village, situated upon the most northern branch of the Kans. Here Mr. Pike discovered, in an interview with the chief, that a Spanish detachment from Mexico had been in pursuit of him, and had proceeded to this place. The Pawnee chief, whose situation subjected him to the influence of the Spaniards, employed every effort of intreaty, artifice and even menace to induce Mr. Pike to abandon his design of reaching the Arkansaw and Red rivers, and to return home: alleging that he had prevailed upon the Spanish detachment to go back from his village without proceeding further. Our traveller had been, however, too long accustomed to the wiles of these chiefs to be seduced, and had too much confidence in the valour of his corps to be terrified from his purpose. He persisted in fulfilling his instructions, and after some altercation and appearance of hostility, took his departure, without resistance, on the 7th of October. From this point our travellers directed their course a little west of south, and after crossing again the branches of the Kans higher up the stream, arrived, on the 18th of October, upon the Arkansaw; very much to their surprize, as they did not suppose that river to be so near.

This great river is stated by Mr. Pike to be two thousand one hundred and seventy-three miles in length, following its windings: of which nineteen hundred and eighty-one miles,

from its entrance into the Mississippi upwards, are navigable with proper boats, in the suitable season: the remaining one hundred and ninety-two miles running through mountains. Several rivers empty into it, navigable for a hundred miles and upwards. At the place where Mr. Pike now struck it, its water was on his first arrival six inches deep, and the stream not more than twenty feet wide: but a rain of two days afterwards overflowed the whole bottom of the river, which at that place was four hundred and fifty yards in width. Strange as it may seem, however, the river at a distance of between two and three hundred miles higher up, where Mr. Pike met this river again, was much more navigable than where first seen. This he accounts for by the circumstance that the sandy soil below absorbs a considerable portion of the water, and renders it more shoal than among the gravelly bed in the mountains. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pike says, that for any impediment he had yet discovered in this river, he would not hesitate to embark in February at its mouth and ascend to the Mexican mountains, with crafts properly constructed.

“By the route of the Arkansaw and the Red River of California (continues our author) I am confident in asserting, (if my information from Spanish gentlemen is correct) there can be established the best communication on this side the Isthmus of Darien between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; as, admitting the utmost, the land carriage would not be more than two hundred miles, and the route may be made quite as eligible as our public highways over the Alleghany mountains.”

Agreeably to their proposed plan, canoes were here built, and Lieut. Wilkinson with five of the soldiers and two Osages descended the river, to examine the portion below, while Mr. Pike and the remainder of the corps continued their journey north-west up the margin of the Arkansaw, for the purpose of exploring its sources.

Here the appearance of the country

becomes enlivened by the numerous wild animals that feed on the prairies or leap through the thicket. Herds of wild horses were now for the first time seen: sometimes mingling in small troops with various other animals: then collecting in a powerful squadron, and advancing with a force that made the earth tremble, they stood gazing upon the travellers, till finding themselves pursued, they bound away with a rapidity which no exertions could overtake. Buffaloes were observed grazing on the meadows in numbers which it astonishes us to hear of. In one instance not less than three thousand were seen at one view, covering the opposite bank of the river. Besides these were herds of deer, elks, &c. so numerous that our author says, he

"Will not attempt to describe the droves of animals they now saw on their route; suffice it to say, that the face of the prairie was covered with them on each side of the river; their numbers exceeded imagination."

The great multitude of wild animals which collected together about this spot may be accounted for as well from the abundance of grass on the prairies, as the facility of procuring salt, which is well known to be a most desirable gratification to beasts, particularly in the remote parts of the interior, where the air being very fresh and pure compared with that on the coast, excites a keener appetite for this fossil. Hence salt licks and springs in the interior have always been the favourite resort of the wild animals, and are probably often the scene of their bloodiest combats; and the last of the extinct race of Mammoths seems to have been overpowered in some great conflict for salt, in the licks of which its bones have been found.

"We observed," says Mr. Pike, "this day (31st October) a species of crystallization in the road (when the sun was high) in low places where there had been water settled; on tasting it I found it to be salt. This gave in my mind some authenticity to the report of the prairie being covered for

leagues." Again on the 3d November, after mentioning their passing numerous herds of buffaloes, elk, some horses, &c. he says, "the river bottoms were full of salt ponds, and the grass similar to our salt meadows." Further up the river he obtained specimens of rock salt, impregnated with sulphur.

The eyes of the travellers were here greeted with a sight wholly new and unexpected; which resulted in the ascertainment of a very important feature in the geography of North America, that we believe has been hitherto unknown to this portion of the continent.

"On the 15th of November, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy glass, and was still more convinced in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Doctor Robinson, who was in front with me; but in half an hour, they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three *cheers* to the *Mexican Mountains*. Their appearance can be easily imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany; but their sides were whiter as if covered with snow, or a white stone. These were a *spur* of the great western chain of mountains, which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic Ocean; and it divided the waters which empty into the bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany does those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the province of Louisiana and New Mexico, and would be a defined and natural boundary."

A remarkably high point of this chain of mountains drew the attention of Mr. Pike, and he formed the plan of ascending to its top, for the purpose of taking from that commanding height (which he supposed to be distant one day's march) a draught of the surrounding country. He commenced his enterprize at one o'clock on the 24th of November. His calculation however proved extremely deceptive; for after three days' march they had only arrived on the top of the chain; and here the snow was middle deep, no sign of

beast or bird inhabiting that region; the Thermometer which stood at 9° above 0 at the foot, fell to 4° below 0; while the great peak which was the object of his journey still appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles, bare of vegetation and covered with snow, as high again as the portion they had ascended: to all appearance beyond the power of any human being to reach its summit. These and other circumstances compelled their return, after having enjoyed, even at the height they had reached, the sublime spectacle which the Alpine regions present, of a clear heaven around, while the rolling of the clouds below appears like the foaming of the troubled ocean.

"The perpendicular height of this mountain," says Mr. Pike (as taken by Dr. Robinson and himself) "from the level of the prairie is 10,581 feet; and admitting that the prairie is 8,000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet; equal to some, and surpassing the calculated height of others, for the peak of Teneriffe, and falling short of that of Chimborazo only 1,701 feet. Indeed it was so remarkable as to be known to all the savage nations for hundreds of miles around, and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards of N. Mexico, and was the boundary of their travels N. W. Indeed in our wandering in the mountains it was never out of sight (except when in a valley) from the 14th of November to the 27th of January."—*Note p. 71.*

A more accurate measurement of the height of Chimborazo by Mr. Humboldt (who ascended it to the height of 19,300 feet, the highest ever reached on land by any human being) makes it 21,440 feet, and of course 2,139 feet higher than the peak seen by Mr. Pike. Still however the height is exceedingly great and only surpassed by that of the Andes. That the height of the prairie above the level of the ocean is not exaggerated in this statement, will appear extremely probable from the circumstance of its being at the head of several of the largest rivers which intersect the continent of North America. From its neighbourhood on the

north eastern side begin the Yellow Stone (or Pierre Jaune) river, the great south western branch of the Missouri; as well as the La Platte which is tributary to that river. On its south western side it produces the Red River of California; on its east the Arkansas, and on its south the Rio del Nord of North Mexico. And our author says, that he has no hesitation in asserting, that he can take a position in the mountains, from which he can visit the source of any of those rivers in one day.

From this peak the travellers ascended a short distance up to the sources of the Arkansas, and then returned by a more western route. Here they struck again a large river, which they congratulated themselves upon finding, thinking it the Red River of the Mississippi, which they were so anxiously seeking. But on tracing it further down, Mr. Pike, upon examining it from the summit of a mountain, recognized it to be his old acquaintance the Arkansas; and they now re-occupied on the 5th of January the camp which they had left a month before.

"Here," says our author, "the whole party (which had separated to hunt) being once more joined together, we felt comparatively happy notwithstanding the great mortifications I experienced at having been so egregiously deceived as to the Red River. I now felt at considerable loss how to proceed, as any idea of services at that time from my horses were entirely preposterous. Thus, after various plans formed and rejected, and the most mature deliberation, I determined to build a small place for defence and deposit, and leave part of the baggage, horses, my interpreter and one man, and with the balance, our packs of Indian presents, ammunition, tools, &c. cross the mountains on foot, find the Red River, and then send back a party to conduct the horses and baggage by the most eligible route we could discover: by which time the horses would be so far recovered as to be able to endure the fatigues of a march."

Mr. Pike prosecuted this bold and arduous journey in the depth of winter, over rugged precipices and mountains, during cold so intense as to

disable two of his party from proceeding, (Reaumer's thermometer being once at eighteen and a half below 0) through almost incessant snows, and he was near perishing for want of food. His course was south, up a branch of the Arkansaw, till on the 27th January he arrived upon a stream bearing west, which he fervently hailed as one of the waters of the Red River, and which led him on the 30th January to the banks of a large river that he supposed to be the object of his search, but which in reality was the Rio del Nord; which river Mr. Pike now struck a considerable distance above the most northerly of the Spanish settlements in Santa Fee.

Upon recurring to the valuable maps which accompany this work, it will be seen that in going the southern course that he pursued, he passed about a hundred miles to the westward of the sources of Red River: which take their rise on the east side of the mountains he crossed, not reaching beyond them, as the Arkansaw was before found to do.

The Rio del Nord, on which river Mr. Pike now found himself, flows from its source through the province of Santa Fee, the most northerly of the provinces of Mexico; and continues afterwards through various other provinces. It rises in the chains in the neighbourhood of the peak we have mentioned; but while all the other great rivers branch off and flow easterly into the Mississippi, or westwardly into the gulf of California, the Rio del Nord, confined by two parallel ranges of high mountains, is like the Nile limited to the valley between, through which it continues till about the latitude of 30°, where it bursts through the eastern chain, and turning south-eastwardly after many windings empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico.

Here, after a journey of upwards of 1500 miles, Mr. Pike's attention was directed to preparing for his return home on the bosom of the sup-

posed Red River; and while making his preparations, he formed a stockade in the neighbourhood of a place on the river the description of which reminds us of the delightful valley of Abyssinia which the venerable pen of the great moralist has described in the Tale of Rasselas.

'On the 5th of January the Doctor and myself went out to hunt, and after chasing some deer for several hours without success, we ascended a high hill which lay S. of our camp, from which we had a view of all the prairie and river to the north of us; it was at the same time one of the most sublime and beautiful prospects ever presented to the eyes of man. The prairie lying nearly north and south was probably sixty miles by forty-five. The main river bursting out of the western mountain, and meeting from the north east a large branch which divides the chain of mountains, proceeds down the prairie, making many large and beautiful islands, one of which I judged contains a hundred thousand acres of land, all meadow ground, covered with innumerable herds of deer. About six miles from the mountains which cross the prairie at the south end, a branch of twelve steps wide pays its tribute to the main stream from the west. Four miles below is a stream of the same size which enters on the east: from the entrance of this down was about three miles to the junction of the west fork, which waters the foot of the hill on the north, while the main river winds along in meanders on the east. In short, this view combined the sublime and beautiful; the great and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows, seemed to surround the luxuriant vale crowned with perennial flowers, like a terrestrial paradise shut out from the view of man.'

The stockade, however, after being completed with considerable labour, as well as their preparations to descend the supposed Red River, became totally useless, by the occurrence of an event which first apprized them of their being on the Rio del Nord, and within the limits of the Spanish territory: for on the 16th of February they were discovered by some Spanish spies, and on the 26th of the same month were visited by a Spanish military force, consisting of an hundred infantry and dragoons un-

der the command of two lieutenants. They had instructions from the Governor of New Mexico, to cause the American party to march to Santa Fee, under the engagement of enabling them to proceed home. To this our traveller after some hesitation consented, and marched out of his stockade on the 27th of February, on his route to Santa Fee, with which he concludes the second part of his tour.

In order to give a continued narrative of this tour, we have omitted till now the following interesting description of the Wishtonwish or Prairie Dogs, some of which Mr. Pike killed in October, shortly after his first arrival upon the Arkansaw.

'The Wishtonwish of the Indians, Prairie Dogs of some, or Squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies of Louisiana in towns or villages, having an evident police establishment in their communities. The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence being under ground is burrowed out, and the earth answers the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, and therefore I could never ascertain their depth; but I once had a hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of their villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether it is from an instinct they possess, inducing them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the graminivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their positions, on which they could subsist, nor do they extend their excursions more than half a mile from the burrows. They are of a dark brown colour, except their bellies which are white. Their tails are not so long as those of our grey squirrels, but are shaped precisely like theirs; their teeth, head, nails, and body are the perfect squir-

rel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two and three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of these, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps, in which there are two or more, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of them with our rifles, and found them excellent meat, after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of Wishtonwish (from which they derive their name with the Indians) uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows, where they post themselves, and regard every, even the slightest, movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be killed dead; for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It is extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abound with rattlesnakes, both of the yellow and black species; and, strange as it may appear, I have seen the Wishtonwish, the rattlesnake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds (termed by the Spaniards the camelcon, from their taking no visible sustenance) and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort, but I have witnessed the above facts more than in one instance.'

We must not omit a description of a new species of bird caught by our traveller.

'It was of a green colour, almost the size of a quail, had a small tuft on its head like a pheasant, and was of the carnivorous species: it differed from any bird we ever saw in the United States. We kept him with us in a small wicker cage, feeding him on meal, until I left the interpreter, on the Arkansaw, with whom I left it. We at one time took a companion of the same species and put them into the same cage, when the first resident never ceased attacking the stranger until he killed him.'

We shall conclude this part of our author's tour, with some ideas which naturally occur from an attention to the scene of his travels.

That vast tract of country lying westward of the Mississippi and south

of the Missouri, presents numerous features peculiar to itself, which strongly distinguish it from the country to the eastward of the former river. Its rivers are of greater size and of larger extent, and it presents many varieties of animals which were unknown to the forests that formerly shaded our present abodes. But what most remarkably distinguishes it from the country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, is the vast extent of untimbered country, which, except occasionally upon the borders of its streams, pervades its whole extent. The states at present peopled, (as well as several that remain yet to be settled) presented in their original situation, a continued, thick, and shady forest. Although this required from the settler the arduous labour of clearing off its prodigious trunks, before he could raise an ear of corn or a blade of grass, yet the soil manured by the vegetable mould of several centuries, amply repaid him for all his toils. But in the tract we have mentioned, a sandy and barren soil is incapable of rearing timber in the first instance, and we are astonished in coming from the Atlantic states to find vast tracts of country as clear and open as meadows, which we find upon examination to be in general of a dry and sandy soil, destitute of moisture, and wholly incapable of that produce which rewards the labour of the husbandman here. In the neighbourhood of the streams, it is true, a rich soil is found, covering even the prairies; in some places more extensive than in others: thus from the Missouri to the head of the Osage river, a distance, in a straight line, of probably three hundred

miles, the country, says our author, will admit of a numerous, extensive, and compact population: but from thence on the rivers Kanse, La Platte, Arkansaw, and their numerous branches, it appears to be possible to introduce only a limited population. And the immense tracts lying between these and the other streams of that country, present a barren soil, without timber for the various necessities of life, parched and dried up for eight months of the year, and making the opinion formed by our author still more likely to be justified when the neighbouring country is opened to the influence of the sun, that these vast plains of the Western hemisphere may become in time equally celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route in various places tracts of many leagues, where the wind had thrown up the sand in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave, and on which not a speck of vegetable matter existed."

While, therefore, there is room enough for the surplus of our population to expand, and for the imagination to indulge itself in the prospect of immense countries yet to be the smiling abodes of civilized man, the prospect is not unbounded. We shall be shut in on the west by a sandy ocean, as on the east by a watery sea: and our settlers confined on the west to the borders of the Missouri and Mississippi will, perhaps more fortunately for our union, be constrained to leave the uncultivable prairies to the sparse and wandering aborigines of the country.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Select Psalms in Verse, with Critical Remarks, by Bp. Lowth and others, illustrative of the Beauties of Sacred Poetry. Crown 8vo. 288 pp. 8s. Hatchard. 1811.

THERE is something peculiarly pleasing in the plan and execution

of this little volume, which judiciously unites the love of Sacred poetry,

with the taste for English lore, and the liberal curiosity which seeks for information respecting all men of talent. "It was the original intention of the compiler," he tells us, "to have given a complete metrical translation of the Book of Psalms, selected from all the different versions which he could meet with." This, however, he relinquished, being convinced by diligent investigation, that, "a very large proportion of the Psalms have never yet had justice done to the beauties of their poetry. Instead of this, therefore, he gives a selection of such as he deemed most worthy to meet the public eye, whether published before, or remaining till now in MS.

To the Psalms themselves the compiler prefixes short biographical notices of those English authors who have translated the whole Book of Psalms in English verse. These are elegant and satisfactory. Other biographical accounts appear also in the notes, relative to authors who translated only particular Psalms. The illustrations of the Psalms themselves are selected with taste and judgment from various authors. The fiftieth Psalm, of which the translator is said to be unknown, may perhaps be attributed to the compiler himself. On the chance of that being

the case we shall produce it. Its own merit will speak sufficiently for it.

PSALM L.

"Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields ;

Than floods of oil, or floods of wine
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,
Or than if, to thine altar led,
A first-born Son the victim bled.

'Be just and kind,' that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well beloved preach " P. 102.

Whoever may be the author of this, it is not surpassed by any in the collection for simple elegance. We very much long to tell the compiler's name, but not being authorized so to do, we forbear. If our commendation can remove the hesitation of diffidence, we very cordially bestow it. We have seldom seen a compilation of the same extent by which we have been more gratified.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE:

MEMOIRS OF LORD WELLINGTON,

Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, chief Secretary to the Lord
Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c.

HAVING been so fortunate as to procure an admirable resemblance of the subject of this brief memoir, we are happy in being able to present it to the public, and to commence our monthly labours with some account of the services of one of the most rising officers of the present day.

Sir Arthur Wellesley is the third surviving son of Gerald Earl of Mornington, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur, first Viscount Dungannon, of the same country. He was born on the 1st of May, 1769, and received his early education at Eton—whence he proceeded to Angers in France, where he went through his exercises, at that celebrated military academy, of which M. Pignerole was then principal, with great and distinguished credit.

Sir Arthur's destination being the army, he entered it as a subaltern at an early age; but the country being then in a state of profound peace, he attained the rank of field-officer, without having had any opportunity of distinguishing himself. During this period, however, his time was not lost, as he applied closely to the study of his profession, as well of its theoretic as practical branches, and thus rendered himself equal to the arduous commands which subsequently fell to his lot. We may be allowed also to remark, that he never spent any part

of this period in the family of a general officer, either as *aide-de-camp* or brigade major; and perhaps he owes to that very circumstance the strong energies of his mind, and his habits of decision in moments of the extremest difficulty.

During the first revolutionary war, Sir Arthur Wellesley served as a field-officer in the small army of ten thousand men, despatched from this country in aid of the Duke of York, under the command of the Earl of Moira.—The fatal campaign of 1794 is too well known and remembered to be here dwelt upon. It gave Sir Arthur, however, the opportunity he had long sought of displaying those military talents he must have been conscious he possessed: at the head of a brigade of three battalions, he conducted its retreat under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, in such a manner as to excite the applause, and gain the approbation of his superiors.

We next find Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked on board the great fleet destined for the West Indies, commanded by Admiral Christian. The severity of the gales which this armament encountered, having forced the greater part of it to return home, the expedition itself fell to the ground, and was never again resumed on the same vast scale.

A brighter period in the life of this

gallant officer now approaches. When happily for the interests of the British empire, the Marquis Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, elder brother of Sir Arthur, was appointed Governor-general of Bengal and its dependencies, the subject of this memoir having succeeded by purchase to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment of infantry, he sailed with it from Ireland : and had scarcely arrived in India, when he was put in orders for the expedition then on foot for the reduction of Manilla, and actually embarked therewith. But the political horizon of India blackening at that moment, from the discovered hostility of Tippoo Sultaun, and the intrigues of France in concert with him, for the destruction of the British empire in Hindostan, the design was laid aside, and has never since been resumed.

When the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general bent itself to the destruction of the tyrant of Mysore, a step become absolutely necessary from the causes above adverted to, Colonel Wellesley, was attached to the Madras army, then commanded by Lieutenant-general Harris, who soon after appointed him to the command of that division of it which was assembled at Lall Pitt, preparatory to the Mysorean war, which was now upon the eve of commencing.

After the reduction of the French force in the Deccan, by one of those masterly enterprises which distinguish the Marquis Wellesley's Indian government above all which have ever preceded it, had released the Nizam from a species of oppression and control he knew not how to resist ; that prince cheerfully furnished a contingent force in aid of the British armies, now on full march from several points of India, to the attack of Tippoo.—His highness's arms consisted of a subsidiary body of 6000 of the company's troops, about as many of his own, and a large proportion of cavalry.—As soon as it arrived at a point where it could act in conjunction with the

grand army under General Harris, its separate command was given to Colonel Wellesley, under which it maintained, for the residue of the campaign, the highest reputation for discipline, bravery, and activity—qualities very foreign in general to the character of the native troops of India.

On the ever memorable 4th of May, 1759, when the same blow which put an end to the life of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that dynasty of which he was the second of its princes, and gave his capital to the conquering arms of Britain—a day which, to use the energetic language of the Governor-General, “raised the reputation of the British arms in India to a degree of splendour and glory unrivalled in the military history of that quarter of the globe, and seldom approached in any part of the world ;” Colonel Wellesley commanded the reserve at the assault of the fort of Seringapatam, and was thanked in public orders by General Harris, for his gallant conduct in that severe and trying affair.

In order for the arrangement of the division of the territories of the late Tippoo Sultaun, the Governor-general deeming it expedient to establish a commission for the purpose of the settlement of Mysore, Colonel Wellesley was named, in conjunction with General Harris, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-colonels Kilpatrick and Close, to this important duty ; a task which they seem to have performed with a spirit of zeal, activity, and justness of decision never surpassed, under circumstances equally intricate and arduous. He was also one of the military commission appointed by General Harris for the distribution of the prize treasure taken at Seringapatam. Those appointments serve to show the high consideration in which this young officer was held. But a far more important and delicate appointment now awaited him. It having been judged proper that Seringapatam and its fortress should become united to the

British territory; immediately on its reduction, Colonel Wellesley was appointed Governor of the city; a trust which, in that instant of time required a person of approved military talents and integrity, and the utmost vigilance and care.

It would far exceed our limits to point out here in detail the difficulties of such a task. Let it however be remembered, that Seringapatam had been the capital of the most powerful and bitterest enemy the English interests ever encountered in India; that it contained a vast population, all inimical to the last degree, to the persons and nation of the conquerors; in a state of entire misrule and insubordination, and ready to manifest their dislike to any measure proposed by their new masters by the most violent acts of contumacy and rebellion, wherever the opportunity presented itself. Notwithstanding however, the magnitude of these obstacles, and great they must be allowed to be, Colonel Wellesley found the means not only to overcome them during the period of his command, but, to a degree rarely known, conciliate the affections and attach to his person the whole of the inhabitants: no easy task, when it is considered that this population was a mixed one of Hindus and Mahomedans, the natural enemies of each other.

To account for this in some measure, it must be stated, that the care of, and attention due to the family of the deceased Sultaun, fell particularly within the line of his duty, as also their removal from the capital of their father and grandfather, to the residence appointed for them by the Governor-general. It was equally his province to raise from the humiliating condition in which the tyrannous policy of Hyder and Tippoo had placed him, to one of dignity and empire, the infant descendant of the ancient Hindoo sovereigns of Mysore—functions “which could not be intrusted” (to use the words of the commission) “to any person more

likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion.” In effect his conduct upon these trying points was so well regulated, so strongly marked by forbearance and integrity, so temperate, and yet so firm and decisive, that he gained the universal suffrage of every party concerned, and at the period of the termination of those duties, was publicly thanked by the Governor-general in Council for their very meritorious discharge. It must also be mentioned, that whilst in this important command, he applied himself most particularly to the improvement of Seringapatam, as well in its external appearance as in its police, in both of which points he was eminently successful.

At the commencement of the year 1800, General Harris having quitted India for Europe, the command of the Madras army devolved upon Major-general Brathwaite; about which period it was judged expedient to order Colonel Wellesley upon an expedition against the freebooter Dhoondia Waugh, who was at this time in considerable force, and committed the most violent outrages upon the company's territory, and of whom it was necessary to make a severe example.

In the month of September, 1800, this gallant officer took the field; on the 5th, he entered the Nizam's territories; and on the 9th, after a series of the most masterly movements, executed with almost unexampled vigour and rapidity, he intercepted Dhoondia's force, consisting of 5,000 cavalry, at Conahgull, on his march to the westward. This body was strongly posted, its rear and left flank being covered by the rock and village of Conahgull; and at this moment the horse alone of Colonel Wellesley's army were come up. With these, however, he determined to attack the enemy, and at the head of the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry, extended

into one line, in order to prevent his being outflanked, he commenced the battle. The enemy at first showed much firmness; but such was the determination and rapidity of the charge, that he soon gave way, and was pursued for several miles by the conquerors: Dhoondia, with vast numbers of his followers were killed, and the whole body was so broken up and dispersed, as never again to cause any disturbance.

For this great and essential service Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Brathwaite and of the Governor-general in council, for the indefatigable activity which he displayed in all his operations—his judicious arrangements for the supply of his army, and the masterly disposition which terminated in the defeat and discomfiture of the enemy. In effect, this short but brilliant and decisive campaign raised the character of Colonel Wellesley in India to a degree, in the estimation of military men, which even his subsequent great actions in that country have not heightened.

At this time the first revolutionary war, which preceded the short-lived peace of Amiens, raged in every quarter of the globe. Having established an apparently profound tranquillity throughout India, the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general, now Marquis Wellesley, meditated an expedition to Batavia, to be commanded by General Baird, who had distinguished himself by leading the assault at Seringapatam. In the event of the success of this enterprize, a part of the force was to have been detached for the purpose of attacking the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon. Colonel Wellesley was destined to this important duty. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1800, that officer was recalled from his command in the Mysore, and quitted his government of Seringapatam, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the native inhabitants, and the sincerest

testimonies of friendship and respect from the troops so long under his command.

From some strange misconception of the powers of the Governor-general, the necessary co-operation of Admiral Rainier, then commanding in chief in the Indian seas, could not be obtained to this great and desirable object; and it accordingly fell to the ground, very much to the detriment and injury of the British interests in India.

This circumstance enabled the Governor-general to avail himself once more of the services of Colonel Wellesley in the Mysore; and he was accordingly remanded to the command of the forces in that country, and to his government of Seringapatam; to which capital he returned in May, 1801.

In the interval between this period and the Marhatta war, in which the subject of this memoir took such a distinguished part, he attained the rank of Major-general in his majesty's forces.

It would be as foreign to the plan of this part of our publication, as it would far exceed our limits, to enter into a detailed account of the causes and origin of the hostilities commenced by the British government of India against the Marhatta chieftains, Bhoosla and Scindeah, in November, 1802, and which terminated so gloriously for England in the following year. To dwell upon the profound policy, the unabating energy, and the unchecked prosperity which marked this contest from the beginning, would be to enter upon the eulogium of the Marquis Wellesley—a subject far beyond our feeble pen, and to be handed down to posterity by far other abilities than those we presume to possess. Suffice it for the present, that when the intrigues of these chieftains, their predatory spirit, and the usurpation of the Peishwah's authority by one of them, had rendered it indispensably necessary to the existence of the Bri-

ish power in India that they should be checked in their career, Lord Clive, then at the head of the Madras government, assembled an army of 19,000 men, under Lieutenant-general Stuart, on the north-western frontier; whence it became necessary to detach a very considerable force into the Marhatta territories, in order to rescue Poonah the capital of the Peishwah, our ally, as well as the person of that prince himself, from the rapacious grasp of Scindeah and Holkar, who were contending which should possess himself of both.

This force, consisting of about 12,000 men, was placed under the command of Major-general Wellesley, who had also under him Colonel Stevenson, at the head of the Nizam's subsidiary force of nearly 9,000 troops, strengthened by 6,000 of that prince's disciplined infantry, and about 9,000 of his cavalry: making in the whole, an army of nearly 35,000 men, with a proportionate train of artillery.

Having, by the judicious position of the force under Colonel Stevenson, secured his communication with the latter, and supplies of provisions for his own army, General Wellesley deemed it essential to advance to Poonah the whole of the force destined to rescue the Peishwah from the tyrannous usurpation of the Marhatta chieftain Holkar, who was not only in possession of his person, but of his capital and dominions. On the night of the 19th of April, therefore, having undoubted information that Holkar's general was determined to plunder and burn Poonah on the approach of the British troops, he pushed forward over a rugged country, through a dangerous and difficult pass, and in thirty-two hours reached the capital of the Peishwah, at the head of his cavalry, after a forced march of sixty miles! The unexampled celerity of this movement saved Poonah from the dreadful fate by which it was menaced; and in a few days he had the satisfaction of restoring this city to its lawful sove-

reign, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants, who, as well as the Peishwah, manifested the greatest gratitude to the British general, for their unexpected and almost unhopcd-for deliverance.

The result of this brilliant achievement was of the utmost consequence to the British interests in India, at a very critical juncture. Independently of its defeating a project of almost unparalleled barbarity, it enabled General Wellesley, in thus restoring the chief of the Marhatta confederation to his just rank and dignity in those states, to take the full benefit of the treaty of Bassein, concluded between the Peishwah and the British government the December preceding, and rendered that prince a most useful ally in the approaching war with Scindeah and the Berar rajah.

Having succeeded in completely restoring tranquillity in the dominions of the Peishwah, and placed the revenues and troops of that prince upon the best footing, in contemplation of the approaching campaign, rendered more than probable by the hostile confederation of Bhoosla and Scindeah, immediately under the influence of French intrigue and interference, General Wellesley marched from Poonah on the 4th of June, with the main body of his army, and, on the 14th, took up his ground at Walker, a strong post belonging to Scindeah, within a short distance of the city, and almost impregnable fortress of Amednagur, belonging also to that chieftain, and eighty miles distant from Poonah: a position chosen with the greatest judgment, as it placed the British army in the best situation for commencing hostilities, should the pending negotiations be broken off between the British government and the Marhatta confederates.

In this advanced point of the Decan, it became necessary for the governor-general, on the ground of avoiding unnecessary delay in the important discussions to which we have above adverted, to vest General

Wellesley with full powers to carry them on, and settle, on the spot, every requisite arrangement either for peace or war, as circumstances should determine. This important commission was accordingly bestowed on General Wellesley, whose subsequent conduct, during a diplomatic contest conducted on the part of the Marhatta princes with all the wiles and subtilty of the east, fully justified the confidence reposed in his characteristic sagacity, judgment, spirit, and decision.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to detail the various evasive, futile, and insincere measures which marked the conduct of the confederated Marhatta chieftains, and which at length, compelled the British government to resort to the sword; and it is equally impossible for us to enter into the masterly manner in which the Governor-general planned a campaign, in which he brought into the field 54,918 men, so distributed as to carry on at one and the same moment the most vigorous operations against the enemy in almost every quarter of the peninsula of India, and by which he terminated a war of a few months' duration with the attainment of every proposed object, without sustaining in that period the slightest check or reverse of fortune! Suffice it to mention, that while the army of Bengal was destined to act under the personal command of General Lake in the north-western provinces of Hindostan, that of Madras was placed under the orders of Major-general Wellesley, for the purpose of opposing the combined army of the enemy, under the personal command of Scindeah, to the southward.

On the 8th of August, General Wellesley took the field, and marched with about 9,000 troops, in the proportion of 7,000 Sepoys to 2,000 Europeans, against Amednagur; and on the same day that city was taken, surrounded as it was by a high and strong wall, by a spirited effort, it being carried by escalade and storm,

with but small loss. On the 10th, the batteries were opened before the fortress of the same name, and, on the 12th, it surrendered at discretion: a conquest, the first fruits of General Wellesley's activity, which immediately gave the possession of districts to the annual amount of 72,000*l.* sterling. On the 24th of August, the British force crossed the Godavery river, and, on the 29th reached Aurungabad. From this point, by a masterly and rapid movement along the left bank of the Godavery to the eastward, General Wellesley completely prevented Scindeah from crossing that river, and attacking, as he had intended, our ally, the Nizam, in his very capital; and, at the same time, covered two valuable convoys of treasure and grain, which were on the way for the supply of his forces.

Scindeah, thus baffled, assembled the whole of the army under his immediate command at a strong position on the north bank of the river Kairreach, near the Adjuttee Pass, to the amount of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket men, and 190 pieces of ordnance, determined, it should seem, to try the fate of a battle with the British army, which the vast superiority of his force, and the strength of his position, gave him the strongest and fairest probability of hazarding with advantage. In addition to the troops we have particularized, Scindeah stationed a few thousand well trained Marhatta cavalry in the Adjuttee hills.

On the 21st of September, Colonel Stevenson, who commanded the subsidiary force, and who acted in concert with, and under the orders of General Wellesley, formed a junction with that officer. It was then determined that they should again separate, and advance towards the enemy in distinct divisions, and by different routes, as the best means of compelling him to a general action, were he found disposed to continue the defensive system he had hitherto adop-

ted. General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson accordingly marched towards the enemy's encampment, the former taking the eastern, the latter a western direction; their point of junction, and the time, having been previously arranged.

On the ever memorable 23d of September, General Wellesley arrived at Nannair, where he received information that the combined Marhatta army was within six miles of the ground he intended to occupy; but that some symptoms appeared of his intention to break up his encampment, and retreat on the approach of the British troops. In the apprehension of losing an opportunity which might not again occur of striking a decisive blow, General Wellesley instantly determined, although his army had marched fourteen miles that morning, to attack him without waiting for Colonel Stevenson's division. This bold resolve was at once the result of the greatest intrepidity and the profoundest judgment. Had the British general awaited the junction, the enemy, informed of their approach, would have had ample time to have withdrawn his guns and infantry during the night, and thus have easily avoided a general engagement; a circumstance which must not only have protracted the campaign, but have probably been greatly detrimental to the future progress of the British arms in that quarter: whereas, by the bold measure which General Wellesley adopted, of attacking him without delay, the smallness of the British force would probably tempt Scindeah to engage, where he had the greatest prospect of defeating.

In pursuance of this resolution, which could alone have been undertaken by the most resolute and dauntless mind, General Wellesley, having refreshed his men, moved forward, and came in sight of the enemy, (after a march in the whole of twenty miles, the last six of which under the heats of a vertical sun), posted as we

have already described, their right being upon the village of Bokerdun, and their left on that of Assye: which latter place, in giving its name to the battle, has been immortalized.

General Wellesley's approach was in front of the enemy's right; but finding that the infantry and guns were posted on the left, he resolved there to make his attack. Accordingly, he made the necessary movement for that purpose, covering his infantry, as they moved round, with the British cavalry in the rear, and by that of the Peishwah and Nizam on the right flank. Having forded the river Kaitna at a point beyond the enemy's left, General Wellesley now formed his army in order of battle; drawing up his infantry in two lines; the British cavalry in a third, as a reserve; and the auxiliary native horse were posted on the left flank of the British army, in order to check the approach of a large body of that of the enemy, which had slowly followed its movement, from the right of their own position.

The force of the confederated chieftains we have already detailed; that of the British army did not exceed on this trying day 4,500 men, of whom 2,000 alone were Europeans! Superior skill, judgment, discipline, and intrepidity were, however, on the side of the latter, and more than counterbalanced the superiority of the enemy's numbers.

When General Wellesley evinced his intention of attacking their left, the enemy began a distant cannonade, but changed his position with great steadiness and excellent judgment, when he clearly saw the mode in which he was to be attacked. Extending the infantry and guns from the Kaitna to the village of Assye on the Juah river, at right angles thereto, he formed a second line, with its left upon Assye, and its rear to the Juah, along the bank of which it was lengthened in a westerly direction. In this masterly position, the British attacked, and advanced under a tre-

mendous fire of nearly 150 pieces of the enemy's ordnance, served with a precision and effect equal to that of any European. The English artillery had also opened in their turn upon the enemy, at an interval of about 100 yards; but it produced little effect on his vast line of infantry, and was rendered incapable of advancing, from the number of men and bullocks disabled by the galling discharges of that of the enemy. Thus circumstanced, the English general resolved to abandon his guns, and try the event of a closer combat. Accordingly, leaving them in the rear, and putting himself at the head of his whole line, he advanced with an intrepidity and boldness which dismayed the enemy; the right of his line being covered in this spirited movement by the British cavalry, under the brave Colonel Maxwell. Notwithstanding the effect of their powerful artillery, the enemy was unequal to such a charge, and was quickly compelled to fall back upon his second line, posted, as we have already said, in front of the Juah. Here the 4th regiment, which covered the right of the British line, suffered so severely by the enemy's cannon, that a body of his cavalry was encouraged to charge. But the British horse, on the right, repulsing it, charged the enemy in turn with such resistless vigour, that several of their battalions were driven into the Juah with prodigious slaughter. The enemy's line thus broken, and awed by the steady movement of the British infantry, which still advanced with the most collected and unshaken courage, at length gave way in every direction, and the cavalry, led by Colonel Maxwell, crossing the Juah in pursuit, destroyed numbers of the enemy's now broken and dispersed infantry.

The smallness of the British force rendered it impossible for the general to secure all the advantages of his success in the heat of the action: so that some of the enemy's guns, which had been unavoidably left in the rear,

were at this moment turned upon the British troops in advance, by several of the Marhatta artillery-men who had thrown themselves on the ground during the action, and were passed over unmolested by the English soldiers; a stratagem not unfrequently practised by the native troops of India. Encouraged by this circumstance, some of the enemy's regular battalions, who had retreated in rather better order, faced about, and thus a second action, of a very furious nature while it lasted, commenced, which left the day for some little time doubtful. The personal gallantry and courage, however, of General Wellesley soon determined it; putting himself at the head of the 78th regiment and the 7th battalion of Sepoys, he attacked those parties of the enemy who had seized the guns, so briskly, as to compel them to surrender; though not without some further loss, and considerable personal danger to himself, having his horse shot under him; while the gallant Colonel Maxwell completed the route of the enemy, by charging with the 19th dragoons those battalions which had rallied, which he entirely broke and dispersed, although he unfortunately fell in the onset. These last attacks were decisive; the enemy fled in every direction, their dead amounting to 1,200, and the surrounding country strewed with their wounded. The fruits of this victory were 98 pieces of cannon, the whole camp equipage of the enemy, all their bullocks and camels, and a vast quantity of ammunition.

We have been thus particular in our detail of this memorable achievement, in which a British army of 4,500 men, not 2,000 of whom were Europeans, gained a complete and decisive victory over an enemy whose force was at least 10,000 regular infantry, formed, disciplined, and in part officered by Frenchmen, supported by the tremendous discharge of nearly 100 pieces of cannon, served with all the precision and much

of the science of the French artillery; while bodies of the Marhatta cavalry, to the number of 40,000 men, hovered around, ready to cut in upon and annihilate this "handful of heroes," did the smallest mistake or the slightest appearance of unsteadiness or disorder occur during the engagement. In effect, whether the military skill and judgment of the leader, the bravery of the troops, the dispro-

portion of numbers, or the brilliant result be considered, the victory of Assye may rank with any one of those by which British valour in India has been every where distinguished, and has placed the name of Wellesley on the same roll of fame with those of the illustrious Clive and Coote in the annals of the British empire in India.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE LONDON UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Some Account of the Spanish Drama and Society; Augustina Zaragosa, Palafox; Bull Fights, &c. By Sir John Carr.*

THE theatre at Cadiz is large and handsome; but, excepting on gala evenings, it is not brilliantly lighted.

The admission money is trifling; but you have to pay twice, once for entrance, and again for a seat, each seat being numbered, so that it can never be occupied but by the person who has a ticket which entitles him to it. A friar sits by the receiver of the money with a poor-box, and begs the change "por las almas," for charity. The pit, called the patio, solely appropriated for the men, has a certain number of seats, lunettas, which are sometimes let by the year. There are three rows of boxes called balco and aposentas; these are all private; one of them is the state box of the Governor and Captain-general. Before the first tier of boxes there is a single row of seats, la galleria, to which any one may be admitted. Over the boxes is a gallery called the casuela, entirely appropriated to the women, who are placed under the protection of a guard, to prevent improper inter-

courses; I need not add that this is the noisiest part of the house. Although the boxes are private, I had always access to one through a friend at Cadiz. There are seven different kinds of pieces performed at the Spanish theatre,—the heroic drama, the drama of character, the sacred drama, or autos sacramentales, the comedies of the figurones, the tonadillas, the saynettes, and the zarguelas. The first piece I saw was a comedy entitled "Los Amantes Disfrazados," which appeared to be, as I was assured it was, a very stupid composition; then followed "una buena tonadilla," a sort of musical interlude in one act, by La Signora Manuela Palacios which was simple and agreeable enough. This was succeeded by another small piece entitled La Senorita Displaciente, and the whole of this "function," as it is called, concluded with a saynette, a little grotesque farce in one act. The Spaniards are very partial to the saynettes, in which the manners of the people are represented with great fidelity

* Having been favoured with the liberty of extracting from Sir John Carr's forthcoming publication of Descriptive Travels in Spain, &c. any specimen which we might think interesting to our readers, we have availed ourselves of the permission by presenting them with the above.—*Editor.*

and animation. The scenery is not well painted. A performer of the name of Prieto excelled in grave characters, and the comic actors and actresses were considered tolerably good.

On another night, a play, the subject of which was the escape of Romana and his army from Denmark, called la fineze d'Inghilterra was performed, after which, I saw, for the first time, a bolero, which is substituted for the fandango. The dancer was a fine woman, *en bon point*, but how shall I describe her performance? it seems that she did not agitate a certain portion of the back part of her frame to the taste of the spectators. In matters of this sort, it would appear that the Spaniards are the best judges. I saw no defect; she played the castanets admirably, and moved to their sound accurately and gracefully; but for the reason before stated she was unpopular, and a gentle mark of disapprobation from the pit rendered it necessary for her to retire, and make room for another, who had a more voluptuous form, and who by her extraordinary movements, when she turned her back towards the audience, showed that she thoroughly understood in what her predecessor had failed; she excited in consequence a profusion of applause. Had Martial witnessed this scene, although he has so often eulogized the Spanish dance of his own time, methinks he would have regarded this refinement in voluptuousness as a becoming subject for satiric animadversion. The account given of the bolero by Fischer, is like almost every other subject he has touched, coloured to an excess, which becomes ridiculous, not to say indecent. He has doubtless mistaken the fandango for the bolero. It appears from the preface to a small collection of Sequidillas, to which the name of Precisco is affixed in the title page, though it bears neither the date, nor place of its impression, that the bolero took its rise about the year 1780, in the

province of La Mancha, and is indebted to the following circumstance for its name: About that time, Don Sebastian Zerego, a Manchegan by birth, and one of the best dancers of his day, paid a visit to his native town, the youth of which, beholding him springing so much higher, and remaining so much longer than usual from the ground, whilst on the instruments the accompanying modulation was redoubled, in the warmth of their surprise and admiration declared that he *flew*, (*que bolaba*), whence the invitations to see this man dance, were to see the dancer who flew, "*para ir a ver baylar al que bolaba*," or, as they termed it, the bolero. One of the original and most admired rules of this dance is, that at the conclusion of the strain, the dancers are suddenly to remain fixed in the posture in which the last musical note and stroke of the castanet shall leave them: this position is called *el bien parado*. The dancers of course study to conclude in attitudes the most elegant and graceful. The effect of both the fandango and bolero is said to be perfectly irresistible with the Spaniards, so much so indeed, that a traveller has, whimsically enough, observed, that, were any one suddenly to play the one or the other in a church or court of justice, the priest and his congregation, or the judge, the criminal, and advocates, would immediately set themselves in motion. After the play, it is usual with the people of Cadiz to promenade in the square of St. Antonio.

I was at several tertulias or evening parties, which were agreeable enough. Cards and conversation formed the sources of amusement. In Spain, the ladies of Andalusia are celebrated for their beauty; but I must confess I am disposed to confine their attraction more to their person and uncommon grace, than to their beauty of feature. They are very lively and agreeable, and are said to possess uncommon powers of elegant and even witty badinage and railery, to which I

men told their language is peculiarly suited. The society of Cadiz is altogether of a superior nature, doubtless owing in a great degree to the commercial communication which that city has for a great length of time kept up with the rest of the civilized world.

The rooms are in general lofty and spacious, every window opening into a balcony or railing. A chimney-piece is unusual. A brazen pan of powdered charcoal, called the *copa*, placed upon the floor, is a substitute on a cold day in the winter. The staircases and floors are generally of marble. Chandeliers are common, but are not usually lighted up. The furniture is handsome, but inferior to ours in taste and real richness.

Amongst the distinguished persons at Cadiz, I met at the house of a very respectable English merchant, Vice-Admiral Don Ignacio Maria D'Alava, who, it will be remembered, escaped in the *Santa Anna*, after the glorious battle of Trafalgar, whom Lord Collingwood claimed as a prisoner of war, and whom he thus acutely and exquisitely reproached in the letter which he afterwards addressed to him: "I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to lie in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war." How the Spanish admiral satisfied his own feelings of honour on the occasion, I know not; the remonstrance of the noble British commander was unavailing; and when I was at Cadiz, D'Alava had the command of the port, and Spanish ships of war, a circumstance which I regarded, after what had happened, as unpropitious to a cordial co-operation with the British admiral there.

It was with infinitely more gratification that I was introduced by Brigadier-general Doyle, an Irish officer

in the Spanish service, to the celebrated Augustina Zaragoza, who, it will be remembered by all who have perused Mr. Vaughan's very interesting narrative of the siege of Saragoza (Saragossa) by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines, during the first siege of that illustrious, but unfortunate city, in the month of June, 1808.*

In the second siege, some particulars of which I shall hereafter relate, she surpassed her former achievements. Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23, when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was a light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. Brigadier-general Doyle told me that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with animation of the many she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges. These insignia of military merit had been conferred upon her by her illustrious commander General Joseph Palafox. The day before I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner given by Admiral Purvis, on board his flagship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present; as she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artilleryman, the admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit, received her with the honours of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manœuvred before her; she appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness and soldier-like appearance. Upon

* Vide *Universal Magazine* for March, 1809, p. 212.

examining the guns, she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap, "my gun," alluding to the one with which she effected considerable havoc amongst the French, at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired; its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight: she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck, and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening she joined the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable natural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were overheard to say, with a hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her; she ought to have plenty of prize money; she is of the right sort."

So much envy does merit always excite, that there were many in Cadiz, and men too, who coldly called this young heroine the artillerywoman: and observed, that they should soon have nothing but battalions of women in the field, instead of attending to their domestic concerns, if every romantic female was rewarded and commissioned as Augustina had been. Base detractors! happy would it have been for your country, if many of your soldiers and most of your chiefs had acted with the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken patriotism of this young female! The interest of my interview with her was much increased by the following circumstance: Brigadier-general Doyle was relating to her the deplorable state to which Palafox had been reduced just before and after he fell into the hands of the enemy in the second siege; she listened to him with the most anxious attention. "Ah, Augustina," said he, "now attend to the last letters of your friend, hero, and general; he

will speak to you through them.* He then read to her some very affecting letters written to Brigadier-general Doyle a short time before, after the surrender, which he afterwards translated to me, and of which the following are translated copies:

Zaragoza, Feb. 7, 1809.

"My dearest Friend and Brother,

"I have just received your letter—but no one comes to my assistance on any side; you, however, know me well: you know I will sooner die than cover myself with disgrace. But if you do not help me what am I to do? Ah, my friend, this thought does indeed afflict me; but I want not courage to die for the preservation of my honour; if you do not come quickly—very quickly—*recevez l'adieu*—adieu—of your dearest friend and brother! Sufficient that I say to you, *my tried friend*. (These three words are in English.) The bearer* of this will tell you—Ah, my friend! my brother!"

It may be proper here to observe, that the line of service, in which Brigadier-general Doyle was principally engaged, was that of collecting information of the movements of the enemy, and furnishing succours to the patriotic troops of Spain, a species of service for which the general, by his activity, zeal, address, and local knowledge, was eminently qualified. He made every exertion to send succours to the brave Arragonese in their renowned city, but without success. A dreadful pestilential fever broke out amongst them. Owing to excess of fatigue, and the desperate condition of himself and his heroic comrades, Palafox became delirious, and when the French entered Zaragoza, was unable to make any arrangement for his personal safety. Augustina caught the pestilence, which was incumbering the streets with its victims. She had too much distinguished herself not to attract the notice of the French. She was made prisoner, and removed to an hospital, where, as she was considered to be dying of the fever, her guard paid

* This man was a priest, who, with great address, and at the imminent peril of his life, contrived to quit Zaragoza, and reach Brigadier-general Doyle with this letter.

but little attention to her. However, her good constitution began to triumph over this cruel malady, and finding she was but little watched, she contrived to elude the sentinel, and in a manner as extraordinary as the rest of her exploits, escaped the enemy, and joined several of her friends, who had fled to the patriots, in perfect safety. General Doyle then read another, the last note but one, he had at that time received from Palafox; it was written at Pamploona, to which place he had been removed by the enemy in his way to Paris, and was dated March 13:

"My dearest Doyle—my friend—my brother—for God's sake send me by the bearer, or by letter on Bayonne, some money.—You know how long a journey is before me, and the moment will arrive when I shall beg charity. This is the only comfort I can now receive from your good heart. My dearest friend, they have robbed me to the very shirt. Adieu—adieu—adieu!"

The face of Augustina, which, as I have before observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation; tears rolled down her cheeks; and, clasping her hands, as the last word "adieu" was repeated, she exclaimed "Oh, those base invaders of my country, those oppressors of its best of patriots! should the fate of war place any of them within my power, I will instantly deliver up their throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation; a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon afterwards, the husband of Augustina entered, who had been severely wounded during the sieges, accompanied by a youth, a nobleman, and a cousin of Palafox; when the

second siege took place, this young man was at college, which, upon the irruption of the French, he abruptly quitted, and after having distinguished himself at Rio Sico, under General Cuesta, with scarcely any money, and little food and clothing, he made his way to Zaragoza, and fought under his noble relative with enthusiastic bravery. It does not often fall to the lot of a traveller to meet with occurrences such as I have related, and to see a group of persons so distinguished for their intrepidity and patriotism. Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*: she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but modestly preserves the petticoat. One evening, as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man, attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way, upon which, offended at his impertinence, she turned round, and drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The desire of this gay, but not gallant, Lothario, was instantly turned into fear, and he fled from the object of his wishes, as fast as his legs could carry him. She was proceeding to Seville, to be presented to the Central Junta, for the purpose of soliciting a higher appointment in the patriotic army.* The brave youth whom I have mentioned, lost very large possessions by the incursions of the French. In the struggle with France, the youth of Spain have exhibited many traits of gallantry. Amongst others, I cannot omit the following: In an attack made by the enemy upon the van-guard of General Venegas at Aranjuez, a very young officer of artillery, the only son of the Marquis of Panco, finding himself mortally wounded, called his company round him, and concluded

* The following energetic lines were written upon this amiable and intrepid female, by Mr. J. Blacket, a distinguished, but alas! a departed genius, in a poem called the

a short but animated and pathetic address to them, by saying, "My brave men! drop by your cannon, but never desert them—farewell, I go to other regions of glory."

In Cadiz, although a little national jealousy was occasionally visible, an Englishman experienced every mark of attention; a saying once in use amongst the Spaniards, was now revived in its full spirit, "con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Ynglaterra"—"War with all the world, but peace with England." Cadiz has always been particularly attached to the English. Several Irish and Scottish families have resided in that city for many years without any molestation. It is worthy of remark, that whenever Spain declared war against France, almost every Frenchman, however humble his occupation, used to remove with every thing belonging to him from the country. In the beginning of the present war, between England and France, an order, forced by the predominant influence of the latter over Spain, was issued for every Englishman to quit the country: A British merchant, who had long resided in Cadiz, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing, went to the principal judge, and said, "By this order I am obliged to go to England; can I do any thing for you there?" To which the judge replied, "Are you infatuated? can I say more? Upon the faith of this hint, the merchant remained, and experienced the most perfect security. The hatred which all classes in Cadiz seemed to bear to the French, was in

proportion to their love and admiration of the English.

I dined at the hospitable country house (for so it was considered, although in a town) of Mr. Fleetwood, a merchant of great respectability, and whose donations, at various times, to the good cause of Spain, have not been less than three thousand pounds. Before dinner, we walked over the greater part of the town, which is well paved and kept very clean, chiefly by French prisoners, who are paid for their labour. The Calle Ancha is a very long and noble street. Several of the churches, convents, and houses are very handsome. After dinner, the whole place was alive, and the people, in crowds, hastened to the theatre of the bull-fight. As the only bull-fight in Spain was at this time here, and as there were some circumstances attending it rather of a novel nature, I shall not pass it over, although the Spanish bull-fight has been before described. The theatre was of wood; round the arena or circus were erected a number of seats ascending like steps, capable of containing about 10,000 persons; the boxes being at the upper part, and divided off, and the top of the highest covered over: in the centre was a very large and handsome box, appropriated to the governors and the principal civil and military officers of the town. The prices of the places are regulated by the sun and the shade: those on the shady side are the best, and to obtain as much shade as possible, the fights seldom commence before 4 o'clock. On my ticket was

Fall of Zaragoza, which, with some other poems, have been rescued from oblivion by the benevolence of Mr. Pratt.

— Oh! heaven-born heroine,
Fair Augustina, bold heroic maid!
Thine is the beauteous form, but warrior's soul;
Thine the re-animating gen'rous pride,
Like sam'd Camilla, nobly to deal forth
Destroying vengeance on thy country's foes;
Back to the breast of fainting courage call
The curdling blood, and bid thy brothers, armed,
Or die or triumph with thee!

inscribed, "Communes Sombra."— Upon entering the theatre, I was much impressed by the magnitude of the structure, and the immense assemblage of the people. The number of the men and women appeared to be nearly equal. Amongst the latter were several females of distinction, and many of great respectability. The box I sat in was next to that of the governor, who was extremely attentive and polite to me. A short time before he took his seat, one of the gates of the arena or circus opened, and a fine corps of volunteers entered, and cleared it of a great number of people, who had climbed over the side, and took the seats to which they were entitled. In the centre of the arena a strong post was fixed in the earth, upon the top of which sat a monkey, chained and dressed in scarlet regimentals. Many of the low Spaniards believe that the cause of the royal abolition of this their favourite pastime, arose from an objection entertained by the queen to the people assembling in large bodies together, but this is not the fact; more rational and provident reasons suggested it, in 1805, to Charles IV. or his ministers. This cruel exhibition imbrutes the disposition of the people; if the day on which it happens be not a Sunday, a day is lost to labour. The poorest persons, will sell their very beds to raise money to attend their popular spectacle, and agriculture and the army suffer by the extraordinary havoc which was formerly made amongst the horses and oxen, to an amount which is almost incredible. I found, by what took place, that the bull-fight at the Port was as much interdicted as in every town in Spain, but as a convenient boon to the people, the governor was permitted by the Supreme Junta, indirectly to concede it to them.

Before the fight commenced, a procession entered, composed of the different dramatis personæ in this bloody pastime; after making their obedience to the Governor, one of

them begged permission to fight the bulls: the Governor turned his head aside and made a motion that their prayer could not be granted, they again bowed, and as they were retiring, the people called out to his excellency, in a very brief exclamation, to indulge them with the spectacle, upon which the governor made a signal with his handkerchief to the performers, that the bulls might be fought. Thunders of applauses expressed the public gratitude, which at length was succeeded by the silence of highly excited expectation.

The bulls intended to be fought, were then driven across the arena, in company with two tame oxen with bells round their necks; three or four piccadores, mounted on tolerably well-looking Andalusian hacks, entered the circus, and took their station near some of the wooden partitions or barricadoes erected within it, for the protection of those who fight the bull on foot, when they are hard pressed by him. These equestrians wore leathern gaiters, well padded about the legs, thick leathern breeches, silk jackets of various colours, embroidered with spangles and lace, and trimmed with ribbons, whitish brown hats, tied under the chin, having a very broad flat brim, their hair in a net with a long tassel at the bottom, and carrying a long pole with a goad at the end. Presently the massy bars of a double gate under the Governor's box, through which the bulls had passed, were knocked aside, and the man who opened it, immediately sprang behind one of the before-mentioned barricadoes for security. This was a moment of uncommon anxiety and expectation. Immediately a noble Andalusian bull rushed into the arena; at first he seemed appalled by the shouts of such an immense concourse of people; he stared around him, pawed the earth, smelt it, snorted, and then observing the piccadores, he collected himself and made a desperate charge upon the nearest of them,

who turned him aside with his pike: with accumulated rage he assailed the next, and threw horse and rider with such violence, that the furious animal himself rolled over them, and, for a moment, they were all concealed by a cloud of dust. The chulos, or fort combatant, dressed en majo, or sprucely, much in the same attire as the male bolero dancers wear, rushed from behind the barricadoes, and provoked and distracted the infuriated beast by holding before him cloaks of different colours: in the mean time the fallen piccador rose, and remounted his horse, whose side had been opened by the bull, and whose entrails were hanging from the orifice in ribbons streaming with blood: the poor animal moved a little, but slowly, from the loss of blood, and from an apprehension of treading upon his bowels—horrible sight! his rider dismounted, but not till the miserable beast could carry him no more. The dying horse was left to languish: several times he made a convulsive but ineffectual effort to rise: then raised his head and looked around, as if to implore some one to dispatch him. No one, not even the hangman would have released him from his miseries. A proud custom forbids it, and he was left to breathe his last in agony. Such of the piccadores as are not able to ride off their horses, on account of their wounds, when the trumpets sound for the chulos to bait the bull, are paid less than those whose horses are able to carry them. This accounts for the piccadores pushing their horses, however badly gored, to the last extremity. After fighting the bull for some time, the trumpets sounded, the piccadores retired; and the chulos alone commenced an attack. With great confidence they approached the animal to his very horns, and as he rushed upon them alternately, they eluded the assault by adroitly stepping aside, first endeavouring to fix, and generally with success, two banderillas, or barbed arrows, decorated with curls of co-

loured paper on each side of his neck. If by accident or want of experience, they are fixed in the sides of the beast, or the banderillas do not adhere, the disapprobation of the spectators is excited. Some of these banderillas have gunpowder crackers attached to them, which discharge themselves soon after they are fastened, to madden the bull the more. In these attacks, the skill and intrepidity of the chulos were conspicuous. After some time, the people called out, *matalo! matalo! kill him! kill him!* meaning the bull. This is a high, though unwelcome compliment, paid to the animal. The trumpets again sounded, and the chulos retired.

The matador then entered alone, with a red cloak spread over a small stick in one hand, and a sword in the other; and amidst the applause of the populace, bowed to the Governor, who by a signal, gave him liberty to despatch the bull. The animal roaring and writhing with agony, endeavoured to shake the rattling banderillas from his neck, and prepared to charge the matador. The conflict now appeared to present a frightful disparity against the man. All were mute: no one of the mighty multitude seemed to breathe. Calm and collected, extending the stick which supported the red cloak, he courted the assault of the furious animal, who at length turning his head to the ground, rushed with all his might upon him. Once or twice, still more strongly to excite the feelings of the spectators, he stepped aside and let the bull pass; at length, upon the animal renewing the attack, and just as his horns were at his breast, the matador thrust his sword between them into his neck. The blow was mortal, and in an instant the fury of the animal seemed at an end. Rolling his eyes in death, he receded a little, then collected himself, fell upon his knees, and bellowed in expiring agony; blood gushed from his mouth, and he was finally despatched, the wound being first ascertained to be

mortal, by striking a dagger into the spine, and he died amidst the shouts of applause bestowed on the skill of the intrepid matador. Three horses yoked abreast, and decorated with little flags and ribbons, then entered, the bull was fastened to their traces by the horns, and dragged off at full gallop.

The skill of the matador at this amphitheatre was hereditary, and perhaps his fate may be so too. His father, named *Pepebillo*, was the first torreador in all Spain; but by missing his aim at the critical moment I have described, was gored to death by the animal with whom he was fighting. This man, when the late king was at Seville, offered, within a circle to be drawn by a stick in the dust of the arena, to kill the bull kneeling. The humanity of the King would not suffer such rashness, and he observed, the man must be mad to propose it. The Governor is a great favourite with the people. Observing the concern I felt in seeing one part of the fight, he said to me in French, "I wish that bull were *Buonaparte*."

I could not learn the reason why the torments of the bull were permitted to be at once terminated by the stiletto, and the same act of common mercy refused to so noble, so courageous, so mild and docile an animal as the horse. Some years since, the late King issued an order that all dogs found in Madrid without collars should be killed; and the common executioner was ordered to despatch them; the fellow refused, declaring it was his office to kill men, not dogs. Some miserable wretches, who live by collecting rags and paper in the vilest parts of the city, were then applied to, to do the business, with an offer of reward; but such was the pride of these people, that although they used clandestinely to steal and kill dogs for their skins, they also refused the undertaking as beneath them.

The Andalusian bulls are the most

ferocious, and therefore most prized in the bull-fights. Unless several horses are killed, the fight is considered by the most delicate and refined female spectators as unsatisfactory. The interest of it is much increased by a man being now and then wounded. The ladies have no very high idea of the bravery of a foreigner who exhibits any other sensations than those of gratification at these fights. During this savage diversion, men go about with nuts and small crabs' claws, as refreshment, crying out "*boccas, boccas*," meaning "will you have a mouthfull?"

The novillos are generally young bulls that go through all the stages of the fight, except the last: sometimes they are baited by dogs.

Upon my return from Seville to the Port, the fame of an Andalusian bull attracted me once more, and I determined that it should be the last time, to the amphitheatre. It was indeed a terrible animal. In the course of his fury, he gored five horses to death, and nearly killed one of the piccadores, who was extricated from his horns, and carried off. The Governor's daughter had honoured the beast by making, with her own delicate hands, a rich decoration for his neck, and lovely women applauded the bloody havoc which he made. A young Marquis, a well-known afficionado, or amateur, of bull-killing, was discovered by the spectators standing in the arena, behind one of the wooden barricadoes, upon which the cry of "*el Marques, el Marques!*" resounded from every quarter. This was a flattering request to the young nobleman, who had already won several ladies' hearts by his beauty and his prowess, to come forward and supersede the matador, and despatch the bull. The ladies waved their fans, and the noble torreador prepared to obey the call, but the governor interfered, and would not permit it. "Oh what merit has that fine young nobleman," said a pretty Spanish lady, "how beautifully did he kill the bull."

I learned that he had obtained all his popularity by having despatched a very fierce bull a few Sundays before, with such grace and science, that his friends, as a distinguished mark of their enthusiastic admiration, took off their neckcloths, coats, and some even their waistcoats, and threw them at him in the arena. This compliment, strange as it may seem to an Englishman, appeared to afford him the highest gratification; and after collecting together the articles thus thrown, and distributing them to their owners, he vaulted into a seat among the spectators, amid thunders of plaudits. This nobleman was remarkably handsome, and a few years since, distinguished himself at the bull-fights at Madrid, where he attracted so much of the Queen's attention, that the Prince of the Peace deemed it prudent to banish him from the city. He has lost much of his consequence however by associating with the bull-fighters, and is on that account as little respected as the noble patrons of the pugilistic art are here, for the same reason.

Although it is always usual to kill the bull that shows much spirit, the one I have last described was reserved on account of his peculiar merit, for another fight, it being rather necessary at this period to husband up the resources of a gratification so highly estimated. He was accordingly led out, with the blood streaming down his chest and shoulders, by the two tame oxen I have before mentioned; who, upon being admitted into the arena, went up to him, and seemed to invite him to retire, upon which they all moved off together. In this manner, the bull which is not given up to the matador, is always conducted away. The decoying oxen are trained for the occasion; it is not a little interesting to see how consoled the poor, bleeding, harassed, and palpitating bull seems when they come to his relief, and how well pleased he trots off from his persecutors, between his two friends. The

monkey, I found, rarely takes a part in this exhibition, and is never exposed when there is much danger. His vaulting in the air, as far as his chain will allow, his terror and grimaces when the bull runs at him, are sources of much more amusement to the people than to the performer, who, on the day I saw him, in a moment of great personal apprehension, broke his chain, and took refuge amongst the spectators. When the bull makes towards the monkey, the people exclaim, "*à la mona, à la mona, to the monkey.*" After the fight, I was admitted behind the scenes, that is, to see the dens in which the bulls are kept before they appear in the arena. From the outside of the building, the animals enter a passage, having on each side several of these dens, each of which is provided with a portcullis door, moveable up and down by pullies. These dens are boarded at top, having holes and trap-doors at certain distances, through which the keepers, in perfect safety from above, can goad each bull from one den into another, or into the passage, at the end of which is the gate that opens into the arena: here, if the animal be remarkably ferocious and powerful, a massy door raised and depressed by pullies, is suddenly let down upon his neck, to reduce his strength, and at the same time to exasperate his spirit. Experience enables the bull-fighters to know by a glance of the eye the peculiar disposition of the bull, and even to ascertain whether he pushes with the right or left horn. The gate is then opened, and he makes his entry into the arena. There are also rooms for the different performers; and one in which are a bier, a crucifix, and surgical instruments for those who get wounded, and a priest attends with the host in case of a fatal accident. After the fight, the dead horses are drawn out and laid upon an adjoining spot of ground, to be devoured by the dogs; and the bulls, which are the perquisites of the matador, are sold

at about sixteen dollars each. Each of the piccadores receives fifteen doubloons, at three piastres each doubloon for each fight. The matadors the same, and the chulos thirty dollars each: after these and a handsome sum to the proprietor of the theatre,

and the cost of the bulls and horses, &c. are paid, the residue, which is always considerable, is given to charitable institutions, and other public purposes. And thus is even cruelty made ministerial to humanity and civilization!

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY PANORAMA.

EMBASSY TO ABYSSINIA.

Mr. Salt's success, in his embassy.—In our eighth vol. p. 329, we noticed the arrival of Mr. Salt in Abyssinia. We have since learnt by a vessel arrived from thence, some particulars of the result of the voyage, as far as related to the principal object with which it was undertaken. The King of that country received Mr. Salt, the British Agent, with particular respect and distinction: and the few but well-selected presents delivered by the latter, produced a very favourable disposition in the personage on whom they were conferred. Much opposition had been given by some artful French itinerants, as foreseen by Lord

Valentia, but the English interest ultimately and completely prevailed, and for the first time in this remote Christian country, prayers were offered up for the life of George the III. on the Sabbath day, in the same service with those for the native sovereign. Mr. Pierce, who was left at Massowah to learn the language of the country, was found in perfect health. Mr. Salt was introduced to the King of Abyssinia at his capital, Antalow; and we understand that an opening is made for commercial intercourse. We need not state to our readers that this is the gentleman who accompanied Lord Valentia in his tour.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RULES RELATIVE TO SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES, by assisting the eyes to converge rays of light, restore and preserve to us one of the most noble and valuable of our senses. They enable the mechanic to continue his labours and earn his subsistence to the extreme of old age. By their aid the scholar pursues his studies and recreates his mind with intellectual pleasures; thus passing away days and years with delight and satisfaction, which might otherwise have been devoured by melancholy, or wasted in idleness.

Spectacles, when well chosen, should neither enlarge nor diminish objects, and should show the letters of a book black and distinct; nor ought they in any degree to fatigue the eye.

Every one must determine for himself the glasses which produce the most distinct vision, yet some attention should be paid to the judgment of the person of whom they are purchased. By trying many spectacles the eye becomes fatigued in accommodating itself to the several

changes, and the purchaser often fixes on a pair which is injurious to his sight.

People often injure those tender organs, and deprive themselves of future assistance from glasses, by purchasing them of hawkers and pedlars, who are equally ignorant of the science of optics, and of the construction of the eye.

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE SIGHT.

1. Never sit for a length of time in absolute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light, and then remove to an opposite extreme.

2. Avoid reading a very small print.

3. Never read by twilight, nor by fire-light, nor, if the eyes are disordered, by candle-light.

4. Do not permit the eye to dwell on glaring objects, particularly on first awaking in a morning.

5. Long-sighted persons should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and somewhat nearer to the eye, than is naturally agreeable; while the short-sighted should habituate themselves to read with the book as far off as possible.

6. Nothing preserves the sight longer than a moderate degree of light; too little strains the eyes, and too great a quantity dazzles and inflames them.

7. Do not wear other spectacles than your own, to which your eyes have accommodated themselves.

SPECTACLES ARE NECESSARY,

1. When we are obliged to remove small objects to an increased distance from the eye, to see them distinctly;

2. When we find it necessary to have more light than formerly; as, for instance, when we find ourselves

placing the candle between the eye and the object;

3. When, on looking at and attentively considering a near object, it becomes confused, and appears to have a kind of mist before it;

4. When the letters of a book run into one another, and become double and treble;

5. When the eyes are so fatigued by a little exercise, that we are obliged to shut them from time to time, and to relieve them by looking at different objects.

Then it will be prudent and necessary to set aside all prudery; honestly confess that age is creeping upon us; that our eyes are an unerring warning; and without coquetry or apology, ask the optician for a pair of spectacles.

For those who live at a distance from large cities, the following modes of calculating the focus of glasses, will prove useful:

Rules for calculating the Focus of Convex Glasses.—Multiply the distance at which a person sees distinctly, by the distance at which he wishes to see, and divide the product by the difference between the said distances; the quotient is the desired focus.

Rule for Concave Glasses to read and write, for a near-sighted Person.—Multiply the greatest distance at which the short-sighted sees distinctly with his naked eye, by the distance at which it is required he should see distinctly by a concave glass, and divide the product by the difference between the said distances. If it is to see remote objects, the focus should be the same as that required for the distance of distinct vision.

The preceding observations are valuable just in proportion to the value of sight, and to the pleasure of seeing distinctly and without pain.

FROM THE LONDON SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A WHOLE DAY TO OURSELVES!

ANECDOTE of the celebrated President Henault, the author of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, and Madame du Deffand.

They were both complaining one day of the continual interruptions they met with from the society in which they lived. "How happy should we be," said the lady, "to have a whole day to ourselves!" They agreed to try whether this was not possible: and at last found a small apartment in the Tuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied, and where they proposed to meet. They arrived, accordingly, in separate conveyances, about eleven in the forenoon, appointed their carriages to return at twelve at night, and ordered dinner from a *Traiteur*. The morning was passed entirely to the satisfaction of both, in the effusions of love and friendship. "If every day," said the one to the other, "were to be like this, life would be too short." Dinner came, and before four o'clock, sentiment had given place to gaiety and wit. About six the lady looked at the clock. "They play *Athalie* to-night," said she, "and the new actress is to make her appearance." "I confess," said the President, "that

if I were not here, I should regret not seeing her." "Take care, President," said the lady; "what you say is really an expression of regret; if you had been as happy as you profess to be, you would not have thought of the possibility of being at the representation of *Athalie*." The President vindicated himself, and ended with saying, "Is it for you to complain when you were the first to look at the clock, and to remark that *Athalie* was acted to-night. There is no clock for those who are happy." The dispute grew warm, they became more and more out of humour, and by seven they wished most earnestly to separate. That was impossible. "Oh!" said the lady, "I cannot stay here till twelve. Five hours longer!—What a punishment!" There was a skreen in the room. The lady seated herself behind it, and left the room to the President. The President, piqued at it, takes a pen and writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the skreen. The lady picks up the note, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last, twelve o'clock arrived, and each hurried off separately, fully resolved never to try the same experiment again!

POETRY.

By Mr. Dimond.

ST. AGNES' WELL.

A story there runs of a marvellous Well,
Near fair Florence city (so travellers tell)
To St. Agnes devoted,
And very much noted,
For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.
With all new-married couples—the story
thus goes,
Whichever drinks first of the spring that
there flows,
Be it Husband or Wife,
That one shall for life,
On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to the church
as his bride,
And Wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling
was tied,
But the clerk's nasal twang
'Amen!' scarce had rang,
When the bridegroom eloped from his
good woman's side.
Away, like a hare from the hounds, start-
ed he—
Till reaching the Well—dropping plump
on his knee,
'Dear St. Agnes,' he cried,
'Let me drink of thy tide,
And the right to the breeches establish
in me.'

He quaff'd till nigh bursting—again turn'd
to quaff,
Till the bride in pursuit, reached his side
with a laugh—
Lifting briskly his head,
To the Lady he said,
‘I’m first at the Well, Spouse, so bow to
the staff!’
The Dame to her Hubby replied with a
sneer,—
‘That you’re first at the Well after mar-
riage is clear—
But to save such a task,
I fill’d a small flask,
And took it to church in my pocket, my
Dear!’

JERRY CONSOLED.

A JERRY, whose tumultuous wife
Led him a devil of a life,
Bore her tyrannic sway and rule,
Not like a man, but like a fool;
To anger him was her delight,
He had no peace from morn to night;
And, while she exercised her power,
And wrangled with him by the hour,
And cut up every joy and ease,
He bore his lot like Socrates.

At length, that all his cares might end,
Propitious fortune stood his friend.

Over his troubles to condole,
To an old crony oft he stole;
And, in his converse, consolation
Found in the midst of his vexation.
She, in a scrape thinking to catch him,
When he went out resolved to watch him,
Ran to a window high up stairs;
And, to detect him unawares,
There, as she thought his sport to mar,
Forgetting she might lean too far,
While her impatience naught could check,
She tumbled out, and broke her neck.

The wondering neighbours round her
press’d,
And Jerry came among the rest,
They all in pitying accents spoke;
“She’s dead,” cried one, “her neck ’s
quite broke:”
“Come, come,” said Jerry, “no great
harm,
It might, you know, have been her arm.”

BADINE.

By Ebn Alrum.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears thro’ two nostrils the breath
goes too fast,
And he’s trying to breathe thro’ but one.

TO AN EXOTIC.

TENDER offspring of my care,
Hast thou braved the wintry blast,
Batt’ring sleet, congealing air,
Thus at Spring to droop at last?

Many a night-storm howling drear
Vainly rag’d around thy shed;
Many a keen morn’s breath austere
Failed to bow thy sheltered head.

Ah! a counterfeit of Spring,
Soothing with deceitful breath,
Hid beneath a zephyr’s wing,
Shafts of winter—shafts of death.

Phœbus lent a treacherous ray,
Luring confidence and joy;
Luring only to betray,
Warming only to destroy.

Then thy soft dilating heart,
Gave its shoots, and shed its fears,
Swift the phantom hurls her dart,
As in the clouds she disappears.

Gentle alien to a sky,
Ever varying its state,
Though its native, still must I
Share thy feelings and thy fate.

As contending winds prevail
In the elemental strife,
Straining, slackening, they assail
All the trembling strings of life.

Sinking, then my languid eyes
Fail my spirits to amuse;
Wearied, fainting ere they rise,
Exercise my limbs refuse.

And as every season’s change
In the change of one we see;
Ere ’tis seen, I feel its force,
Shrinking, withering, like thee.

E. A.

*Verses addressed by the Khaliph Al-
moktofi Liamrillah to a Lady, who
pretended a passion for him in his
old age.*

Though such unbounded love you swear,
’Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever doat on me?
Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth;
And I may love you when I know
That you can tell the truth.

By Ebn Alrumi.

TO A LADY WEeping.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Thro' the bright drop that Pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath,
But sweetest thro' a dewy veil
Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
When Wit and Pleasure round thee play,
When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when thro' Pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their softened beam?

From the Italian.—By Miss Seeward.

ADDRESS TO WOMAN.

Designed for peace and soft delight,
For tender love and pity mild,
O seek not thou the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild!

Stay in the sheltered valley low,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air;
But shun the mountain's stormy brow,
For darkened winds are raging there.

The ruffian Man endures the strife
Of tempests fierce, and furious seas;
Ah! better guard thy transient life,
Woman, thou rosy child of ease!

Rash Man, for glory's fading wreath
Provokes his early, timeless doom,
Seeks every varied form of death,
And desperate hastens to the tomb.

But thou, O Gentlest! what can rend
With cruel grief, thy panting heart?
Nor Heaven nor Man dost thou offend,
What fancied woes can dread impart?

Ah! surely, on thy primal day,
Great Nature smiled in kindest mood,
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hushed the wind, and smoothed the flood!

While Man, who lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his wintry morn.

But thou, beneath a vernal sky,
What distant tempest wakes thy fears?
Why does that soft, that trembling eye
Gleam through a crystal film of tears?

Stay in the vale;—no wild affright
Shall cross thy path, nor sullen care?
But go not to the craggy height,
The dark, loud winds are raging there.

9

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Books published by Seymour and Williams, Savannah,

Sermons on various subjects by Henry Kollock, D. D. Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Savannah, 1 Vol. octavo. Price 2 dolls. 50 cents.

Published—A friendly Visit to the House of Mourning, price 50 cents.

By John West & Co.

Published—Report of the Trial of Geo. Ryan, before the Superior Court of New Hampshire, for highway Robbery.

D. Mallory & Co. Boston,

The Freeman's Magazine, and General Miscellany, No. 1, for April 1811, accompanied with two Vignette engravings.

Demonstration of the Divinity of the

Scriptures, in the fulfilment of the Prophecies. In a series of essays. By a layman.

By Lewis & Crowell, Newburgh, and Thomas G. Evans, Goshen,
Published—Poems composed by a young black female slave, living in Minisink.

By Collins & Co. New York,
Published—Vol. 1, No. 2 of the American Mineralogical Journal. Price 50 cts.

By D. Fenton, Trenton,
Published—A new selection of Evangelical Hymns, intended as a pocket companion for the pious of all Christian denominations.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

C. Norris & Co. and E. C. Beals propose
To publish by subscription—An elec-

gant edition of *Orlando Furioso*: translated from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto; with notes. By John Hoole.

By Seymour & Williams, Savannah,

In the Press, an original work, called *The History of Georgia*, from its first settlement under the government of general James Edward Oglethorpe, to the commencement of the American revolution. With an introductory view of the present state of the country, its climate, soil, productions, population, and extent, &c. to be published in one volume octavo. Price 2 dolls. 25 cents, in boards.—Also in the Press, A uniform edition of Walter Scott's poems, in 3 vols. 12mo. commencing with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Price 4 dolls. per vol.

Shortly will be published,

A highly useful and interesting work, entitled *Dufief's Nature Displayed*, in her mode of teaching language to man: or a *New and Infallible Method of Acquiring a Language in the shortest time possible*: adapted to the Spanish, by Don Manuel de Torres and L. Hargous, Professors of General Grammar.

Proposals for publishing the *Life of the late Charles B. Brown*, late Editor of the *American Register*, &c. To which will be added, *Original Letters and Reflections from his private manuscripts*. In 2 vols. octavo.

Benjamin Chapman proposes

To publish by subscription, the whole *Poetical Works of Robert Burns*, the celebrated Scots Poet, in which will be included several pieces, which have never appeared in any edition in America.

J. Low, New York, proposes

To publish by subscription a Work entitled *Meditations and Contemplations on the Sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, in which the history of the

Passions, as given by the four Evangelists, is connected, harmonized, and explained, with suitable Prayers and Offices of Devotion. By J. Rambach, late of the University of Giessen.

Edward J. Coale, Baltimore, proposes

To publish an *Introduction to the History of Maryland*. To which is added, a *Sketch of the History of Maryland*, during the three first years after its original settlement. By John Leeds Bosman, Esq.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Hortus Kewensis; or, a Catalogue of the Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew. By the late William Aiton. The second edition.

Letters on Professional Character and Manners: on the Education of a Surgeon, and the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician; addressed to James Gregory, M.D.

A *Winter in Paris*; or, *Memoirs of Madame De C*****; written by herself. Comprising a view of the present State of Society and Manners in that Capitol; and interspersed with Anecdotes.

The Storm; with other Poems. By Elizabeth Darwall.

A *History of the Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings attached to the University of Oxford*; including the *Lives of the Founders*. By Alex. Chalmers, F. S. A.

The sixth number of *Pinkerton's New Modern Atlas*, containing Maps of Peru, the Prussian Dominions, and Northern Italy.

The History of Westminster Abbey and its Monuments.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATION.

Illustrations of Mr. Walter Scott's poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, engraved from a beautiful set of Paintings, by Mr. Richard Cook, in the first style of excellence, by Warren, Charles, Heath, Armstrong, Canker, Smith, and Engleheart.

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR AUGUST, 1811.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

A View of Spain; comprising a descriptive Itinerary of each Province, and a general statistical Account of the Country; including its Population, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Finances; its Government; Civil, and Ecclesiastical Establishments; the State of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature; its Manners, Customs, Natural History, &c. Translated from the French of Alexander de Laborde. In five volumes. 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d. Longman & Co. and R. Dalsu. 1809.

M. DE LABORDE, the author of this work, is well known in the literary world, and more particularly so by his *Voyage Pittoresque de l'Espagne*, one of the most splendid publications which modern times have produced. The present volumes are a translation of the *Itineraire Descriptif de l'Espagne*, which has been very favourably received in France, and passed through various editions. The two works are said to have cost the author not less than twenty thousand pounds sterling. One inference may be justifiably drawn, from the very great expense to which the traveller went for information, in collecting the materials of his Itineraries, that it was a work which had the sanction of the French Government; and that it was undertaken and accomplished with a view to the meditated operation of the French armies. Be this as it may, it is beyond a doubt the most accurate and the most satis-

factory account of any country that has, in our recollection, been published. It will also be perceived, that with whatever intentions, or under whatever patronage the undertaking was accomplished, most sedulous pains were taken to excite no jealousy or irritation among any description of Spaniards. The delicate subject of the Monastic Orders, and the still more delicate one of the Inquisition, are introduced and discussed with the extremest caution and circumspection.

This view of Spain extends to five volumes, with an Atlas, forming a sixth, and commences with an elaborate introduction, of which we sincerely hope one of the first paragraphs may be prophetic.

‘ This noble country, which has always been governed by some foreign house, though never conquered by any, always swayed, but never debased, seems to rise with greater vigour, and to derive fresh

lustre from changes which usually cause the decline of empires.'

From the introduction the author proceeds to make remarks on travelling in general, in Spain in particular. These remarks are succeeded by observations on the geography of Spain, or a chronological table of the Kings of Spain, and on its provincial and topographical divisions. The work then commences with a survey of the Province of Catalonia, as entered from Perpignan, on the side of France. It will appear, on examination, that the three first volumes exhibit a descriptive itinerary of this interesting country, and the two last a view of Spain, in what relates to the different branches of government and of political economy. It may be proper to introduce a specimen from each, which will be sufficient to satisfy the reader that we have not mentioned the work in undue terms of commendation.

The account of Tarragona in the first volume, and the character of the Spanish women, in the last, will demonstrate the various talents of the author, and his perfect competency to his undertaking, however diversified, elaborate, and difficult.

'Tarragona, in Latin Tarraco, is one of those famous towns which only recal the remembrance of their former grandeur, and serve as a comparison for the vicissitudes which may fall to the lot of the largest and most populous cities. We shall not stop here to inquire either into its origin or foundation, which some authors have carried back above two thousand years before the Christian era. Be that as it may, it must have been a considerable place before the Romans invaded Spain; and under its new masters its limits extended to the shore and harbours of Salona, which at present is a league and a half distant from them. It became, under the dominion of Rome, the capital of the Tarragonese province, or in other words, Criterior Spain. The town of Tarragona was the residence of the Consuls and the Prætors. The Scipios, Octavius Augustus, and Adrian, made some stay here; its antique walls built by Scipio, were repaired by Adrian; it had all the advantages of Rome itself, an amphitheatre, a circus, palaces, temples; and aqueducts.

In the time of the Emperor Adrian, its circumference was 34,190 fathoms; its population was adequate to its immense size, if what the historian Antonio Augustin says be accurate; he states it at 600,000 families, which would make upwards of 2,500,000 inhabitants. This historian, who lived in the 16th century, complaining of the decline of this illustrious town, grieves that in his days there were only 80,000 families in it, or about 380,000 inhabitants; but Mariana, who was almost contemporary with him, declares that the population of it was not above 7,000 families, and that there were not 2,000 houses in it. Its power first declined under the Goths. Euric, their king, took it in 467, and his soldiers, in revenge for its resistance, destroyed it. It was again sacked by the Moors, who besieged it in 714, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Louis d'Aquitaine drove out the Moors in the year 805, but they recovered it. Raymond Berenger took it from them in 1150, and re-peopled it the year following. Having afterwards fallen again under the yoke of the Moors, it was finally rescued from them by *Alfonso el Batallador*, king of Aragon, in 1220. Tarragona is at present reduced in its size to about 1400 fathoms in circumference, a population of 9,000 souls, very ordinary buildings, and almost to a state of poverty.

'*Situation. Extent.* Tarragona is at present situated on an eminence of rocks elevated about seven hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and near the river Francoli. It is surrounded with walls, and has six gates and two castles of little importance, that of the King, and that of the Patriarch.

'*Clergy.* Tarragona is the See of one of the most ancient archbishoprics of Spain; it existed under King Wamba; and was re-established in 1088, by Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, after having expelled the Moors from it. Formerly its jurisdiction extended very far; but it has been diminished by the erection of new superior jurisdictions. At present this See has the bishop of Ivica, and the seven bishops of Catalonia, for suffragans. Its diocese contains a cathedral chapter, and seven hundred and forty parishes; the archbishop has the title of prince of Tarragona; he crowned the Kings of Aragon. The town has only one parish, which is attached to the cathedral; it has monasteries, four nunneries and one house of Beguines of the order of Saint Dominic.

'The cathedral has seven dignitaries, twenty-one canons, twenty-three prebendaries, and forty beneficed clergymen.

'The States-general of Catalonia for-

merly assembled in this town, and fifteen councils have been held there; that of 1228 annulled the marriage of James I. King of Aragon, with an infanta of Castile. That of 1240 threatened the archbishop of Toledo with excommunication if he continued to act as primate of Spain. That in 1424 was the most remarkable; the cardinal de Foix, legate of Martin the Fifth, was the president, the object of it was to put an end to the schism which had long divided the church. *Gil sans de Muses*, who had been elected Pope by the cardinals, in obedience of the anti-pope, Bennett the 13th, relinquished the popedom, and with his cardinals re-entered into the union of the Roman church.

Hospitals. A general hospital for orphans.

Civil and Military Administration. Tarragona is the chief place of a corregidorat, which contains one hundred and ninety settlements; it has a civil and military governor, a king's lieutenant, a major, a garrison of fifty men, an alcalde major for the administration of justice, a minister of the marine, a port captain, and a board of public economy.

Public instruction. A school for the education of young ladies, and a college for boys.

It likewise had a university, which was founded in 1572 by the archbishop Gaspard de Cervantes; and which was included with the universities of Catalonia, suppressed by Philip the Fifth.

Edifices. The cathedral church is at present the only building which can fix attention, nor is it of a style to detain us long. It is a fine spacious edifice built of freestone, one hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and twenty-seven wide, and is divided into a body and two aisles: which are separated by five arches on each side: they are supported by great pillars of an enormous size, on each of which twelve Corinthian columns are clustered; the architecture of the vault is Gothic. The cross of the church is large and opens well, forming a kind of octagon dome, but heavy and without grace; the principal altar is almost entirely formed by the union of several slabs of very fine white marble in demi-relief, representing divers events of the life and death of St. Teclé; the figures being too numerous produce confusion, but there are some parts in detail very pleasing. The chapels are worth inspection, that of St. Francis for two large pictures of him, and that of St. Cecilia for the tomb of Cervantes Tautilla, cardinal and archbishop of Tarragona; that of the Conception for its paintings and

gildings; that of the Holy Sacrament for the tomb of the famous historian Don Antonio Augustin, who was also archbishop of Tarragona, and legate of the Holy See in Spain; that of St. Teclé for its form and decorations all in marble. We go from the church into a great square cloister, which has six large arcades on every side, each of which is divided into three smaller arches; the latter are supported by Doric columns of white marble; their capitals are ornamented with bass-reliefs of great delicacy, representing different things, such as foliage, branches of trees, birds, other animals, figures of infants, of men, and other devices.

Promenades. There is nothing pleasant in the town except its situation; in other respects it is very gloomy, without pleasures, society, or public amusements; the streets are narrow, short, crooked, and frequently hilly; the houses are ill built, with the exception of a small number, which look well enough. There are no squares, fountains, wells, or promenades; those in which they walk do not deserve this name, being only a beaten road on one side of it, and a kind of terrace, very short, which looks over the sea; both are without trees, or any other cover. Within fifteen years a large street has been built leading to the gate of San-Carlos: it is very long, broad, straight, and contains some fine buildings.

Climate. Tarragona has a fine sky, and the climate is temperate, but rather warm than cold. There are frequently violent winds here. Provisions are good, the fruits are delicious, and the wine excellent, but strong. The town had no fountain or well water; the inhabitants were reduced to drink cistern water, which was commonly bad, when the last archbishop built a superb aqueduct, which conveys excellent water to the town. This aqueduct is partly built on the ruins of a similar work erected by the Romans.

We have already spoken of the several sieges which Tarragona formerly sustained: since then, this town, revolting with the rest of Catalonia against Philip IV. was besieged and taken by the troops of its sovereign in 1640. Four years after, it was besieged by the French, who were forced to raise the blockade; at the beginning of the 18th century it followed the Austrian party; gave itself up in 1705 to the Archduke, and opened its gates to the English troops, who, after the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, set fire to the town when they left it. This conflagration destroyed a part of the buildings and forti-

fications. This was the period of the total decline of Tarragona: it is now beginning to recover itself.

'The new port, the building of which was begun seven or eight years ago, and which will be one of the finest in the Mediterranean, must necessarily contribute to the prosperity of Tarragona; it will make it an important fortified town, and one of a profitable commerce.' Vol. i, p. 92.

The above extract is sufficient to prove the minute and careful inquiries which the author directed to every subject he has undertaken to elucidate, while talents of a different kind are displayed in the specimen of his work hereafter exhibited. The one satisfies us that every production of ancient and modern history has been carefully explored; the progressive changes which time has introduced, defined and illustrated; all local peculiarities and present condition and circumstances of the place described, examined with acute attention, and represented with great ability. When the character of the people is delineated, it is impossible not to see and acknowledge profound and philosophic reflection: we meet with no levity or frivolity of remark, but a spirit of frankness, candour, and good sense, anxious at the same time neither to violate the dignity of truth, nor to be subject to the suspicion of misrepresentation and prejudice. It would have much pleased us to have inserted the whole of M. Laborde's observations on the Spanish character, which is certainly delineated with a masterly hand; but we must content ourselves with inserting what he says on the Spanish women, which is thus introduced:

'The Spaniards are generally rather below than above the middle stature. They are taller in the provinces near the ocean and the Pyrenees, especially in Catalonia, Aragon, and Galicia; provinces which furnish a well-made, large, and well-proportioned race of men, and smaller in the two Castiles and Leon.

*The Spaniards are usually represented as lean, dry, meagre, and of a yellow and swarthy complexion. They are not indeed of the gross habit usually observed in the

inhabitants of the north; but their thinness is neither excessive nor disagreeable; it is suitable to their stature. Their complexion is swarthy in some provinces; those, for instance, of the south; it is so also, but in a less degree, in the Castiles, though a shade brighter in New than in Old Castile. It inclines to yellow or olive, in the kingdom of Murcia, but white skins are still very common in Spain, especially amongst women and children.

'The general appearance of the Spaniards is usually very good; the shape delicate, the head beautiful, the countenance intelligent; their eyes are quick and animated, their features regular, their teeth even.

'The Castilians appear delicate, but they are strong. The Galicians are large, nervous, robust, and able to endure fatigue. The inhabitants of Estramadura are strong, stout, and well-made, but more swarthy than any other Spaniards. The Andalusians are light, slender, and perfectly well-proportioned. The Murcians are gloomy, indolent, and heavy; their complexion is pale, and often almost lead-coloured. The Valencians are delicate, slight, and effeminate; but intollient, and active in labour. The Catalans are nervous, strong, active, intelligent, indefatigable, and above the middling stature. The Aragonese are tall and well-made; as robust, but less active than the Catalans. The Biscayans are strong, vigorous, agile, and gay; their complexion is fine, their expression quick, animated, laughing, and open; the Roman historians describe them as brave, robust, endowed with constancy and a firmness not to be shaken; fierce in their disposition, singular in their customs; always armed with daggers, and ready to give themselves death rather than suffer themselves to be subjugated or governed by force; roused to opposition by obstacles, and patient of labours and fatigue. In fact, the Calabrians were the Spanish people who longest resisted the arms of the Roman republic.

'The Spanish women here deserve a separate article; compared with the men, they seem to form a different nation.

'The females of Spain are naturally beautiful, and owe nothing to art. The greater part are brown; the few that are fair are chiefly to be found in Biscay. They are in general well-proportioned, with a slender and delicate shape, small feet, well-shaped legs, a face of a fine oval, black or rich brown hair, a mouth neither large nor small, but agreeable, red lips; white and well-set teeth, which they do

not long preserve, however, owing to the little care they take of them. They have large and open eyes, usually black or dark hazel, delicate and regular features, a peculiar suppleness, and a charming natural grace in their motions, with a pleasing and expressive gesture. Their countenances are open, and full of truth and intelligence; their look is gentle, animated, expressive; their smile agreeable; they are naturally pale, but this paleness seems to vanish under the brilliancy and expressive lustre of their eyes. They are full of graces, which appear in their discourse, in their looks, their gestures, in all their motions, and every thing that they do. They have usually a kind of embarrassed and heedless manner, which does not fail, however, to seduce, even more, perhaps than wit and talents. Their countenance is modest, but expressive. There is a certain simplicity in all they do, which sometimes gives them a rustic, and sometimes a bold air, but the charm of which is inexpressible. As soon as they get a little acquainted with you, and have overcome their first embarrassment, they express themselves with ease: their discourse is full of choice expressions, at once delicate and noble; their conversation is lively, easy, and possesses a natural gaiety peculiar to themselves. They seldom read and write, but the little that they read they profit by, and the little that they write is correct and concise.

They are of a warm disposition; their passions are violent, and their imagination ardent; but they are generous, kind, and true, and capable of sincere attachment.

With them, as with the women of other countries, love is the chief business of life; but with them it is a deep feeling, a passion, and not, as in some other parts, an effect of self-love, of vanity, of coquetry, or of the rivalries of society. When the Spanish women love, they love deeply and long; but they also require a constant assiduity, and a complete dependence. Naturally reserved and modest, they are then jealous and impetuous. They are capable of making any sacrifices; but they also exact them. On these occasions they discover all the energy of their character; and the women of no other nation can compare with them in this point. The Castilian women excel all the rest in love. There are many shades of difference in the manner in which this passion is displayed by the females of different provinces. Those of Castile have more tenderness and sensibility; the Biscayans are more ardent; the Valencians and Ca-

talans more impetuous; the Aragonese most exacting and imperious; the Andalusian women most adroit and seducing; but the general disposition is nearly the same in all.

There is a freedom in the manners and conversation of the Spanish women, which causes them to be judged unfavourably of by strangers; but on further acquaintance a man perceives that they appear to promise more than they grant, and that they do not even permit those freedoms which most women of other countries think there is no harm in allowing. A modern traveller who is sometimes severe, often hasty in his judgments, has anticipated me in this remark; but he deduces from it an inference unfavourable to the Spanish women. "Feeling (says he) their own weakness, and knowing how inflammable they are, they are distrustful of themselves, and fear they should yield too easily." This is supposing them very abandoned, and very calculating, and they are neither the one nor the other. This reserve belongs to their notions and manners; it sometimes proceeds from the embarrassment of which we have spoken, and oftener from their ideas of love, which forbid them to grant their favours by halves, or to employ that coquetry so common among the women of other countries.

If the Spanish ladies are agreeable, if they are sometimes well-informed, they owe it only to themselves, and in no degree to their education, which is almost totally neglected. If their native qualities were polished and unfolded by a careful instruction, they would become but too seductive.' Vol. v. p. 255.

It might have been very possible to have substituted other extracts still more creditable to the original author, and exhibiting still more satisfactory evidence of elaborate research, combined with circumstantial detail and elegant observation. But enough, it should seem, must have been done to convince the reader that the translator has introduced a work into our language far above the ordinary level. He is on this account entitled to our thanks, even if he had not merited, which he certainly does, much and great commendation for the spirit, elegance, and, we question not, the fidelity of his version. We learn that some few, but very pardonable, liberties,

have been taken with the original. The English ear has not been disgusted with the fulsome panegyrics on a Joseph Buonaparte. A chapter comparing the Spanish and French languages has been judiciously abridged; and a chapter on Natural His-

tory has received some additions and corrections. Some notes also, of necessary explanation have been added. The Atlas has the merit of great perspicuity and neatness; and the whole is a useful and agreeable addition to English Literature.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Narrative of a Voyage to Surinam; of a Residence there during 1805, 1806, and 1807; and of the author's return to Europe by the way of North America. By Baron Albert Von Sack, Chamberlain to his Prussian Majesty. 4to. pp. 282. 1l. 7s. Boards. Nicol and Son. 1810.

THE Baron Von Sack has here presented the reader with the result of observations made in the course of an extensive tour, without any pretensions to extraordinary profundity or acuteness, but with great good sense, and in a style which does not assume the merit of polished elegance, but commands by its simplicity the fullest confidence in all the author's statements. We think that he has laid the English public under considerable obligations, for the intelligence which he imparts respecting a valuable settlement that has not, perhaps, hitherto obtained all the attention that is due to it; and we ought certainly to thank him for removing one prejudice, which has probably deterred strangers from visiting Surinam, inasmuch as he has exhibited in his own person an example of beneficial effects produced on the health, by a residence in the atmosphere of that long calumniated colony.

In pursuance of medical advice, the Baron left Madeira, where the winds were occasionally too severe for the delicate state of his lungs, and took his passage for Surinam in December 1804. In the course of his voyage he had the misfortune to be captured by a French privateer, and was carried to Martinico; whence he afterward procured an opportunity of

reaching Barbadoes. His remarks, however, on the situation of these two islands need not detain us; because he could make only a superficial survey of them. He quitted Barbadoes in April, 1805, and, after more alarms of capture, which were happily unfounded, he arrived, towards the close of that month, in the Surinam river, highly pleased with the general aspect of this part of the coast of Guiana, and attracted by the handsome appearance of the principal town in the colony Paramaribo. Here he was no sooner settled in a comfortable residence, and introduced to a circle of acquaintance, than he began to make various excursions into the neighbouring district, for the purpose of acquiring information. He appears to have experienced great hospitality and kindness wherever he went: but as his tours were desultory, and his statements are miscellaneous, (being arranged under no regular heads, but conveyed in letters to friends in Europe, in the order of time in which the several objects were presented to his notice,) we shall content ourselves with selecting a few of the particulars which have struck our minds most forcibly as entitled to attention.

In his first journey to the Commewyne, the author informs us that the

species of cotton cultivated in this colony passes generally under the denomination of shrub-cotton, and that each plant produces from half a pound to a pound annually in the two crops. An acre of land is said to contain about three hundred bushes; and a labouring negro of the first class can manage two acres. It is added, however, that the cotton-mills are all built according to the first imperfect invention; and the negroes are obliged to turn the cylinders by the constant motion of their feet alternately on treddles, which are attached by cords to the cylinders. A model of a much more ingenious contrivance, received from North America, was deemed too complicated in its mechanism to be even tried: but the Baron is clearly of opinion that a very slight alteration in the existing machinery, assisted by the strong sea-breezes which constantly prevail, would produce a very considerable abridgment of human labour, and answer every purpose with equal efficacy.

M. Von Sack's second excursion was to Bluebergh; and in sailing up the Surinam river, he saw with surprise an unfinished canal, connecting that river with the Saramacca; a project which we should have supposed unlikely to prosper in a country so well provided with natural means of water-carriage, though a different opinion appears to be entertained in this volume. Indeed, its failure would be sufficiently explained by the strange fancy that has been adopted of cutting it in a zigzag direction, instead of a straight line.—Most of the plantations on the river Surinam produce coffee and sugar; and we extract the description here given of the former:

'The Coffee of Surinam is suffered to grow in three stems from the root, and when one of them does not produce plenty of berries, it is cut away, and the best shoot in appearance nearest the root is allowed to grow in its room. The trees are not permitted to grow higher than about five feet, so that the negroes can very easily pluck the berries, for gathering which there are two seasons, the one in May or the beginning of June, and the other in October or the beginning of November.* I have to observe that they often pluck the berries of unequal ripeness, which must greatly injure the quality of the coffee. It is true, when the coffee is washed, the berries which float on the water are separated from the others; but they are only those of the worst quality, or broken pieces, while the half ripe beans remain at the bottom with the best. Now in the description which travellers in Arabia give of the method of gathering coffee there, it is said that the tree is suffered to grow to its natural height, and the berries are gathered by shaking the tree and making them fall on mats placed for them. By this way the Arabians gather only the beans perfectly ripe at the time, and which must give the coffee a more delicate flavour. Happening to mention this circumstance to a director, he replied, that too much time would be lost in gathering all the berries from the trees by this method, and therefore the further preparation of the beans would be too much retarded. Not being a practical planter myself, I am not able to judge how far it might be done without suffering the inconvenience. It is certain that by plucking from the trees the negroes cannot pay the attention necessary to get the ripe ones only, as the berries are sometimes quite red on one side and in an unripe state on the other.

'For all that you may have read of the fine appearance of a coffee plantation, the sight of it would far surpass your expectation; nothing can exceed the beauty of the walks planted with coffee trees, from their pyramidal shape, and from their glossy dark green leaves shining with great brightness, amongst which are hanging the scarlet coloured berries.'

* A tree will yield each time on an average from one pound to a pound and a half of coffee when pulped and perfectly dried. An acre of land planted with coffee, when favoured by the weather, becomes more profitable than when it is planted with sugar canes; but its crops are always very precarious, as the blossoms and even the berries are sometimes damaged by the heavy rains, which are much less injurious to sugar-canes; wherefore a planter feels himself best secured in his revenue as soon as he is able to cultivate them both.

The merits of the sugar-cane are not forgotten:—its vivid green colour, reminding the spectator of the freshness of spring in Europe, —its grateful relish to almost all descriptions of animals, —its nutritious and wholesome qualities, exemplified in the health and plumpness of the negroes even during the incessant toil of the harvest, —and its salutary power of cleansing the blood, to which the extinction of leprosy among us is ascribed. The construction of the sugar-mills is also praised, and they have the advantage of being worked by water. The cacao cultivated on the banks of the river is said to be of indifferent quality.

An occurrence on this journey, which exhibits the frail and fearful tenure by which European superiority is maintained in the new world, shall be related in the author's own language :

'We were now far advanced on our journey when the tide turned ; on which Mr. S. told his rowers that this was quite unexpected to him, as he had never been here before, nor had he any acquaintance where he could stay the night ; and as the plantation of Bluebergh was not far off, he hoped that they would not be discouraged or feel any unwillingness in rowing a short distance against the stream, and he would give them a dance when they arrived at Bluebergh. The rowing against tide or stream never made any difference when Capt. Stedman was at Surinam ; but of late the planters, from motives of humanity, have discontinued this practice, and we should not have required it, but have been provided with a letter to enable us to procure a habitation for the night, had it occurred to Mr. S. that the tide would fail us here. Our negroes gave no answer, but their eyebrows were knit, their foreheads became very much wrinkled, and they looked at each other with very expressive countenances. Mr. S. was engaged in conversation with a director who was accompanying us, but I could not help observing the negroes, in whose humour a great alteration had evidently taken place. After rowing about ten minutes in the most profound silence, they began a song, which was not in the Surinam negro language, but in their own native African tongue, which of course was

understood by none in the barge but themselves. The tune was harsh and the words short, as if they were oppressed by the lips. I looked attentively towards them, with a view of reading in their countenances the meaning of the song, not without some feelings of apprehension, as evening was fast approaching, and we were in a part of the country where the dwelling houses of the plantations were very thinly scattered, and the banks of the river were covered with forests, which, though appropriated to various plantations, still remained in all their native wildness ; added to which, we were at no great distance from the habitations of the bush-negroes, a circumstance which appeared peculiarly important to me at the moment, when I recollected the dreadful scenes that had taken place when these negroes first rose upon their masters. But their song was soon finished, and we shortly after arrived at Bluebergh, where Mr. S. kept his word with them, and gave them a dance, and they became perfectly happy. Since my return to Paramaribo, I have been assured that the negroes here have obtained, at several times, information of the revolt at St. Domingo from those who have gone as servants with their masters to Europe, where they learn all that has passed, and relate it again when they return to the colonies. But it seems the negroes at Surinam have not had any such accounts of late, for the revived name of Hayti, by which St. Domingo is called at present, is not known here amongst them.'

Notwithstanding the concluding remark, there appears to be great reason for alarm to the white inhabitants of Surinam, in the independence of certain formidable black tribes, passing under the denomination of *Bush-negroes*, who look down with extreme contempt on their laborious brethren of the plantations, but might very probably foment their occasional jealousies into open rebellion. The Arrawouke Indians are also very odious neighbours : but in the midst of these extensive plains, at the distance of about sixty miles from Paramaribo, we are astonished to find ourselves suddenly transported into the midst of a Jewish society of considerable numbers, derived from Portuguese Jews, invited to settle by the Dutch government ; and who,

after having devoted themselves for some years to agriculture, have at length adopted those habits of commercial speculation for which they have been at all times distinguished. Their principal village is described as very populous, and passes under the name of the Jews' Savannah.

Like many other persons who have resided in the West Indies, and spent their time pleasantly at the hospitable board of the planters, Baron Von Sack entertains great doubts of the propriety of abolishing the slave-trade; and as the act for effecting that great purpose was carried in the English parliament during his stay in Surinam, he very naturally indulges in some reflections on it. His arguments are far from having altered any of our well-known opinions on this important subject, which we do not feel it necessary again to discuss on the present occasion; contenting ourselves with observing that the doctrines from which we here dissent, are advanced with singular modesty, and that they receive in our judgment a short, but irresistible answer, from some of the unquestionable facts related in other parts of the volume. To the waste of negro-labour in the preparation of cotton for manufacture, we have already alluded: it appears at p. 102, that the labour of the same class of men is equally disregarded in the sowing-cultivation of that prime article; and in the same page it is broadly admitted not only that cacao and indigo are sown in this toilsome and unthrifty manner, but even that the negroes employed in extracting the colour from the latter plant (which must first be reduced to a state of putrefaction) frequently become ill, and sometimes die. The want of cattle and of agricultural utensils, is likewise the subject of complaint, as producing too severe a demand on the strength of the working negroes; and the females, during the absence of the planters, who certainly appear to establish many good general regulations respecting the

care of their slaves, often miscarry, either from the little care which they take of themselves, or '*from their not having been sufficiently indulged in the article of labour.*' (p. 108.) Is it not obvious that, when the planter's interest to encourage the breed of negroes shall be permanently increased by a complete prohibition of the importation of fresh slaves from the coast of Africa, these various causes of the destruction of their population will, because they *must* be removed.

The favourable report made in this volume, respecting the salubrity of the climate of Surinam, has been already mentioned by us: but in this respect a considerable change is said to have arisen within the short period of twenty years; and the older inhabitants speak of diseases now happily forgotten, as having been prevalent within their recollection; attributing this wholesome alteration to the admission of free currents of air, occasioned by swamps drained and forests cleared away.—The year is divided into two wet and two dry seasons. Light and refreshing showers begin to fall about the middle of June, when the rain descends in torrents till the end of that month. In July its violence is greatly mitigated; and the long dry season begins in August and lasts till November. December and January constitute the short rainy season; while February and March form the short dry period. The changes in the weather are always gradual, the highest degree of heat experienced by the author having been 91° by Fahrenheit, the lowest 75°; and at that time when the heat might naturally be expected to be most oppressive, the sea-breezes produced a constant affusion of cool and delightful air from ten in the morning till five in the evening. Various instances of longevity are recited; but the new comer from Europe is repeatedly cautioned against the dangerous hospitality of his thoughtless and warm-hearted hosts.

We are compelled to take only a

brief notice of the author's various and instructive observations in natural history. Theameleon of these parts, commonly called here the agamma, is considered as having no power to assume any other colours than the brown and the green; by means of both which it is enabled to elude pursuit, being confounded in the one case with the bark of trees, and in the other with their leaves. Its changes are wonderfully rapid, and its verdant hue is often surprisingly vivid. The head sometimes is seen of a dull blue colour. Its capability of abstaining from nourishment, like other cold-blooded animals which lose nothing by perspiration, gives some foundation to the fable of its living on air.

The country surrounding Surinam produces two species of the Sloth; of which the *three-toed*, or the sheep-sloth, so called from the curliness of its grey hair, resembling moss, and concealing it among the trees, is the most remarkable. The proverbial laziness of this loathsome creature is here imputed to its being a nocturnal animal, very unwilling to be disturbed in the enjoyment of that repose which nature prompts it to take in the day-time. Baron Von Sack saw one of them climb a tree with tolerable nimbleness at the approach of evening; and he discovered that the Sloth rummates, is possessed of four stomachs, and can go without sustenance forty days.

Of the varieties of the Monkey tribe, some are domesticated in families, and all have established a certain claim to the sympathy and reluctant familiarity of man. When a sportsman levelled his musquet at a *Quatta*, the creature erected itself, and cried "Ho! ho!" in a manner so nearly in imitation of the human species, that the gunner was instantly disarmed. The Baron offered a large reward to a mulatto hunter, if he would procure him a howling Baboon, or Rattler; and the mulatto, in enu-

merating the difficulties of his task, gravely observed, "when the baboon is sitting and *preaching* before the others, I would not shoot him." Some of the monkies called Sapaious make as much use of their prehensile tails, as an elephant does of his proboscis; and one particular species, the Keesee-keesee, is a great favourite with the ladies of Paramaribo, who are accused of a strange practice, in carrying occasionally a lizard in their bosom for the sake of coolness. These animals are very numerous; one sort, called the *Cayman*, grows to the length of five feet, and is honoured by the title of Crocodile; and the *Eguanna* is esteemed the most delicious animal-food that is produced in the colony.

In June 1807, the author quitted Surinam for the United States, where he visited most of the principal cities. That of Washington does not appear to have made a progress proportioned to the advantages of its situation: but we imagine that the cause here assigned for its backward state of improvement, viz. that speculators had raised the price of the ground to a ruinous extent, cannot long continue to operate. The navy-yard and the store-houses are said to be the most forward buildings in the city; the situations of the capitol and the President's house, though inconveniently distant from each other, are described as very fine, and commanding noble prospects; they are built of hewn stone, but their architecture does not receive a very decided eulogy. Hackney-coaches are established in this town, but subject to a curious regulation, by which they admit as many persons as they have seats, like stage-coaches; and the passengers are driven to their several points of destination, according to the order of time in which their places were secured.

When at Washington, the traveller could not refrain from visiting the residence of that illustrious man to

whom that city is indebted for its name, and the republic for its existence.

Mount Vernon is in a most beautiful situation on the river Potomac, which is here esteemed nearly two miles wide, and the mountain is considered about two hundred yards above the level of the river, which gives it a very extensive view. The house of the late General Washington is of wood, two stories high, with a lofty portico, shading both stories, and supported by eight pillars; a wing of one story high is attached to each side of the house. In front is a park laid out in the modern European style. The present possessor of Mount Vernon, Bushrod Washington, Esq. nephew to the late General, was on a visit in the neighbourhood; but the gardener showed me the interior parts of the house. It consists of one large apartment, and some smaller adjacent; the furniture has been changed since the death of the General, but there are two objects left in the place where they had originally been deposited, and afford room enough for much contemplation; the first is the portrait of Louis XVI, sent by himself to General Washington; and the second is the key of the Bastille, sent by the National Convention to him when he was President.

All I could learn from the old servant of the General confirmed that George Washington mostly preferred a private life, and only accepted a public place at the great solicitation of his countrymen.

I went to visit his remains in the place of interment; the coffin stands in a vault built of brick, and in the most simple style, but it is expected that when the spirit of parties shall have more evaporated, the nation will unanimously vote him a suitable monument as a testimony of public gratitude.

On his return to Philadelphia, the Baron was tempted to inspect the gaol, to which he pays the tribute of his applause. From the extraordinary fact that some of the convicts in the solitary cells were infected with the yellow fever, he is led to infer, that this disease must in all probability derive its origin from some permanent cause; and he believes that cause, both at Philadelphia and New York, to be the imperfect drainage of the swamps. Many of his remarks on that fatal pestilence are deserving of attention.

The expense of travelling in America, as exemplified in a very striking instance, is lamented by the author with a *naïveté*, of which we could produce other specimens:

‘Travelling is here very expensive; in the hotels they charge for the day of arrival as a full day, though the passenger comes very late, and also at the departure they charge the same, though you set off ever so early; therefore in spending two days in a place, the bill is to be paid for four days; and as here are always at breakfast besides tea and coffee, meat and other solid dishes; and as the supper also consists in different dishes, the bill, by this means, becomes very considerable; and though, in consideration of my health, I never partook of this sort of breakfast and supper, they charged me not only for them, but made me also pay for the milk and fruit which I had instead of them. Though paying for the room a whole day, when we do not stay so long, is not to be objected to, yet it is certainly an imposition to pay for dinners and suppers which must be paid for again on the road. But being angry, and disputing with many landlords is worse still, and therefore it is better to submit to their demands.’

The reader will not wonder that these accumulated demands exhausted the purse and tried the credit of the Baron; who however encountered and overcame all his difficulties with the same spirit of philosophy and good humour.—We fancied ourselves on the eve of parting company with him, and that nothing remained for us but to announce his safe arrival in Europe, when our leisurely perusal of the few remaining pages received a sudden shock from a very striking and even poetical picture, though not in a perfectly correct taste, of an alarming storm, which threatened the packet from New York to Lisbon.

‘One day the weather became particularly severe, though when the sun rose the sky had its usual lapis lazuli colour; but some heavy clouds appeared in the north-west which gradually increased, and spreading over the horizon, involved the rays of the sun, which now appeared through the mist as an enormous red glowing fire-ball; the mournful tune of the tempest was heard in the rigging; the

ocean changed its colour to a dead marble grey; the waves were rising in different forms as so many sepulchres, and the strength with which they dashed against the vessel made them appear like solid rocks; by the increase of the hurricane they assumed the shape of mountains, on which the foam appeared like the snowy tops of the Alps: the ship was shaken through all her parts; and by the combat of the two powerful elements, our neutral habitation was almost dashed to pieces.*

We rejoice to be able to conclude our review by stating that the author escaped from all his perils, and was safely landed at Lisbon in the month of November. His work will be to many readers very acceptable, and not the less on account of some handsome engravings by which it is illustrated.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Reise um die Welt, &c. Voyage round the World, in the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of his Majesty Alexander I. by the vessels the *Nadesdha* and *Neva*, commanded by A. J. Krusenstern, Captain in the Imperial Navy. Vol. I. large Qto. Petersburg. From the Printing-Office of the Imperial Academy. 1810.

TWO editions of this work are publishing at the same time: one in the Russian language, the other in the German. Each will make three volumes, in quarto, with about a hundred plates, and accompanying maps and charts.

Our readers may see in our Literary Register, under the head of Foreign Articles, further particulars of the peculiar circumstances which have excited, to an uncommonly high degree, the public curiosity on the Continent, towards the narrative of the Russian Captain Krusenstern's Voyage round the World, the first volume of which has hitherto been only privately published, in the German language. As the author has sent a few copies to crowned heads, and eminent persons, the longings of those *literati* who have had no opportunity of perusing it, and of the public at large, to whom it is mentioned with address, confidentially, induce them to consider this work, as of the first importance; according to the proverb, *omne ignoto pro magnifico*. That to which the Continent attaches the greatest interest may not prove

equally extraordinary to our countrymen when it shall be familiarized among them: however, we conceive that in extending a knowledge of the contents of a part of it, on the authority of a foreign communication, we contribute to gratify the curiosity (as we consult the information) of the British public. We regret the imperfection of this article—but in the present state of intercourse with the Continent, what can we do?

It is well known that Captain Krusenstern sailed from the Baltic, was assisted in England, reached Canton and Nangasaki, where the chief purpose of his voyage failed. He afterwards sailed for Kamtschatka; inspected the establishments for the fur trade, and returned home to Petersburg in safety.* The motives for this voyage, are stated in the subsequent article.

The difficulties which cannot but attend a naval power that is half the year frozen up, in every port, as the Baltic is, and whose vessels *must* pass by a very narrow outlet into the Ocean, are most circumstantially conspicuous in Russia. The attempt

* Compare Panorama, Vol. I. p. 167, 207, 329, in which an epitome of the voyage is inserted. VIII. p. 749.

to form a communication by sea with her distant colonies is most hazardous, and liable to interruption from a thousand different causes. Among these the superiority of the British power on the Ocean, and the necessity of soliciting permission from this power, cannot but strike the most heedless observer. Thus we find, that the obstacles to the maritime greatness of Russia are formidable, as well naturally as politically.

We must also call the attention of the public to the fact, that the Russian navy did not possess a vessel proper for the purposes of a voyage expected to be of long duration, and extending through a diversity of climates. Britain furnished ships: we believe too, that Britain furnished *experience*, and information. Unquestionably, the way had been explored by Cooke, by Vancouver, and by other British worthies. This first voyage of the Russians will probably be the last. It has answered no important state purpose, that is known:—and indeed, a nation which in so long a course must put into the ports of strangers, on all occasions (having no settlement of its own in the passage, out or home) labours under numerous disadvantages, and incurs much extra, if not excessive expense. It is at the mercy of agents and foreigners, over whom it has no controul. The disappointment of Captain K. in that part of the present voyage, which we now offer, justifies those navigators who have taken a different course in search of supplies and stores for sea provision. But, as a recommendation to general readers, the work introduces a race of men little known before; and adds to their knowledge of the history of our species. We see the rudiments of polity, but in a savage state: a king, to whom little obedience is paid: societies, formed on the principle of seclusion; but certainly capable of emulation and rivalry: the female sex, remitted to their solitary meal, and encircled by a prohibition from the most nutritious food:

together with an explicit acknowledgment of cannibalism, practised without remorse, and merely for the purpose of gratifying a preposterous appetite. Proofs of this practice have lately multiplied upon us so rapidly, that we restrain those observations to which this inhuman custom naturally gives occasion. It is enough that we merely hint at them. Our knowledge of the number of Europeans now scattered throughout the islands of the South Sea, is increased by the incidents mentioned by Captain K.—this may hereafter be found to have had an influence in producing *variations* in the manners of the islanders; and therefore we are pleased that the records of such instances which are likely to reach posterity, are unexceptionable.

After these introductory remarks we proceed to the communication itself.

The first volume contains that part of the narration which includes from the beginning of the voyage to the arrival at Nangaski: comprizing about two years, from August 1803 to August 1805.

The principal design of the undertaking, was to establish a communication between the Eastern and Western provinces of the widely spreading empire of Russia, by means of the Ocean. This communication was the more desirable, as it would facilitate a valuable commerce in the furs, and other productions of the Aleutian and Kurile islands, with China and Japan. This was not the first expedition of the kind that had been projected by the Court of Russia. Such an intercourse must have been long wished for; and the discoveries of the immortal Cooke had contributed greatly to facilitate it. In 1786, a similar undertaking, to be commanded by Captain Mulofsky, was interrupted by the death of that officer, who was killed in a naval engagement against the Swedes.

That commerce in furs, which excited Russian emulation, had been

since 1785 in possession of an American company, directed by a Russian dealer named Schelikoff. The principal establishment of this company was in the island of Kodjak, a central point between the Aleutian islands, Kamtschatka, and America: the seat of the administration was at Irkutsk, a city on the Continent of Asia, belonging to Russia, which by its situation was favourable to the communication between the Eastern districts of Russia in Asia, and the Western districts of the same empire, in Europe.

This company though public by association, had never been formally sanctioned under the Russian government; and the multiplied complaints which were made at court, on the subject of the tyrannical and vexatious conduct of the society and its agents towards the islanders, had so far alienated the opinion of the emperor Paul, that he was on the point of dissolving the company. M. de Mesanoff, who had an interest in the concerns of the company, succeeded at length in averting the storm which threatened it. He even prevailed on the emperor to acknowledge this company, and to confirm it, with the possession of sundry privileges. This sanction (obtained in 1799) gave greater consistence to the association; and it was, lastly, consolidated by the emperor Alexander, who took an active interest in its concerns. His example was followed by part of the Russian nobility.

But notwithstanding this powerful patronage, there remained a difficulty of no small importance; and that was, by what means to supply and provision these remote colonies. Situated in a country absolutely barren, articles of all kinds, though of indispensable necessity, were obtained by great labour and expense from Western Russia. They were, unavoidably, forwarded by land carriage: the conveyance of them required more than 4,000 horses; and the cost was so heavy that by the time they had ar-

rived at Ochotzk, the price of the merchandizes of all sorts, was considerably enhanced. Add to this, that it was requisite to reduce the size and weight of the articles, to meet the powers of the animals that were to carry them,—that many of the most indispensable objects, such as anchors, cables, and other heavy goods, could not be transported, except in pieces; inasmuch that a cable was cut into *lengths*, of six or eight fathoms, which were afterwards reunited, when arrived at the place of their destination; anchors also, were conveyed in a state of separation part from part.

After this hazardous expedition was accomplished, the ignorance and awkwardness of the sailors and navigators, to whom the management of the vessels employed on these stormy seas was entrusted, not seldom rendered the whole previous labour useless: the ordinary rate of loss was one in three, yearly: nor could it be altogether corrected, even by the greatest attention and diligence.

All these difficulties, and others inseparably connected with establishments so circumstanced, could be removed by no other mean than that of a direct intercourse by sea, between Russia in Europe, and these colonies; this implied the passage of vessels from the Baltic sea, round Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, to Kamtschatka and the western coast of America.

These considerations combined, induced the author in 1797 to embark in an English ship of war for the Cape of Good Hope; and from thence for India and China, in order that he might obtain experience in the dangerous navigation of the seas which surround the coast of China, and might become acquainted with the traffic they supported.

During his stay at Canton in 1798 and 1799, he witnessed the arrival of a small vessel of not more than a hundred tons burden, under an English captain, from the north-west coast of

America. The lading of this vessel, consisting in furs, was sold almost instantly, for the sum of 60,000 piastres. This circumstance engaged the attention of M. Krusenstern, who well knew the importance of this trade to his country, and the advantages to be rationally expected from it, in case it were conducted by sea from Russia to Canton; instead of being obliged to take the route over land, with all its hazards, difficulties, and expenses from Ochotsk to Kiachta: an immense length of way!

At his return home from China, he employed his time and talents in the preparation of a memoir on the advantages which the Russian empire, and especially the Russian marine, might find in this extensive navigation; including the formation of skilful officers for the imperial service. This memoir, which was delivered to the Minister of the Marine, remained without effect, till the accession to the throne of the Emperor Alexander. At that time, the Chancellor of the Empire, M. de Romanzoff, and the Minister of the Marine, M. de Mordwinoff, interested themselves in the furtherance of this scheme, with so much zeal and activity, that the execution of it was resolved on; and the command of the expedition was given to M. Krusenstern, in the month of July, 1802. He received his commission August 7, as commander of two vessels destined to the north-west coast of America, to sail in the course of that year.

There was not, however, in the Russian navy, a single vessel proper for the performance of a voyage of this extent. Recourse was, therefore had to England, in which country two ships were bought for the sum of 17,000*l.* which were named the *Nadesdha* [*Hope*] and the *Neva*.

Russia is no less interested, in establishing commercial connections with Japan, than with China. The Empress Catherine had sent an embassy to Japan in 1792, which was so far well received as to obtain permission

to send a Russian vessel yearly to the port of *Nangasaki*. Nevertheless the Emperor of Japan had manifested his dissatisfaction that the Empress Catherine had not written to him immediately from herself, but had contented herself with communicating her sentiments by the intervention of the governor of Siberia. A second embassy was, therefore, resolved upon; and it was determined to conduct it with suitable magnificence, in hope of obtaining still more favourable concessions. M. de Rezanoff was named ambassador extraordinary to the emperor of Japan.

To render this voyage at the same time profitable to science, a complete set of instruments was embarked, as well those employed in experimental philosophy, as those used in astronomical observations. On the proposition of M. Zach, whose opinion was requested on the occasion, Dr. Horner was named astronomer; and Messrs. Tilesius and Langsdorf, naturalists to this expedition.

The two vessels, one commanded by M. Krusenstern, the other by M. Lirianskoy, quitted Cronstadt in August, and visiting Falmouth in their way, commenced their voyage on the ocean, October 5, 1803.

Under the equator the vessels experienced calms, squalls, and excessive rains. The thermometer was constantly at 20° Reaumur: nevertheless, the ship's company, composed of Russians, was healthy. After doubling Cape Horn the vessels were separated, but they rejoined at the rendezvous; which was the port of Anna Maria, in the island of Nukahiwa: one of the group known to the Americans under the name of Washington's Islands. In this island M. Krusenstern found an Englishman named *Roberts*, who had lived on it seven years, and who served him as an interpreter in his dealings with the natives. This Englishman had belonged to a vessel the crew of which mutinied against their captain. *Roberts* refused to join the insurgents.

and therefore was set ashore on the island of Santa Christiana. He remained there two years, when he found an opportunity to quit it for the island of Nukawiha, where he married a kinswoman of the chief. In the same island Captain Krusenstern also found a Frenchman: these two Europeans *mutually hated each other*; nor could all this officer's efforts to reconcile them produce the desired effect.

Washington Islands, on which the author bestows a whole chapter, are composed of eight islands, situated north-west of the Mendoza islands. They are called *Nukawiha, Uahuga, Uapou, Resolution, Mattuaity, Hiuu, and Fattuuhu*. The island of Resolution is composed of two small islands, both desert.

Nukawiha is the largest of the group: it has three good ports; besides this, only Uahuga and Uapou are inhabited. They contain no cattle; and M. Krusenstern advises navigators who take the route of Cape Horn, to prefer making the Society Isles direct, where animal provisions may be obtained. The climate is extremely sultry; and while the Russians staid there the temperature was never under 23° to 25° Reaumur. The inhabitants are large, robust, and well made; and no traces of syphilitic maladies, or of the small-pox were discovered. They *tattoo* their bodies. All their dress consists in a girdle of cloth, made of the bark of the mulberry tree. They wear earrings and other ornaments, made of swine's teeth, or of red beans. Many are entirely naked: and even the women laid aside their clothing as soon as they had arrived on the ships' decks.

Their houses are constructed of the bamboo cane, and of the trunk of a tree which they call *Fau*. The chiefs of the nation have in the vicinity of their habitations, a kind of public hall, wherein they assemble, with their *society*. These *societies* are distinguished by the pattern of *tattooing* proper to each. The king's

society, for instance, to which Roberts belonged, consisted of twenty-six persons; and the distinguishing mark which they bore, was a square, six inches long and four inches wide, on the breast. The society to which *Joseph de Cabris*, the Frenchman, belonged, was known by a round spot over the eyes.

Their food consists principally of fish, yams, bread fruit, taro, bananas, and sugar canes. They eat the fish raw, after having soaked it in salt water. The women are never admitted to these repasts.

Nature has bestowed on these islands almost all articles of the first necessity; agriculture and industry have made little progress among their people. The men abandon themselves to idleness, while the women are entirely occupied with domestic matters, and personal decoration. There is no appearance of the existence of any form of government among them, and the orders which emanate from the King are but feebly attended to. In time of war, the strongest and the most courageous, seizes the chief command. Murder is punished by the kindred of the deceased according to the *lex talionis*. Adultery is considered as a crime only in the royal family.

These people are acknowledged man-eaters, and often make war against their fellows, solely for the purpose of feasting on human flesh. These warlike expeditions are usually nothing more than ambuscades for the purpose of surprising and killing their neighbours. The Frenchman, Joseph de Cabris, boasted highly of his dexterity in this species of insidious warfare: nevertheless his antagonist Roberts, the Englishman, did him the justice to assure the Russians, that he did not eat his prisoners, himself; but that he bartered them to the natives for pigs and hogs.

Here we must of necessity close our account of this part of the voyage: but we trust, speedily to resume the subject.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

South American Emancipation.—Documents, historical and explanatory, showing the designs which have been in progress, and the exertions made by General Miranda, for the attainment of that object during the last twenty-five years. By J. M. Antepara, a native of Guayaquil. 8vo. pp. 299. Sold by all Booksellers.

MORE than two years have now passed since we took an opportunity of expressing our sentiments (Vol. lviii. March, 1809,) on the subject of the independence of Spanish America. The minds of the majority of the natives of that vast region have, for a long time, been influenced by a strong disposition to follow the example of their brethren of the north, and withdraw from the gripe of European monopoly: but the remembrance of unsuccessful efforts at insurrection, the presence of a military force, and the connection of the public functionaries with Old Spain, were sufficient to hold in check, till of late, an unwarlike and divided population; and it was not till the almost complete occupancy of Spain by the French, and the retreat of the Spanish regency within the walls of Cadiz, presented to the colonists the appearance of the extinction of that government which had so long controlled them, that the designs which they had secretly fostered were avowed, and put in a train of execution. The name of France and of Buonaparte being detested in these Trans-atlantic regions, it could not be doubted, after the declension of the Spanish influence, that a resort to independence would be the only alternative of the colonists; and if we pay attention to the dates of the various insurrectional movements which have for some time taken place in Spanish America, we shall observe that they became bolder and more general in proportion as the preponderance of the French in Spain grew more decided. Of late, they appear to extend themselves in all directions; and though they may be resisted for a season by the military and the magistrates, the chances are all in favour of an ultimate separation from the

mother-country. Independence is so flattering a prize, and so strongly interests every individual who can become a partner in its possession, that the spirit, once roused, is not likely to be finally subdued, without the use of stronger means of coercion than, according to appearances, will be employed against it.

Under these circumstances, we have to notice the publication of a series of papers by J. M. Antepara, a native of South America; who informs us, in his preface, that having lately arrived in England, and obtained the acquaintance of General Miranda, he was intrusted by that officer with the perusal of various documents relating to the emancipation of Spanish America. Many of these, he adds, appeared to him of such importance as to call for general circulation; and he accordingly became the editor of the present work, which consists of a series of documents relative to the various plans that have been proposed in England, France, and America, for securing independence to the western hemisphere. The volume begins with a reprint of an essay on the subject, which appeared in one of our literary journals above two years ago; and the papers which succeed may be classed under the following heads:

1. Documents relative to Miranda, previously to 1792.
2. Documents relative to Miranda, when in the military service of France.
3. Documents relative to the Carraccas expedition in 1806.
4. Documents relative to the political conduct of Miranda, generally.
5. Miranda's correspondence with the colonies since the invasion of Spain by Buonaparte.

The object of M. Antepara's publication appears to be, to enable his countrymen to form a clear opinion of the character and proceedings of the man who has so long shown himself the indefatigable advocate of their independence. We learn from these papers that Miranda, after having served several years in the Spanish army, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, left the Havannah in 1783 to proceed on his travels, beginning with the United States. Two years afterwards, we find him sending in his resignation to the Spanish Minister, Count Florida Blanca, and setting out on an European tour; in the course of which he traversed successively, Germany, Italy, Greece, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. While he was in Greece, Athens was his chief residence; and when, after having left that classic abode, he took up his quarters for a season in Russia, Catherine, with her accustomed anxiety to communicate to her subjects the instruction which foreigners were capable of affording, invited him to enter into her service: but his eagerness to contribute to the emancipation of Spanish America prevailed over every other consideration. Even at this early period of his career, the jealousy of the Spanish government was excited, as appears from the following letter from his travelling companion, Colonel Smith, of the American service:

' London, March 26th, 1788.

' My Dear Friend,

' As I have no account from you, of your having received the letter I wrote you from Paris, in November, 1785, poste restante at Rome, Naples, and Genoa, I must conclude they miscarried, and of course you as yet remain uninformed how exceedingly prudent it was in you not to have visited Paris with me at that time; indeed, I am perfectly convinced, if you had been with me, I should have been a painful witness to your distress and absolute imprisonment in the Bastille; and now it becomes me to explain the grounds upon which this decided opinion was formed.—After we parted at Vienna, on the 20th of October, 1785, I travelled with

the greatest expedition, and was so fortunate as to fall in with a French officer and his servant, travelling in a Turkish dress from Constantinople to Paris, express. As our objects were similar, viz. to get to Paris with all possible despatch, I invited the officer to take a seat with me, and permit my servant to travel with his, which he readily consented to; we moved with great diligence and expedition day and night, and arrived at Paris between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November; we parted at the Barrier Gate, and I ordered my postillion to drive to the Hotel of Louis XVI, rue Richelieu. On my arriving, and asking the master of the house if I could be accommodated with apartments, he answered in the affirmative, but politely begged my name; on giving it, his countenance brightened, and bowing, he said he had expected the honour of seeing me ten days or a fortnight past, hoped I had an agreeable journey, and if I would do him the honour of following him, he would do himself the honour of showing me my apartments. The prescience of the man, and his superabundant civility, you will doubtless conclude excited my curiosity, and induced me, after I had seen my apartments, to inquire how he came to know it was my intention to visit Paris, and particularly to put up at his house; he answered me, that Lieutenant-general ——— had informed him of it, and since called twice, to know whether I had arrived; and being very anxious to show me every civility in his power, had requested to be informed the moment of my arrival, which, with my permission, he would instantly do. I gave the permission solicited, but was much perplexed to know who this Lieutenant-general was, that had conceived such an affection for me. You will doubtless be solicitous to know how this man in Paris knew that I was travelling through Europe, and proposed visiting Paris in my way to London, and intended to take lodgings, during my stay, at the hotel of Louis XVI, rue Richelieu. It astonished me at the time, as much as the detail of it now can surprise you. I had never communicated it to any one, I had not even told you of it, for it was a matter of very little consequence; but on taking a retrospective view of what had passed, and referring to my memorandum book, I found, that one day at dinner with the Marquis de la Fayette, at Potsdam, in Prussia, when several French officers were at table, attended each by their respective servants, the Marquis recommended, when I came to Paris, that I should lodge at this hotel. Out of comp-

pliment to him, I took out my pocket book at table, and noted the name of the hotel and street, and never more thought on the subject, until the postillion, on entering Paris, asked me where he should drive. I then directed him to the place above-mentioned. From hence I conclude, the only way my intention could have been known, must have been by a communication from some one of those servants attending at the Marquis's table, to this particular friend of mine, the Lieutenant-general, or at his office; for I have since discovered, that French travelling servants keep more accurate journals than some of their masters, and are in the habit of reporting on their return (to the police) whatever they may suppose will ingratiate themselves with its officers, or yield them a few livres in return.

'After getting my breakfast and dressing myself, I waited on Mr. Jefferson, our minister at Paris, and in the course of conversation related the singular circumstance that had occurred on my arrival, and mentioned the name of the General (which I do not now recollect) who had been thus polite; and asked him if he recollected any one of that name who had served in America, for I could conceive of no other circumstance that could have made me known to a French General.

'Mr. Jefferson, laughing much, told me it was the *Lieutenant-general of the police*, and hoped he did not intend further to display his partiality for me, by accommodating me with apartments in his palace, the Bastille. This tended further to excite my curiosity, rather than alarm my fears. But to proceed further with this curious detail—on my return to my lodgings in the evening, my servant Louis told me a gentleman had called and made inquiries after my health, and the health of the gentleman who travelled with me, and asked whether we lodged together. Louis, supposing he inquired after the Turkish officer who came with me to Paris, answered in the negative, and told him we had parted at the Barrier Gate, and that he did not know where he lodged. He was then asked, whether it was the same gentleman who had set out with me from London, and was with me in Prussia. Louis said no; that that gentleman we had left at Vienna; that the other was one who had overtaken us on the road. He quite fretted the servant with his pointed inquiries, and doubts of the truth of what he told him; and refusing to leave his name, which the servant asked, said he would call again when his master would be at home.

'This interview between the visitor and my servant took place about twelve o'clock; about four in the afternoon, another person came, and in the porter's lodge, having formed an acquaintance with Louis, *pro hoc*, and having drank together, pressed further interrogatories relative to my companion; for it seems, my friend, it was *you* they hoped to see, and not me: but being constantly and honestly answered, that his master had left you at Vienna, I was not honoured by a visit from the Lieutenant-general of the police, nor my servant further interrogated.

'The next day, I think, or in a very short time, I visited the Marquis de la Fayette, who scarcely gave himself time to salute me, before he exclaimed, "I hope t. God, my dear friend, your companion, Colonel Miranda, has not come with you!" I told him you had not, that I had left you at Vienna. He said he was extremely happy to hear it, and begged me, if I wrote, to insist upon your not coming to Paris; for if the Count d'Aranda should know you were in Paris, he (La Fayette) would be extremely apprehensive for your fate. I immediately wrote you, agreeably to the address agreed on; and I think dated Paris, 10th of November, 1785, *poste restante* at Rome, Naples, and Genoa, to warn you of the impending cloud which I had noticed in this hemisphere, the threatening aspect of which I did not conceive you had a just idea of.'

Having finished his travels, Miranda took up his residence in London; and being introduced in the year 1790 to Mr. Pitt, by Governor Pownall, he communicated the project of American emancipation to that Minister. It was received with great attention, and continued to enter seriously into the contemplation of the British cabinet as long as the differences respecting Nootka Sound prevailed between the two governments: but after these were definitively settled, and Miranda saw no prospect of the proposition being entertained on the part of Great Britain, he was induced to go over to Paris in 1792, and to await the opportunities which the chances of the Revolution might offer for the accomplishment of his favourite project. His military knowledge attracting the attention of Pe-

tion and other leaders, he was offered a command in the French army under Dumouriez ; which he accepted, and quitted Paris, leaving the individuals at the head of the Republic in possession of his views, and impressing them strongly with their magnitude. He soon found that French ardour threatened to out-run all sober calculation. The government of the French part of St. Domingo falling vacant, Brissot became urgent with Miranda to accept of it, for the purpose of effecting a revolution in the Spanish colonies. "You alone," he wrote to Miranda, (p. 172,) "appear to me fit for the direction of this enterprize. Your name and your talents guarantee its success. I have laid open my views to all the Ministers, and they are penetrated with their importance.—The moment is grand ; if we permit it to pass, it may never return." Apprehensive lest the attempt should be made prematurely, Miranda replied that, being unacquainted with the state of St. Domingo, he was ill fitted to assume the government of it : but that for more particular information he referred to Dumouriez, who was then about to proceed to Paris. In the next month, Dumouriez having gone to Paris, and discussed the matter personally with the men in office, Brissot communicated to Miranda the postponement of the undertaking, in a letter of which the following is an extract, and which is remarkable for its reference to the origin of the last war,—a war which we were so often told, was "just and necessary."

'I have seen Dumouriez several times. He seems desirous of accompanying you on the expedition in question, and Spain is so much disposed to be neutral, that our government is averse to attack her. Besides, the approaching war with England attracts every eye and absorbs all our attention. To judge from appearances, it is inevitable ; but when we consider that at bottom *no sound reason for it can be urged, and that on the contrary the English nation is reaping immense profits while we are fighting*, we are astonished at such extravagance on the part of the Cabinet

of St. James's. Whatever its intentions are, we must meet them, and we are making preparations accordingly.'

The commencement of the campaign in the Low Countries, soon gave complete occupation to all parties, and obliged them to adjourn the discussion of the South American expedition. On the loss of the battle of Neerwinden, Dumouriez sought, as is well known, to exculpate himself by laying the blame on Miranda ; an accusation which led to a public trial of the latter at Paris. Miranda was triumphantly acquitted : but the reign of Robespierre taking place soon afterward, he was deprived of his liberty, and committed to the prison of La Force. A fellow-prisoner, M. Champagneux, having in an edition of Madame Roland's works given an account of what passed in this gloomy retreat, we select the following passage from the extract of Champagneux's work, as printed by the editor of the present volume :

'Those frightful doors, which were shut on me for the first time, impressed me with a degree of horror which I am unable to describe. I was first led into a court which served as a walk for the prisoners, and I there saw collected about a hundred individuals, as unlike in dress and figure as in the state of feeling which they respectively discovered. I recognized among the number General Miranda, Custine the younger, General Lecuyer, Adam Lux, and the deputies Vergniaud and Valazé.—How often does our ignorance of the future beguile our calculations by flattering us with the hope of advantage in events, which, if realized, would lead to our ruin ? I was of the number of those who wished for a removal to the Luxembourg ; and I mentioned my plan to Miranda, who very fortunately dissuaded me from it : for the chance is that I should have been exhibited as an actor in the fabulous conspiracy which was invented to justify the death of almost all the prisoners in the Luxembourg.

'Having named Miranda, I shall endeavour to give some account of this foreigner. A native of Spanish America, this man had, at the age of forty-two traversed the whole civilized world ; and he had acquired in his travels a variety of knowledge, and an acquaintance with several languages, which he spoke with fluency. Having

come to France in 1792, he proposed to remain among us, and connected himself with Petion, and other deputies of the same class, to whom he had brought over introductions from England.

'Miranda prepossessed in his behalf all the friends of liberty, by declaring his plan of establishing it in his native country. He had first communicated his design to the Empress of Russia, and afterward to Pitt, with the view of obtaining their support. He had been favourably treated by both, but he expected much more from France, since freedom had begun to inspire her. The Girondists, who had at that time great influence, promised to serve Miranda, and offered him in the meanwhile a command in the armies. This was at the time when the Prussians had advanced into Champagne. Being named General of Division, he made the campaign of 1792, and the first part of that of 1793. He was a partaker in the honour of expelling the allies from the French territories, and of conquering the Austrian Low Countries: but fortune became afterward unpropitious to him. The failure of the blockade of Maastricht, and the loss of the battle of Neerwinden, where Miranda commanded the left wing, which was very roughly handled, joined to the fall of his political friends, the Girondists, lowered him in the public esteem. He was considered as an accomplice of Dumouriez, and was brought before the revolutionary tribunal: That monstrous institution was then in its infancy, and still preserved some of the forms which protect innocence and virtue. Miranda's case was debated during eleven sittings. The public, at first prejudiced against him, soon became extremely interested in his behalf. His rule was to make each witness for the prosecution undergo a cross examination, which ended almost always in favour of the prisoner. He was acquitted by the unanimous voice of his judges, each member of the court passing an eulogy on him; and this General, for whose head the people had been clamouring some days before, was carried to his house in triumph.

'Miranda, however, did not long enjoy his victory over his enemies. He had retired to a country-house near Paris, where he made a display of rich collections of books, engravings, paintings, and statues, which he had formed in his travels; and here he was suddenly arrested by an armed force sent by the Commune of Paris, of which Pache was then the leader. He was discharged, but arrested a second

time, and confined in the prison of La Force as a suspected character.

'Conversation full of interest, extensive information, and the profession of the most rigid virtue, made me prefer Miranda's society to that of all the other prisoners. We contrived to occupy adjoining rooms, and passed daily some hours together in talking over our studies, our course of reading, our personal situation, and the state of public affairs. His pursuits were chiefly military; he had collected all the authors of eminence on this subject, historians as well as theorists; and never did I hear a man speak on tactics with so much depth and solidity.

'I had received such different accounts of this foreigner's feeling towards France, that I often led our conversation to that topic. He always appeared to me to have little esteem for our nation, and to be prepossessed in favour of England, especially of the English constitution. I was sure of creating a warm discussion, sometimes even an angry one, when, in talking of the relative superiority of the two nations, I insisted on claiming it for the French. He denied it to us in every respect, declaring the English constitution to be the best that the world had as yet seen; that England was the only spot on which civil liberty was enjoyed in its plenitude, and opinions could be freely interchanged without danger; while trade and agriculture were there carried to an extent which no other country had hitherto reached.

'Miranda had a thorough detestation of the men who had at that time usurped the French Government. When he spoke of Robespierre, of Danton, Collot, Barrère, Billaud, and other founders of revolutionary tyranny, his language was full of rage and indignation. If I happened at any time to perceive a ray of hope, or to attribute a good intention to any of their measures, he never forgave me such expressions; he abused me as a flatterer, a slave, a supporter of tyranny; and he loaded me with a thousand epithets, which left no room to doubt his zeal for liberty, and his attachment to the governments which protected it.'

A considerable part of the volume is occupied with documents calculated to prove that General Miranda was not the cause of the loss of the battle of Neerwinden: but the anxiety thus evinced by the editor we cannot help regarding as superfluous, the matter having been long settled

by the acquittal of the General on his trial at Paris, and by a still less suspicious declaration, the Austrian official account of the engagement.

After the fall of Robespierre, Miranda was released from prison, and was consulted by the leaders of the *Modérés* on various questions of war and internal regulation. His opinion on one of the most important of these discussions, having been fortunately published in the shape of a pamphlet, has been preserved, and is the paper which, of all that are contained in the present volume, has afforded us the greatest satisfaction. It was intitled *Opinion du Général Miranda sur la situation actuelle de la France*, and embraces two great considerations,—the establishment of a constitution for France, and the conclusion of a peace with its neighbours. We extract some of its most interesting passages :

*' Constitution—*In truth, to aim at peace, is to aim at the establishment of a regular government, and *vice versa*. Foreign powers will place no dependence on the treaties which we conclude with them, as long as one faction, taking the place of another, may cancel the act of its predecessor. It is only by a judicious division of power that stability is given to a government. The constituted authorities are then rendered the guardians of each other, each being interested in the support of the constitution in virtue of which they exist: but if all power be united in a single body, a part of this body will find itself enabled to arrogate the whole authority; and a faction has only to point its batteries against this, the then sovereign power, in order to accomplish a revolution. The 31st of May and the 9th of Thermidor both allowed the same Convention to continue in existence, although both changed the appearance of the government; the fact was, the power was only put into different hands; and to this fatal confusion of powers the hideous tyranny of Robespierre owed its existence.

Two conditions are indispensable to complete independence in the powers of the State: the first that there be only a single source from which they emanate; the second that they exercise a mutual vigilance over each other. The people would not be sovereign, if one of the constituted powers which represent it did not

emanate from it; and there would be no independence if the one created the other. If, for example, you were to vest in the Legislative body the power of naming the members of the Executive, it would exercise a fatal influence on them, and political liberty would be at an end. Or, were they to have the nomination of the judges, they would interfere with the impartiality of judicial decisions, and an end would be put to civil liberty. Accordingly, in England, where the executive power possesses great influence in the legislature, political liberty suffers considerable diminution: but the judicial power, though elected by the executive, is independent of its fatal influence, because juries are named from among the people, and because the judges are not liable to be removed. Civil liberty has thus been preserved entire in England.'

*' Peace.—*The confidence which foreign powers will have in our new government will be the surest means of leading to conferences, which will at last give peace to Europe and tranquillity to the state; but it is incumbent on us to proclaim aloud the principles of justice and moderation which will henceforward regulate France, now that she has recovered her liberty. Justice is the consolidation of a state; leagues are formed by nations against an usurping people, as naturally as among the inhabitants of a country against an usurping individual. The thirst of conquest is unworthy of a republic founded on the respect due to the rights of man, and on the sublime maxims of philosophy. The Cæsars, the Alexanders, and their imitators, would be dangerous citizens of such a state; the peaceable philosopher, and the upright magistrate, are men much more necessary for her, since they are of service to her on all occasions.

The extent of France offers means more than sufficient for the defence of its liberty and independence; and additional acquisitions would only add to the embarrassments of a government already very complicated, in a country of vast extent, and desirous of remaining a democracy. Such acquisitions would afford her no profit, and would only excite against her the jealousy of all her neighbours. To make a formal disavowal of all ambitious claims, and to declare that France will confine herself to her ancient limits, with the addition of some fortresses retained for the purpose of giving security to our frontier, and preserving it from insult; such ought to be the first diplomatic proceedings of the new French

government; and, since its maxim is to permit no foreign interference in its internal affairs, it should lay down a rule also to avoid interference in the affairs of other countries.

'Luxemburg, Mons, Tournay, Nieuport, Kaisers-Lautern, Germesheim, and some other places in the same line, will give us a much stronger frontier than if we were to extend it all the way to the Rhine. The Alps, the Pyrennees, and the sea should form the other limits of France: the rule being, when mountains constitute the barrier, to take the course of the descent of streams as the line of demarcation. The inhabitants of the country between our country and the Rhine should be declared free and independent, friends and allies of the French people. They will thus form a double barrier to us, guarding us against all unforeseen attacks; and their independence being guaranteed by France, as well as by the other powers, their tranquillity may be safely presumed. In that case, under French protection, we may expect to see the enjoyment of liberty produce among that simple and industrious population an acquisition of happiness and prosperity, similar to that which was exemplified in the case of Holland.

'A peace founded on such a basis would repair in some measure the injuries which the French have committed on mankind. It would remedy all the bad effects of the treaty of Westphalia, and would give the protestant part of Germany that influence to which it is entitled by its extensive information, and its attachment to the true principles of liberty. It would render the result of this war as beneficial to humanity, as that of former wars have been fatal to it.

'*Tunc gens humanum positis sibi consulat armis*

Inque vicem gens omnis amet.' VIRG.

On the revolution of the 4th September 1797, which confirmed the usurpation of the Directory, and banished Carnot, Barthélemi, and the other enlightened characters who were connected with the French government, Miranda was included in the proscription: but not being put under arrest, he found means a few months afterward, to make his way to England, where he was favourably received by Mr. Pitt. This country being then at war with Spain, and the Spanish Americans having given

fresh proofs of their anxiety for independence, a plan was projected for combining the forces of Britain with those of the United States, in the prosecution of this important enterprise. In spring 1798, the preparations were so far advanced, and General Miranda was so full of expectation, that he thus wrote to his American friend, General Hamilton, who afterward fell in a duel with Burr: "It appears that the moment of our emancipation approaches, and that the establishment of liberty throughout the continent of the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger, in my apprehension, will be from the introduction of French principles, which would poison our liberty at its birth, and end by overturning yours." For the particulars of the arrangement at that time in forwardness, Miranda referred his correspondent to a person who was about to proceed from England to America. Hamilton's answer was as follows:

'*New-York, Aug. 22, 1798.*

'Sir,

'I have lately received, by duplicates, your letter of the 6th of April, with a postscript of the 9th of June. The gentleman you mention in it has not made his appearance to me, nor do I know of his arrival in this country; so that I can only divine the object from the hints in your letter.

'The sentiments I entertain with regard to that object have been long since in your knowledge; but I could personally have no participation in it, unless patronized by the government of this country. It was my wish that matters had been ripened for a co-operation in the course of this fall, on the part of this country; but this can now scarce be the case. The winter, however, may mature the project, and an effectual co-operation by the United States may take place. In this case I shall be happy, in my official station, to be an instrument of so good a work.

'The plan, in my opinion, ought to be a fleet of Great Britain, an army of the United States—a government for the liberated territories, agreeable to both the co-operators, about which there will be probably no difficulty. To arrange the plan, a competent authority from Great Britain to some person here, is the best

expedient. Your presence here will, in this case, be extremely essential.

'We are raising an army of about 12,000 men. General Washington has resumed his station at the head of our armies; I am appointed second in command.

'With esteem and regard I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

(Signed) A. Hamilton.'

The project, however, of combining England and America in this enterprize, was destined to the same abortive fate as the preceding attempts. It was suspended, and ultimately given up; and a subsequent plan, intended for execution in 1801, by the forces of England alone, was relinquished in consequence of the signature of the preliminaries of peace with France. On the resumption of hostilities with Spain in 1804, the plan was again under consideration: but the coalition of 1805 absorbing both the attention of our ministers and the disposable force of the country, Miranda was induced to proceed to the United States, in the hope of deriving advantage from the disputes which were then depending between them and Spain on the subject of Louisiana. On his arrival, however, in America, he found that the difference was accommodated; that he could expect no aid from the government of the United States, and must either desist from any attempt, or embark in it with the limited means supplied by a few private individuals. Stimulated by the ardent representations of the refugees from Caraccas, who were settled in North America, he adopted the latter alternative, and made the attempt: but his force, unassisted as it was by the British, proved altogether inadequate. For a particular account of this enterprize, we refer our readers to our number for March, 1809, Vol. lvi. After his failure, Miranda repaired to Trinidad, where he remained till he was recalled to England in the end of 1807. To judge from the preparations which succeeded his return to

this country, the ministry appeared to be more zealous in the design than any of their predecessors; yet, by a fatality peculiar to this project, the revolution in Spain broke out at the moment when an English expedition for America was ready, and gave a new direction to our forces. After Spain rose up in arms against Buonaparte, in course all hostile ideas on the part of Great Britain towards her colonies were abandoned; and the only documents, subsequent to that event, with which the present volume presents us, are Miranda's correspondence from London with the leading men of Spanish America. Of that correspondence, the most remarkable feature is its accuracy of prediction in regard to the issue of the contest in Old Spain; Miranda never appearing to have indulged those sanguine hopes of successful resistance to the military power of Buonaparte, which at one time were so general among our countrymen.

The policy now observed by our ministry, in regard to the efforts of the Spanish Americans to shake off the connection with the mother-country, appears to be that of complete impartiality. The dread of weakening the antipathy of the Spaniards to Buonaparte, and a solicitude to act up with the strictest fidelity to our treaties with the junta, have operated as paramount considerations, and have induced our government to forego for a season the splendid advantages which the emancipation of these colonies holds forth to our commerce: but of the real wishes of the enlightened part of our countrymen, whether in or out of office, we can have only one opinion; all must desire an early termination of that discouraging and degrading servitude, which has so long prevented the finest portion of the globe from attaining the enjoyment of internal prosperity, and from distributing a rich surplus of produce to the eastern hemisphere. We believe that it is very far from the language of exaggeration to say that

Spanish America would make a greater progress in art and science, in population, agriculture, and trade, in the course of thirty years of independence, than she has effected in the three hundred during which she has been subject to the monopoly of Old Spain. No system could have been more calculated to arrest the progress of improvement. In Spain, the corruption of government was in some measure mitigated by existing vestiges of ancient liberty, and by the restraints of European civilization: but in America the reign of despotism was absolute, and the Catholic religion was made an engine for consolidating the duration of ignorance and blind submission. Under this system, as is the case under monopolies in general, it was seriously believed that the mother-country was a great gainer; and whenever the day of emancipation may arrive, we may expect to hear it asserted that the grandeur of Spain is at an end. It happened, however, that a similar prediction was made with regard to England after the independence of North America; yet the fact has been that not a year has since passed, in which our gains from the United States have not been greater than when those States were under our control. The cause is simply this:—the possession of independence doubles and triples the productive powers of a country, and creates an equally rapid augmentation in the profits of those who trade with her:—but to give full scope to this course of prosperity, no political or commercial preferences must be shown to one nation above another. Even were England the sole agent in achieving the independence of Spanish America, it would be great impolicy on our part to lay claim to exclusive favours. To force the Americans to take from us any particular article of trade, which they can obtain cheaper elsewhere, would be to make them sacrifice a part of their capital, and lessen the amount which

they would afterward be enabled to buy from us in the proper line of our supply. Let us say, then, in the words of Talleyrand's valuable Essay on Colonies, "The dictates of mutual interest should be the only bond of connection; every other, between distant countries is delusive: let there be no compulsion, no monopoly; always a force to protect, but never a force to control." Were the trade of the southern colonies of America open, like that of the north, to all the world, the nations of Europe might run a race of competition, and England would take the lead in the one as speedily as she did in the other. If we examine the official returns of North American importations*, we shall find that, of the whole manufactures supplied by Europe, England alone furnishes three-fourths. Limited as would be the share of other countries in the South American trade when compared to that of England; such, however, would be the rapid increase of that trade in all directions, that the portion of each, separately considered, would soon become large; and the share of even Old Spain would, in all probability, be speedily greater under the invigorating system of free trade than it ever was in her days of monopoly. Every nation in the civilized world would thus be a gainer by the happy passage of Spanish America from a state of thralldom to a state of independence.

With regard to the execution of this work, we must observe that the editor has aimed at little more than compilation; having contented himself with exhibiting documents, and seldom indulged in comments at length. We cannot approve the method adopted for the arrangement, but must acknowledge that we have been highly gratified by the interest of the papers themselves; many of which are of equal importance with those of which we have presented extracts.

* Report to Congress, 1806.

Cowper's Milton, in Four Volumes. Price 1*l.* 16*s.* Johnson & Co. London, 1810.

AN edition of Milton's poetical works, neatly printed and illustrated by the annotations and remarks of two gentlemen, themselves well-known to the public as eminent poets, cannot fail of possessing powerful attractions to all lovers of the British muse. It is true, that the *notes* furnished by the late Mr. Cowper, are but a small part of his original design; but his versions of the Latin and Italian poems of Milton are complete, (though some are omitted) and are executed with a dexterity of which not every writer is capable. These are with great propriety communicated to the public. They form a pleasing division of the bard's productions; yet as Milton's popularity is widely spread among us, he must be read by many who can derive no pleasure from these proofs of his learning, while in their foreign language.

A second motive to this edition, though apparently of primary impulse, was an admiration approaching to enthusiasm, of Milton's character, as a man and a patriot. Much is it to the credit of these coadjutors' hearts that they could not think him guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In justice to the British public, they rather conceived that the time was arrived, in which arguments in his favour would meet with a candid and impartial hearing. Cowper began his translation in 1791, intending it to form part of a magnificent edition of Milton, to exceed in splendor Boydell's Shakespeare. In 1792 Mr. Hayley heard of that undertaking; and being engaged in composing a Life of Milton, an intercourse by letter took place between these writers, which afterwards ripened into mutual esteem and friendship, and to which both of them have acknowledged themselves indebted for some of their pleasantest hours.

There are persons who affect to in-

quire in what the liberality attributed to the present time consists; and wherein is it superior to former ages. These discover by their inquiry that their opportunities of observation have been restricted for the most part, if not altogether, to the characters of their contemporaries. Very slightly have they contemplated that period of our history when the furious passions were let loose, and bore away even the best intentioned men with a fury too impetuous to be resisted: when the violence of party strife involved all without exception, and like a whirlwind marked its course with desolation. No man was then reckoned *honest* who did not burn intensely with zeal for "*our*" opinions, and who was not ready to venture life and limb for "*our cause*." This spirit, we know, involved the nation in a long and sanguinary contest. Even those who did not imbrue their weapons in the blood of their countrymen, but studied peace so far as was possible, were vilified and stigmatized. Crimes of all kinds were attributed to them; and a difference in political opinion was sufficient to deprive them of all pretensions to morals, integrity, or understanding. Happily for our peace, it is but justice to our political partizans of the present day, to acknowledge, that they admit the possibility of their adversaries partaking in the common endowments of human nature: and in regard to literature, no epic poet fears to lose that *immortality* after which he pants, merely on account of his personal share in politics. Were "*Paradise Lost*" a production of the nineteenth century, though it might be examined with severity, as a poem, by some of our critical associations, yet none would consign it to the flames merely because its author was the *notorious* John Milton. In fact, the tide now sets the other way. In-

fluenced by his bigotry and prejudices, Dr. Johnson impugned the character of Milton, in particulars, where neither bigotry nor prejudice could make its appearance without immediate detection and exposure. The consequence is, that every man of honour esteems it a duty to vindicate the poet from the aspersions of his biographer; and the popularity of the bard is incalculably augmented, in mere counteraction of the malignity of his critic.

Among others, Mr. Hayley interested himself in composing a Life of this eminent British poet, in which the favourable features of his character are placed most distinctly in our sight, and no opportunity of removing a blemish is suffered to escape unimproved. His temper, his character, his expectations, his hopes, and his fears, pass in review before us; and his conduct is pronounced honourable, disinterested, and benevolent. What he himself terms his "devotion to his country," and seems to boast of, as his ruling passion, has been imputed to him as his most atrocious crime. Without making any allowances for the difficulty of relinquishing an office undertaken intentionally to benefit the public, his continuance in the service of Cromwell has been charged on him, as an approbation and support of the principles and the practices of his master, generally. Mr. Hayley's arguments in justification of Milton, on this subject, will, probably, be deemed not the least ingenious part of his performance:

Though Cromwell had assumed the title of Protector, when Milton in his second defence sketched a masterly portrait of him (as we have seen he did of Bradshaw in the same production) yet the new potentate had not, at this period, completely unveiled his domineering and oppressive character; on the contrary, he affected, with the greatest art, such a tender concern for the people; he represented himself, both in his public and private protestations, so perfectly free from all ambitious desires, that many persons, who possessed not the noble un-

suspecting simplicity of Milton, believed the Protector sincere in declaring that he reluctantly submitted to the cares of government, merely for the settlement and security of the nation. With a mind full of fervid admiration for his marvellous achievements, and generally disposed to give him credit for every upright intention, Milton hailed him as the father of his country, and delineated his character; if there were some particles of flattery in his panegyric, which, if we adhere to our author's just definition of flattery, we cannot allow, it was completely purified from every cloud or speck of servility, by the most splendid and sublime admonition that was ever given to a man possessed of great talents and great power by a genuine and dauntless friend, to whom talents and power were only objects of reverence, when under the real or fancied direction of piety and virtue.

"Revere (says Milton to the Protector) the great expectation, the only hope, which our country now rests upon you—revere the sight and the sufferings of so many brave men, who, under your guidance, have fought so strenuously for freedom—revere the credit we have gained in foreign nations—reflect on the great things they promise themselves from our liberty, so acquired; from our republic, so gloriously founded, which, should it perish, like an abortion, must expose our country to the utmost contempt and dishonour.

"Finally, revere yourself; and having sought and sustained every hardship and danger for the acquisition of this liberty, let it not be violated by yourself, or impaired by others, in the smallest degree. In truth, it is impossible for you to be free yourself unless we are so; for it is the ordinance of nature, that the man who first invades the liberty of others must first lose his own; and first feel himself a slave. This indeed is just. But if the very patron and tutelary angel of liberty, if he who is generally regarded as pre-eminent in justice, in sanctity, and virtue; if he should ultimately invade that liberty which he asserted himself, such invasion must indeed be pernicious and fatal, not only to himself, but to the general interest of piety and virtue. Truth, probity, and religion would then lose the estimation and confidence of mankind, the worst of wounds, since the fall of our first parents, that could be inflicted on the human race. You have taken upon you a burthen of weight inexpressible: it will put to the severest perpetual test the inmost qualities, virtues, and

powers of your heart and soul: it will determine whether there really exists in your character that piety, faith, justice, and moderation, for the sake of which we believe you raised above others, by the influence of God, to this supreme charge.

"To direct three most powerful nations by your counsel, to endeavour to reclaim the people from their depraved institutions to better conduct and discipline, to send forth into remotest regions your anxious spirit and incessant thoughts, to watch, to foresee, to shrink from no labour, to spurn every allurements of pleasure, to avoid the ostentation of opulence and power; these are arduous duties, in comparison of which war itself is mere sport; these will search and prove you; they require indeed a man supported by the assistance of heaven, and almost admonished and instructed by immediate intercourse with God. These and more, I doubt not, but you diligently revolve in your mind, and this in particular, by what methods you may be most able to accomplish things of highest moment, and secure to us our liberty not only safe but enlarged."

If a private individual thus speaking to a man of unbounded influence, whom a powerful nation had idolized and courted to assume the reins of government, can be called a flatterer, we have only to wish that all the flatterers of earthly power may be of the same complexion. The admonition to the people with which Milton concludes his second defence, is by no means inferior in dignity and spirit to the advice he bestowed on the Protector. The great misfortune of the monitor was, that the two parties to whom he addressed his eloquent and patriotic exhortation, were neither of them so worthy of his counsel as he wished them to be, and endeavoured to make them. For Cromwell, as his subsequent conduct sufficiently proved, was a political impostor with an arbitrary soul: and as to the people, they were alternately the dishonoured instruments and victims of licentiousness and fanaticism. The protector, his adherents, and his enemies, to speak of them in general, were as little able to reach the disinterested purity of Milton's principles, as they were to attain, and even to estimate the sublimity of his poetical genius. But Milton, who passionately loved his country though he saw and lamented the various corruptions of his contemporaries, still continued to hope, with the native ardour of a sanguine spirit, that the mass of the English people would be enlightened and improved.

It is probable that this earnest desire for the enlightening and improvement of his countrymen, biassed the mind of Milton, not only to expect what was not to be realized, but also to a kind of submissive acquiescence in the person, whoever he might be, from whom such blessings were awaited: and if he considered Cromwell as raised up by Providence for such purposes, he might deem it his duty to assist in fulfilling those purposes, whatever direction his opinion of Cromwell might take. "It is evident," says Mr. H. "that he had no secret intimacy or influence with the Protector; and that instead of engaging in ambitious machinations, he confined himself as much as possible to the privacy of domestic life." Though the poetical panegyrics of others encircled even the grave of that extraordinary man, yet Milton praised him no more;—disappointed as Mr. H. conjectures, in his "generous hopes."

Milton has been charged, moreover, with acrimony of temper, with acting tyrannically in his family, with alienating the affections of his wife, and embittering the best days of his children. Unhappily for him, that spirit of party to which we have already alluded, interrupted the conjugal harmony of our poet and his bride, as it did that of thousands. He and his family had formerly suffered from the persecution of Papists; therefore he hated Popery: his wife and her family detested the eccentricities of fanaticism: he was for liberty; she was for monarchical supremacy. The confusions of the times annulled their domestic arrangements and their fire-side comforts were banished.

Only those who have had some acquaintance with persons of advanced age, can so much as guess what was suffered by individuals and by families, from the paroxysms of party madness. History has said something in respect to the afflictions sustained by the nation; but those which em-

bittered private life she has relinquished to the report of tradition.

Milton is, however, best known among us as a poet, and in this character he is entitled to his due share of applause and honour, independent of his failings or his fancies as a man. Mr. H. takes a great delight in tracing the career of his studies, and watches his course, while in Italy especially, with an ardent eye: It is every way credible that Milton should have meditated his immortal work, long before he determined in earnest to undertake it. And that, when he did resolve to commence it, he should revolve in his mind what he had seen, or heard, or fancied, or conjectured, or discussed, that could be brought to bear on his subject, is highly probable. We think nothing the worse of his talents, if he really did avail himself of his remarks made many years before, on what he approved or disapproved in the performances of those who had treated the subject of the fall of Adam, whether in verse or prose. Among these, certainly the "Adam" of Andrieni, now first translated by Messrs. Cowper and Hayley, holds a distinguished place. It has much of Miltonic fancy in it: but to render the proof complete it should be known whether the original were rare or common, in repute or in disgrace, when Milton was in Italy. In proportion to its renown or scarcity would be the *chance* of its perusal by a traveller. The same may be said of other works on this or on any other subject. Milton did not seek with antiquarian diligence, but he read what casualty threw in his way. We must, however, acknowledge our obligations to the translators of this spirited poem: it adds to our enjoyment of *Paradise Lost*. Other, though minor works on the same subject, have been *détarré* by the biographer's industry.

But those exertions in which the muse of Cowper took most delight, and which probably will be thought by his admirers the most curious por-

tion of these volumes, are the translations of the minor poems and sonnets. They are carefully and even anxiously executed; but with such judicious choice of words, and so close assimilation to Milton's spirit, that could the poet rise from his grave, he would feel nothing but complacency were they ascribed to his pen. What differences they manifest are rather to be attributed to the changes in our language; and these, we think, have improved its harmony, without diminishing its strength. We shall insert a specimen of these sonnets:

To Charles Diodati.

Charles—and I say it wond'ring—thou
must know
That I, who once assumed a scornful
air,
And scoffed at love, am fallen in his
snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek;
more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign
fair;
A mien majestic, with dark brows, that
show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than
one,
And song, whose fascinating power
might bind,
And from the sphere draw down the la-
b'ring Moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should
I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant
me still.

Sonnet.

Lady! it cannot be but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they
display,
And strike me even as Phœbus him,
whose way
Thro' torrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours
rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind
are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them in the lover's language—
sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close
conceals,

Which, if in part escaping thence they
tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon con-
geals :
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in showers are
ever drowned,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with
roses bound.

Sonnet.

Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign
ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble
sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have
found,
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high :
When tempests shake the world, and
fire the sky,
It rests in adamant, self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage
rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar
minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding Lyre, and every
Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by Love's immedicable
dart.'

Cowper's reasons for not translating the poems on the Gunpowder Treason, are honourable to his candour and liberality of spirit :

The pure mind of Cowper was a stranger, in its own feelings, to the common animosities of the world ; and he was, on all occasions, evangelically disposed to promote peace and good-will among men. How much he was influenced by an amiable desire to avoid what might awaken or increase enmity and bitterness of spirit, he has shown in the course of these translations from Milton, by omitting to translate compositions of extreme severity against the Catholics, and by thus declaring his reason for the omission :

"The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated ;

both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now !"

In writing to Mr. Johnson, on this subject, he explained his sentiments still further :

"Weston, Oct. 30, 1791.

"We and the papists are at present on amicable terms. They have behaved themselves peaceably many years, and have lately received favours from government : I should think, therefore, that the dying embers of ancient animosity had better not to be troubled."

The translator likewise omitted a few of the minuter poems, which he thought not worthy of ranking with the rest ; a privilege that the editor has also exerted !

It must be acknowledged that Milton from his earliest years felt himself born for no vulgar purposes, nor made of vulgar materials. He soon meditated high things ; and he attempted them : first, no doubt, in politics ; afterwards in poesy. To such a charge he is most surely exposed : had he died a few years sooner than he did, he would have been deemed presuming.

Mr. Hayley's mind has been equally intent on promoting the reputation of his friend Cowper, as on vindicating the memory of Milton. He has succeeded in both purposes ; for though the annotations of his friend are but slight and unfinished, yet they are sufficient evidences of correct judgment and good taste to induce a wish for more from the same pen, as well as for the completion of these. We know no greater proof of success to a certain point. The names of Cowper and Hayley will go down to posterity together : and this is a gratification to the survivor, though his friend sleeps.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song : with historical and traditional Notices relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry. Now first published by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed. Editor of 'The Reliques of Robert Burns.' 1 vol. 8vo. 1810.

(Concluded from p. 401.)

THE Jacobite Ballads, which compose the third class in this interesting volume, are judiciously divided into two portions : the one relating to the rebellion of 1715, and the other, to that of 1745. The latter have the most merit ; as though the fury of political rancour had any connection with the inspirations of genius, or that men, who are disturbed by feelings too recently excited by a legitimate object, are unable to subdue them to the influence either of reason or a regulated imagination.

The publication of these ballads in the present day can have no evil tendency : but the spirit with which they are written ; the keen and manly satire which they contain ; their sarcastic ridicule, and their animating enthusiasm must have produced a powerful effect on the minds of those for whom they were intended. When poetry, patriotism, and revenge go hand in hand, the issue must be mighty. The lyric effusions of native bards have, in all rude ages, especially, incited the warrior to deeds of glory. Popular tunes, deeply connected with the feelings of home and all its numerous circumstances, have a similar effect, as the well known fact of the *Rance de Vaches*, testifies. Loyalty or disaffection may be inspired, nourished, and propagated from sire to son, by the simple vehicle of national songs : and we have the testimony of Burnet as to the effect produced by the tune and words of *Lillibullero* in Ireland. It has been said, indeed, and with some probability of truth, that the nautical songs of a living writer, (Dibdin)

have contributed to the production of that fearless courage, rough sincerity, and careless jollity, which are so characteristic of a British sailor : and we can well believe that a Scotch Highlander has his animosity to the house of Brunswick as well as his devotion to the exiled race of Stuart, heightened by such effusions as "The wee, wee German Lairdie," "To Dauntton me," "Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell," &c. It is a truth which the philosopher is forced to confess, that the passions of men, when once excited, are kept in a state of energy by the simplest provocatives : a word, a look, an action, inconceivably trivial in themselves, will stimulate thousands, engaged in a common cause, to the wildest excesses. The Roman and Grecian republics, the tumults in the Italian states, the civil wars in England, the French revolution, and even the petty mobs at an election, all furnish proofs of this. They, over whom nobler incentives would have no power, may be driven any where, and to any purpose, by a word, a song, or a tune.

We shall now proceed to extract one or two of the Jacobite Ballads as specimens of that inveterate hatred which animated one part of the Scottish nation for many years :

'THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' whan we gae to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie.
Sheughing kail an' laying leeks,
*But** the hose and but the breeks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

* *But*, without.

An' he's clapt down in our gude man's chair,

The wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' he's brought fouth of o' foreign leeks,
An' dibblit them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English lowna,
An' brak the harp o' Irish clowna,
But our thristle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' see how Charlie's lang Kail thrive,
He dibblit in his yardie.
An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a plough,
We'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie ;
An' our norlan' thristles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
An' we've the trenching blades o' wier,
Wab lib ye o' yere German gear ;
An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie !

' There are several variations of this curious old song ; some of them the Editor has seen, and heard sung. The one here preserved, seems a little more modern ; the others were more homely and coarse in their manner.

' The first verse of one of them runs thus :

' Wha the deil hae we got for a king ?
But a wee bit German lairdie ;
An' whan we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his yardie !
He threw his dibble owre the dyke,
An' brint his wee bit spadie ;
An' swore wi' a' the English he could,
He'd be nae mair a lairdie !

' There are others which merit preservation.

' He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
For gawing his German hurdies ;
But he sits on our gude king's throne,
Amang the English lairdies.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt owre cauld a hole,
For nursing siccan vermin ;
But the vera dogs o' England's court
Can bark an' howl in German."

As a contrast to the above we may select the following, which is distinguished for its pathos and fluency of versification ;

' This affecting old fragment is copied by Mrs. Copland, and transmitted for publication with the following remarks :

" There are songs belonging to the history of private families which are cherished by them with all the fondness of traditionary attachment. They are preserved with a romantic affection, like the gore-crusted weapons of heroic achievement. Such perhaps is the song of ' Carlisle Yetts.' It was composed apparently in those afflicting times of murder and desolation, when so many heads of our bravest countrymen ' dripped bloodie' on the gate-spikes of Carlisle. It seems by the strong passion displayed in it, to have been written when the blood was yet un-washed from the destroyer's hand.

" I do not think it to have been the composition of a woman. The mild composure of the female heart would have shrunk back from such gory and harrowing delineation. I rather think it to have been written by some of the unfortunate adherents of the Prince, when lurking from wood to hill, amid all the horrors of proscription.

' CARLISLE YETTS.

White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached
plaidie ;
His hand whilk clasped the truth o' luvie,
O it was ay in battle readie !
His lang lang hair in yellow hanks,
Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and
ruddie ;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.
My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
My brother's in that hare-bells blossom,
This white rose was steeped in my luvie's
blood,
An' I'll ay wear it in my bosom.

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were stream-
ing !

When I came next by merry Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie !
The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
' O maiden come ye to seek yere dearie ?'

There's ae drap o' blude atween my
breasts,

An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither
ne'er kame,

But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae mony a doleful widow."

We cannot pass over in silence the powerfully interesting fact narrated by Mr. Cromek in the following note, in which the tender energy of the circumstance, undebased by any laboured splendour of diction, is presented to the reader with all the affecting simplicity of truth :

'In the rebellion of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels—Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness, how she lived—'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessings a' my mailen.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away, beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits—a dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale : I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens ; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, as she said !' 'And don't you rue it,' cried a young soldier, starting up, 'don't you rue it ?' 'Rue what ?' said he, 'rue aught like that !' 'Then, by my G—d,' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother ! draw, you brutal villain, draw.' They fought ; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, '*had you rued it you should have only been punished by your God.*'

In reading these nameless and hitherto unhonoured effusions of Jacobitism, it is impossible not to be struck with that extent of national genius which is displayed in them : genius exerting itself with such abstract qualities of excellence, that though called forth by events that were temporary, celebrating things that were local, and inspired by feelings that were occasional, yet its productions possess that general charm

of truth and nature which still pleases, though robbed of all those original adjuncts. This indeed must always be the permanent and inseparable effect of genius, in the full and broad display of its power : but it is seldom the effect even of the highest genius when lowered down to the commemoration of passing events and party squabbles. The political and satirical poems of Dryden are less read than his Fables, not merely because they require exposition, but because they have radically less general merit : the same may be said of Pope's Dunciad, and the vigorous and manly poetry of Churchill languishes in the estimation of the present generation from a cause nearly similar. Unconnected with particular persons, places, and circumstances, there are but few passages of such commanding excellence as will make a man satisfied with reading the whole to get at them. The flight of genius to be great must be unconfined, and to be permanently attractive must be independent of temporary and merely local incidents. To very few, however, is the power given of investing such topics, with language, imagery, and sentiment possessing abstract and independent qualities of delighting in all ages : yet, among those few may be ranked the writers, the unknown writers of many of the pieces contained in this volume.

Of the "Old Ballads and Fragments," which constitute the fourth division of Mr. Cromek's book, many passages are exquisitely produced. The one entitled "We were Sisters, we were Seven," has all the characteristic qualities which denote its origin. It possesses a peculiar vein of thought, a wildness of incident, and a melody of versification, though sometimes irregular. But the "Mermaid of Galloway" must be ranked still higher in the scale of poetical composition, and we regret that its length precludes us from extracting it into our pages.

In the "Appendix" we find many

curious particulars relating to the superstitions, customs, manners, and modes of thought peculiar to the peasantry of that part of Scotland which is the scene of the ballads contained in this volume. It would be an injustice to the talents of Mr. Cromek, if we withheld from our readers the following manly, liberal, and sometimes eloquent fulmination against a yet existing relic of barbarism and cruelty :

‘ A DESCRIPTION OF THE STOOL OF
REPENTANCE.

‘ Though this vile stool of repentance is sufficiently familiar to the good people of Scotland, yet some explanation of its uses may be required by the English reader ; and, as the Editor considers himself pledged to give every illustration he has been able to collect of Scottish manners and customs, the following account will not be deemed misplaced :

‘ When the disastrous and bloody struggle of Scottish reformation was over, and the wretched hovels of covenanting Calvinism rose among the majestic ruins of Romish devotion, all that escaped the wreck of original genius and peculiar cast of character, was the ‘ Stool of Repentance.’† It was an engine of terror well suited to Knox’s stern and rigorous discipline, as it gave him a severe control over the looseness of the times, and enabled him to apply the merciless rod of church-censure against the vices even of the nobility. Such, probably, was his motive for raking this vile stool from the ruins of the fallen church. It has ever been extremely obnoxious to the free spirit of the peasantry ; in proof of which many of their songs might be adduced, if their delicacy were equal to their wit and humour. The reply of an old woman to Mr. Knox, is worthy of record. After holding forth in praise of the *goollie work o’ reformation*, as he termed it, and railing against the wickedness of popery, he zealously ex-

claimed, ‘ I hae plucked the raiment frae the harlot ! ’ ‘ Ah, na, na ! ’ quoth the good dame, pointing to the chair of repentance, ‘ ye hae keepit the vera tassel o’ the breeks o’ Popery.’ This stool of terror was fashioned like an arm-chair, and was raised on a pedestal nearly two feet higher than the other seats, directly fronting the pulpit. When the kirk-bell was rung, the culprit ascended the chair, and the bell-man arrayed him in the black sackcloth gown of fornication. Here he stood three Sundays successively, his face uncovered, and the awful scourge of unpardoning divinity hung over him. The women stood here in the same accoutrements, and were denied the privilege of a veil :

‘ A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.’

‘ The punishment of this humiliating exaltation was not inflicted on illegitimate parents only, but also on those who healed the breach of chastity by subsequent marriage. So scrupulous was the covenanting kirk in this respect, that the bridegroom had to lodge *six pounds Scots*, in the custody of the Session, as a pledge against unwedded incontinence, which, if convicted, he forfeited. This tax was broadly termed by the peasantry, in allusion to the border taxes, ‘ Buttock mail.’ The severity of these punishments, so repugnant to female delicacy, and to the sweet, innocent modesty of the girls of Scotland, has however of late years been relaxed ; in many places they are commuted for small fines, and private admonition. It is enough for incontinence to walk over the burning plow-shares of its own repentant feelings, without being cast bound into the seven-times heated furnace of Calvinism. Highly to the honour of the Scottish clergy and people, these stepping stools to child-murder are now almost universally swept out of the churches. Such an epithet may be deemed a harsh one, but the following truly affecting song fully justifies it, and seems purposely written to touch the heart of religious tenderness with the simple and pathetic eloquence of unwedded and abandoned sorrow :

† There is a remark in Burns’s unpublished MS. Journal of his excursion from Edinburgh to the Highlands, not inapplicable to this subject. It is amusing to observe how bitterly he vents his antipathies whenever an instance of superstitious tyranny occurs, repugnant to liberal feelings ; and it must have been highly diverting to witness his soliloquy on the present occasion :

‘ Linlithgow. — A pretty good old gothic church—the infamous *Stool of Repentance* standing in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation.

‘ What a poor, pinching business is a Presbyterian place of worship ! dirty, narrow, and squalid ; stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more Melrose ! — Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, are absolutely necessary for the bulk of mankind, both in religious and civil matters.’

'Therē sat 'mang the flowers a fair ladie,
Sing ohon, ohon and ohon O!
And there she has born a sweet babie
Adown by the greenwode side O!
An' strait she rowed its swaddling band,
Sing ohon, ohon and ohon O!
An' O! nae mother grips took her hand
Adown by the greenwode side O!

O twice it lifted its bonnie wee ee,
Sing ohon, &c.
'Thae looks gae through the sal o' me,'
Adown, &c.
She buried the bonnie babe 'neath the brier,
Sing ohon, &c.
And washed her hands wi' mony a tear,
Adown, &c.

And as she kneelt to her God in prayer,
Sing ohon, &c.
The sweet wee babe was smiling there,
Adown, &c.
O ay, my God, as I look to thee,
Sing ohon, &c.
My babe's atween my God and me,
Adown, &c.

Ay, ay, it lifts its bonnie wee ee,
Sing ohon, &c.
'Sic kindness get as ye shawed me,'
Adown, &c.
An' O its smiles wad win me in,
Sing ohon, &c.
But I'm borne down by deadly sin,
Adown, &c.'

'Never was there a punishment devised which so completely defeated its own purpose. It either hardened or broke the heart of the sufferer. Without allowance for the different degrees of guilt in different cases, or for the relative situation of the parties in the same case, it was inflicted with indiscriminate and unmitigated rigour on the male and the female transgressor,—on the seducer and the seduced. He, driven by exposure to blunt the poignancy of his shame in assumed effrontery, soon banished the wholesome feelings of remorse, and by an effort of fortitude, converted his disgrace into a triumph; while the soft, the gentle-hearted female, on whom the consequences of the trespass are, by nature and by the usages of society, made to constitute a penance of the most fearful and soul-subduing kind; she, in whose mind the gloom of desertion was deepened by the loss of fame, the alienation of those she held most dear, and the close of every bright prospect in life;

she, already the dupe and the victim of treachery and falsehood, was held forth as the object of unsympathising cruelty and derision. If there be a state of mind in which

'present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings,'

it is surely in the anticipation of this hateful exposure; nor are we to wonder that an unfortunate, goaded to despair by the dread of so barbarous, so harrowing a punishment, should, in the fever of apprehension, stifle the feelings of a mother, and brave the guilt of infanticide, rather than submit to the torture of being publicly and indelibly branded with infamy. The train of heart-breaking circumstances which follow the disgrace; the distant civility and coldly averted look of friends; the dumb, despairing affliction of parents; the vile fingers of public mockery wagged at them in the streets;—are not these excruciating punishments due only to the confirmed in vice, to the sworn votaries of prostitution? and must the pastors of the church, when they should privately administer the balm of forgiveness; when they should go into the wilderness and seek for the lamb that had gone astray—must they unfeelingly forbid her return to the flock and shut the door of the fold against her forever! Such Pharisaical rigour is contrary to the benevolent spirit of Christianity: far from striving to reclaim those who are lost, it freezes all the charities of the heart, and substitutes hypocrisy for sincere repentance. But never are the iron features of puritanical stoicism more hideous than when they frown vengeance on the lovely face of blushing modesty, rendered more timorous by the consciousness of a trespass; never is the breath of Calvinistic denunciation more repulsive than when it blasts the flower already blighted, and drooping for want of shelter and support. In defiance of the dictates of common sense, and in outrage of the feelings of humanity, this engine of monkish despotism was preserved by the Reformers, and became more terrible in their hands than in those of its inventors, until the liberal spirit of the present age prevailed over the narrow bigotry of fanaticism, and consigned the *cutty-stool* to the oblivion it had long merited. Ridicule contributed perhaps more powerfully than reason, to bring it into disuse. The rough, manly wit of Butler, and the bold energy

† There are many variations of this affecting tale. One of them appears in the *Musical Museum*, and is there called '*Fine Flowers of the Valley*,' of which the present is either the original or a parallel song; I am inclined to think it is the original.

tic humour of Burns, have done more to correct the pedantry of religion than whole volumes of serious expostulation.'

With Mr. Cromek's sentiments, thus expressed, we are happy and willing to avow the conformity of our own.

The account of the fairies, warlocks, brownies, &c. is eminently interesting; and no less so is that of Lord Nithsdale's escape from the Tower, which displays an extraordinary instance of calmness, fortitude,

intrepidity, and skill in a female, actuated by the amiable motive of saving a husband's life. We find, also, in this Appendix, a brief account of the author of the well known ballad "Mary's Dream;" but as we propose to extract this for the next number of our "Neglected Biography," we shall say nothing more of it here, but conclude our strictures by repeating our assurance of the pleasure and instruction which we have received from this performance of Mr. Cromek.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Letters transmitted from the South Sea, by the English ministry, to France. Paris, Jan. 1.

THERE was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 15th of last November, and from it in the other French journals, an extract from the English Gazette, under the title of La Peyrouse, announcing that there had been found, in Diemen's Land, a bottle buried at the foot of a tree, which contained letters that were supposed to afford some information respecting the fate of that navigator. These letters, five in number, have reached the Minister of Marine, at Paris.—One is signed *Raoul*, and addressed to M. Villeneuve, surgeon at Treguier.—Another, *Bodelier*, addressed to Madame Bois, at L'Orient.—One *Villeneuve*, to Madame Villeneuve, at Versailles.—One *Forestier*,

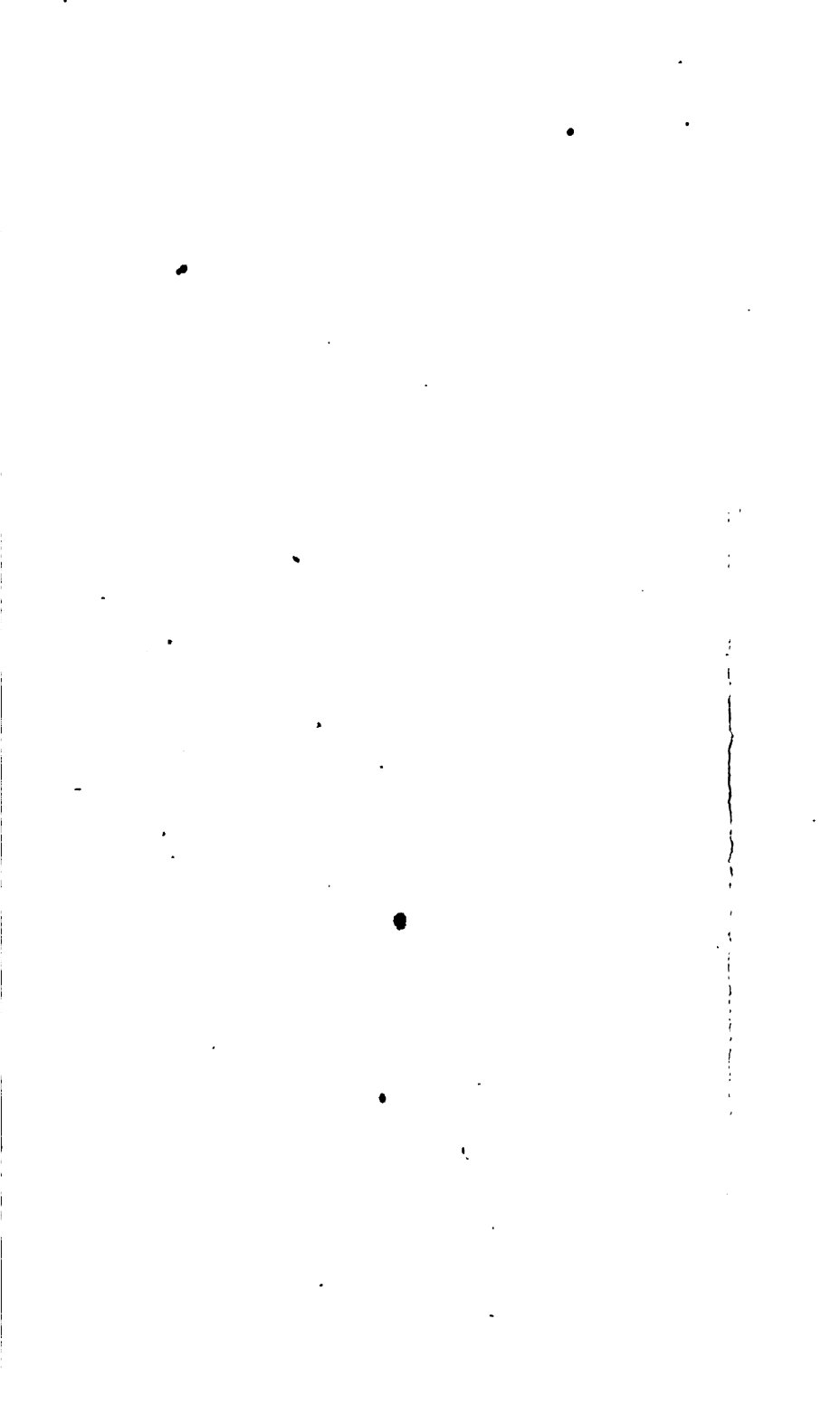
addressed to M. Forestier, Commissary of Marine at Versailles.—The fifth is by the same, and is addressed to Fanquet, at Paris.—All these letters are dated the 24th and 25th of Feb. 1793, Adventure Bay, Diemen's Land. It is known that the writers of them were on board the ships under the orders of Rear-admiral d'Entrecasteaux, and that the letters therefore give no kind of information with respect to M. de la Peyrouse.—They contain nothing but expressions of good wishes and friendship for those to whom they are addressed, and may be obtained by applying to M. Poncet, head of the colonial office at Paris.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Literary Property valuable.

THE *Georgiques* of M. Delille, in the course of their sale, during forty years, have made the fortune of a whole family, and have been circulated throughout the literary world,

to the number of 200,000 copies. They have lately been sold by auction, to Messrs. Michaud, Printers and Booksellers, for 25,000 francs (1,000 guineas).





Boyd. Sc.

Lord Wellington?

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF LORD WELLINGTON,

Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, Chief Secretary to the Lord
Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c.

(Concluded from p. 65.)

IN consequence of this signal and splendid victory, General Wellesley received the public thanks of the Governor-general in council.

On the evening of the 24th, the day after the battle, Colonel Stevenson joined with his division: the treachery of his guides, and other unexpected causes, had occasioned this delay; for which, however, no blame was at all imputable to that brave and excellent officer, who was immediately despatched in pursuit of the enemy, who, having collected together the broken remains of his army, had moved to the westward, along the course of the Taptee river; while General Wellesley himself remained on the heights of Adjuttee, regulating his movements by the approaches which the enemy might make to the southward; and in this situation he received some indirect, but vague and futile, overtures from Scindeah towards a negotiation.

While General Wellesley judiciously occupied this important position, Colonel Stevenson was successfully employed in the reduction of the city of Boorhumpoor and the fortress of Asseer Ghur, the latter hitherto deemed impregnable, and the

loss of which greatly accelerated the termination of the campaign.

On the 25th of October, General Wellesley having heard that the Rajah of Berar had passed the boundary of Candeish, and was proceeding towards the river Godavery, marched to the southward from the Adjuttee heights with the main body of the army. On the 29th he reached Arunghabad, where he received intelligence of the Rajah having gradually advanced to the eastward, being then at Lakeegun, about twenty miles north from Pultein, and immediately moved his army in pursuit of that chieftain.

The Rajah being thus pressed, endeavoured by every exertion of activity and stratagem, to elude the British force: between the night of the 29th of October and that of the 30th, he changed his position no less than five times, and with a view of drawing off the attention of General Wellesley, despatched a body of 5,000 chosen horse, under an able officer, to intercept a large convoy of bullocks and other necessary supplies for the British army, distant but a few days' march. Fully appreciating the views of the enemy, and the character of Captain Baynes, who commanded the

convoy, the General, however, continued to pursue and harass the Rajah with unremitting vigour: the result was a proof of his consummate judgment. Captain Baynes, with a comparatively much inferior force, defeated the enemy's detachment, with considerable slaughter, and reached the British camp in perfect safety.

This event, combined with the increasing terror of the British name, and the almost unparalleled activity of General Wellesley, strengthened the Rajah's determination of avoiding if possible a general engagement; he therefore rapidly retreated towards his own dominions. From that period till the 28th of November, the campaign in this quarter was entirely confined to retreat and pursuit; the British and Berar forces being scarcely ever more than a day's march apart. This unremitting chase was through a country hitherto untraversed by an English general. Extremely difficult in itself, it was infinitely less so to the flying army, who were well acquainted with the local resources of the country, than to that which pursued, who were totally strangers to them. In this novel but arduous species of contest, the military talents of the subject of this Memoir were eminently conspicuous. His patience under great difficulties was never exhausted; sharing the fatigues and privations of the soldiery in the same degree with the meanest private, he was at once their example and their idol: while his combined sagacity and activity rendered it impossible for the enemy to escape, notwithstanding the great and manifold advantages in this mode of warfare possessed by the latter.

During this unremitted pursuit of the Berar army, Scindeah found it expedient, reduced as he was to the greatest extremity by the brilliant and decisive victories of Lord Lake in Hindostan, and those of General Wellesley in the Deccan, to send an ambassador to the camp of the latter with propositions of peace; and at

length a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between that chieftain and the British armies in the Deccan and the Guzeral, the principal condition of which was, that Scindeah's troops should occupy a position forty miles to the eastward of Elichpoor, and that the British force should not advance farther into the territories of the former.

At length, on the 28th of November, General Wellesley came up with the greatest part of the Rajah of Berar's regular infantry, strengthened by a large party of Scindeah's best cavalry; and as the stipulations of the truce had not been fulfilled on the part of the latter chieftain, although they had been strictly adhered to by General Wellesley, he determined on attacking this combined force with the utmost celerity, in order to deprive the enemy of the means of retreat, or of receiving reinforcements, and in defiance of the remonstrances of the ambassador of Scindeah, then in the English camp. As no treaty whatever existed with the Berar Rajah, and as the terms of the truce with Scindeah remained yet unacted upon by the latter, General Wellesley moved forward to Parterly, where he understood the confederates were encamped, and on his march was joined by the division under Colonel Stevenson, who had halted for that purpose at Andorah: by the time, however, that the British army had reached Parterly, the confederates had retired, though they were clearly discernible retreating, from the top of a lofty tower situated near the place.

From the length of the way which the British army had already marched, and the extreme heat of the day, General Wellesley was inclined to postpone the pursuit of the enemy till the evening; but he had not long been halted when large bodies of the enemy's horse appeared in front; and upon the piquets being pushed forward in consequence, the whole army of the combined Marhatta chieftains was discovered at about five miles distance

extended in a long line of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in the plains of Argam. Finding them in this position, General Wellesley resolved upon giving them battle instantly, and for that purpose moved on with his whole army in one column, the British cavalry leading the attack, in a direction nearly parallel to the enemy's line. On a nearer approach, the British force was formed into two lines; the first composed of the infantry, the second of the cavalry: the right wing was advanced upon the left of the enemy, and the British left wing was supported by the Mysore horse. In this order the whole advanced with the utmost regularity, steadiness, and intrepidity.

The engagement began by the 74th and 75th regiments being attacked by a large body of Persians, who, after a desperate conflict, were totally destroyed by those gallant corps. At this moment of time, also the enemy's cavalry were repulsed in a charge they furiously attempted on the 1st battalion of the 6th regiment of native infantry, on the left of the British line. They, however, once more rallied; when General Wellesley, putting himself at the head of the British cavalry, charged them with such fury that they broke, and, with the whole of the infantry, fled with such precipitation as to render it impossible for the English to pursue them with any advantage, but they were pursued for some miles by the cavalry, who cut off vast numbers, and captured the whole of their elephants and baggage, 38 pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition.

This victory, which was as decisive with respect to the army of the Berar chieftain as that of Assye had been to that of Scindeah, was attended with little loss to the victors. In it the same clear perception, quick judgment, and presence of mind which we have already mentioned as distinguishing the British General, was equally remarkable, whilst his personal bravery and skill were most ex-

nently conspicuous. In the charge which he made at the head of the cavalry, having disposed in their intervals some galloper guns, when arrived within a short distance from that of the enemy, he suddenly halted his whole line, and ordering the light artillery to advance, he gave the enemy's horse two or three discharges: when seeing them waver and grow unsteady, he instantly cut in upon them, and, in an instant, totally put them to the rout: thus practising, with entire success, a manœuvre equally novel and judicious, and entirely his own.

There remained now, save the reduction of Gawilghur, hardly any other enterprize worthy of General Wellesley's victorious arms. Upon this measure, therefore, he instantly determined, and in conjunction with Colonel Stevenson's division, arrived before that almost impregnable fortress, the last remaining to the enemy, of any importance, on the 7th of December, having dragged the heavy ordnance and necessary stores for the siege over mountains and through ravines, for a distance of thirty miles, by roads, which the troops themselves were obliged, with infinite difficulty, to make.

Gawilghur has long been celebrated by the historians of the Deccan, as one of the strongest bulwarks of that country. It stands on a high, rocky, steep hill, in the midst of the chain of mountains between the Taptee and Poonah rivers. There is one complete inner fort which fronts the south, where the rock is most inaccessible; and this citadel, as it may be called, is strengthened and defended by an outer fort, which entirely covers it to the north and north-west. The outer fort has a thick and high wall, which covers the approach to it from the north, and all its defences strongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. To the whole of the fortress there are three entrances: one to the south, which leads to the inner fort; one to the north-west,

which leads to the outward; and one to the north, which communicates with the third wall. The ascent to the first gate is very long, steep, and difficult; that to the second is by a road used by the common communications of the garrison with the country to the southward, but this leads no farther than the gate, being extremely narrow, the rock scooped on each side, and, from its passing round the west side of the fort, is exposed to its fire for a considerable distance; the last road to the northern gate leads directly from the village of Lambuda, and the ground along which it is made is level with that of the fort.

We have been induced to go into length in this description, in order to show our readers that the reduction of Gawilghur was an operation that required the union of the utmost skill, intrepidity, and perseverance; but their admiration must be strongly excited, when it is known, that this hazardous and difficult enterprise was achieved within the short space of forty-eight hours! On the night of the 12th of December the first batteries were opened against the north face of the fort, and on that of the 14th a practicable breach was reported in the walls of the outer fort. At ten in the morning of the 14th, the outer fort was carried with immense slaughter of the garrison; but the walls of the inner, which we have already described, had yet no breach whatever. Several attempts were then made to blow up the gate of communication between the outer and inner forts, but in vain. A place, however, on the wall was discovered which it appeared barely possible to escalate. Against this place Captain Campbell, with the light company of the 94th regiment, immediately fixed the ladders, which having mounted with incredible resolution and agility, they threw themselves into the inner fort, the garrison of which in astonishment and confusion, flung down their arms, and surrendered.

This well-planned, vigorous, and

brilliant enterprise brought the war to a speedy conclusion. The Rajah of Berar, terrified and amazed at the rapidity of General Wellesley's operations, even in that mountainous and difficult country, instantly determined on concluding a peace, without referring to the opinion, or waiting the determination of his ally. Not a day was lost in bringing this resolution to the knowledge of the British General. The negotiations were set on foot on the 16th of December, and the treaty of peace between the British government in India and the Rajah of Berar was actually concluded the day following!—a striking instance of the characteristic despatch and decision of General Wellesley, who in this act of diplomacy, as well as that of a similar nature conducted with the ambassador of Scindeah a few days subsequent, showed himself equally able in the cabinet as in the field.

On the 30th of December, General Wellesley had also the happiness and distinguished good fortune to conclude a peace with Scindeah, who thus wisely averted the evils which he saw threatening him with utter destruction. Both treaties were speedily ratified by the Governor-general at Calcutta. These treaties were the admiration of all India, for the moderate and equitable conditions which were allowed to the vanquished confederates, and which clearly showed that the objects of the war, on the part of the British government, were not conquest, but a secure and solid peace.

Thus terminated the glorious and ever-memorable Marhatta war of 1803; an eternal record of the comprehensive mind and gigantic ability of the Marquis Wellesley, who planned, and of the heroism and military talents of Generals Lake and Wellesley, who carried it into execution. Its consequences may be thus briefly enumerated:—The venerable representative of the house of Timur was rescued from bondage and penury in which he was held by a French fac-

tion, and restored to the throne and capital of his ancestors, where his grey hairs have since descended in peace to the grave, and his last prayers, after a life of wonderful and unexampled vicissitude, have been poured forth for the happiness and welfare of his deliverers; the Peishwash, another of the native sovereigns, has regained, through the same powerful interference, the Musnud of Poonah, and thus secured to the British government a faithful and most valuable alliance, with the full benefit of the treaties concluded with him; a considerable portion of territory and revenue were added to the company's dominions, and their own empire considerably strengthened, and rendered more secure by the acquisition; the French interests in India utterly and irreparably destroyed; and the two greatest native powers of India reduced to an unconditional dependence upon British generosity: whilst the wisdom, policy, and military renown of the British character was raised to such a height throughout the whole peninsula, as must render its empire infinitely more stable in future, and its government thenceforward the certain refuge of its allies, and the dread of its enemies.

The share which General Wellesley had in producing these glorious results were justly appreciated, both abroad and at home. On the 14th of February, the inhabitants of Calcutta came to a resolution of presenting him with a superb sword of the value of 1000*l.* sterling, which was afterwards presented to him with a suitable address. The inhabitants of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, as well native as European, also testified their sense of his meritorious services, by their separate addresses of thanks and congratulation, and by splendid entertainments in honour of his name and in commemoration of his victories.

In England, General Wellesley was rewarded for his services by being raised by his sovereign to the com-

panionship of the highest military order of knighthood in the world, that of the Bath; and had the further gratification of receiving the noblest meed a British officer can acquire, the thanks of his country, voted to him by both houses of Parliament, on the 3d and 4th of May, 1804, for his brilliant achievements.

The esteem and regard in which General Wellesley was held by his brother officers, who had served with him in the campaign in the Deccan, may best be gathered by the resolution into which they entered, on the 26th of February, 1804, to present him with a superb golden vase, of the value of 2000 guineas, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and as a lasting memorial of the brilliant victories to which he led them.

The profound tranquillity which succeeded the Marhatta war in every part of India allowing of no other opportunity of distinguishing himself in that quarter, early in the year 1805, General (now Sir Arthur) Wellesley returned to Europe.

A short time after his arrival in England, Sir Arthur Wellesley was placed upon the staff and commanded a brigade in Lord Cathcart's expedition to Hanover in 1805. He afterwards commanded in one of the coast districts, where his discipline and management were as creditable to his military character as a tactician, as his general deportment towards the officers, under his command was to his reputation as a soldier and a gentleman.

The death of the Marquis Cornwallis, colonel of the 33d, had made a vacancy, which was filled up by naming Sir Arthur Wellesley to succeed him in the regiment; the only military favour he ever received, and one which he could not have been well denied, having been its lieutenant-colonel thirteen years, and present with it for almost the whole of that time, during a period of very active service.

During the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville, Sir Arthur

Wellesley set in parliament for an Irish borough, and frequently took an active part in the debates, so far as they concerned the Marquis Wellesley, his brother, who at this period still continued to be the object of a persecution unexampled even in the worst times of republican ingratitude. This subject is too complicated, and too foreign to our purpose, to dwell on here. It is sufficient to observe, that upon every question in which the conduct or character of that illustrious person was implicated, Sir Arthur was found at his post. Perfectly competent to the task, he brought his thorough knowledge of the Marquis Wellesley's policy and practice in the administration of the government of India before the bar of the public, and constantly convinced his auditors, if he could not silence his adversaries: whilst his mode of speaking, at once simple, perspicuous, and energetic, was united with so much real modesty and diffidence of manner, as to secure him no small share of the favour of the House, and a constant degree of flattering attention.

On the accession of the present administration, Sir Arthur was named to the high situation of chief Secretary to the Lord lieutenant of Ireland, and accompanied the Duke of Richmond thither in that situation. This office, one certainly incompatible with the duties of that profession which he had chosen, and of which he was the greatest ornament, he accepted, on the condition of its not prejudicing his military views and pursuits. Accordingly we find him actively employed, and high in command, under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Denmark, undertaken with a view of capturing the Danish fleet in the Baltic, in the month of August, 1807.

The characteristic vigour and activity of Sir Arthur Wellesley were eminently conspicuous upon this occasion. As the extraordinary supineness of the vast British fleet under the command of Admiral Gambier

threw the burthen of the reduction of Copenhagen entirely upon the land forces, considerable delay took place in the operations against that city, which could not otherwise have occurred. During this period, the Danish troops, taking advantage of the delay, began to assemble in force in the interior of the island, and it was deemed necessary to order Sir Arthur Wellesley to march against them with a strong detachment. This service he performed with his accustomed celerity and good fortune, completely defeating and dispersing the enemy at Kioge, taking upwards of 60 officers and 1,500 men, 14 pieces of cannon, and a quantity of powder and ammunition.

This timely victory, the only service worth noticing in that campaign, materially contributed to the reduction of Copenhagen, which event speedily followed; on the 7th of September, the articles of capitulation being negotiated and signed by Sir Arthur Wellesley (who was sent for for that purpose from his command in the country, "where," says Lord Cathcart, in his despatch, "he had distinguished himself in a manner so honourable to himself and so advantageous to the public"), Sir Home Popham and Lieutenant-colonel Murray being also named with him in the same commission.

The virtues and achievements which had hitherto marked Sir Arthur's military career, however really splendid in themselves, from the distance of the scene of action and the supposed imbecility of the enemy against whom he had acted in India, were not so highly appreciated as they deserved to be at home. The moment was, however approaching when his fame was to be thoroughly established throughout Europe, by a series of the most brilliant successes over some of the best troops and ablest generals in the world.

When the recent efforts of the Spanish patriots held forth a prospect of liberating our natural and ancient

ally, the Portuguese, from French tyranny and oppression, Sir Arthur Wellesley (who had now attained the rank of Lieutenant-general) was destined to command an expedition fitting out at Cork for the purpose of acting in Portugal. The particulars of this campaign we are enabled to detail with accuracy, as well from the official despatches of General Wellesley himself, which will be found in that part of our publication appropriated to them, as from an account of it drawn up with great apparent fidelity and accuracy in a respectable morning paper.*

On the 12th day of July, Lieutenant-general Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork, in command of the British expedition destined to act in Portugal against the French troops in that country, and which were now tolerably well known to consist solely of the troops under General Junot, styled "Duke of Abrantes," in the occupation of Lisbon and its vicinity.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur quitted the convoy, and with his interpreter and secretary proceeded in a light vessel to Corunna, where he remained some days; during which time he informed himself of the actual situation of the French force in the north of Spain, took measures to communicate with the patriot juntas in that quarter, and also found means to despatch messengers to that of Seville, and to General Spencer, then supposed to be with his division at Cadiz. Having accomplished these material objects, he proceeded to join the expedition, and arrived with them at Mondego Bay, at the entrance of the river of that name, on the coast of Portugal, after a tedious passage of twenty days.

This point of landing was apparently chosen by Sir Arthur, as, besides being sufficiently near Lisbon to sit down before it in a few days' march, it afforded many facilities for the necessary refreshment of so large a body of troops after their voyage, and for

their requisite equipment for the march towards the capital. In fact, during the stay of Sir Arthur at this place, the whole of the troops were put in such a state of comfort, from their supplies of every kind, that they were in a condition to undergo any fatigue or privation without a murmur or any real detriment, whatever service or enterprise they might be put upon, in a few days after their landing. From Oporto, the general at this point also was enabled to receive the most efficient assistance, all the mules and carriages necessary for the movement of the army having been provided through the bishop of that diocese, whose influence was very great, and zeal in the cause of his country unbounded; he exerted himself so as to procure an abundant supply for the use of the commissariat of the whole British army, and forwarded them to head-quarters previously to their march for Lisbon. By landing here also, Sir Arthur Wellesley had the fairest prospect of being joined not only by General Spencer's force, but also that of General Anstruther, of whose intended junction with him he was now apprised—one or both of which events it was absolutely necessary to the future success of his army should take place before he approached too near Junot, whose force was far superior to his without such assistance. But, above all, in this very critical period, when Marshal Bessieres had been successful against the patriot Spanish army in Leon, and who might have therefore advanced towards Portugal to relieve Junot, General Wellesley would have had it in his power, from this position, to have intercepted that officer, and have given him battle before he could have formed a junction with the Duke of Abrantes.

Fortunately, the successes in South Spain of the patriot General, Castanos, first gave a check to Marshal Bessieres, and then, combined with other

circumstances of disaster, compelled him to a retrograde movement from Benavente to Burgos. We say fortunately; for although we have not a doubt but that Sir Arthur would have annihilated the force under Bessieres, it still would have caused a protraction of the very desirable events which have since taken place in another quarter of the country.

Judicious, however, as all these circumstances rendered a landing at Mondego, the disembarkation, owing to the bar at the end of the mouth of the river, was tedious, nor could it be effected at a more rapid rate than that of a brigade a day. This delay was, however, fortunate in one respect, as the force under General Spencer arrived previously to that under Sir Arthur having completed its landing; this operation was, therefore, continued with respect to General Spencer's force, without any period intervening, which gave it the appearance of a single disembarkation: a circumstance eventually of much consequence, as Junot remained in ignorance of Sir Arthur being thus reinforced, which probably induced him to advance from Lisbon with the whole of his army, in the hope of fighting under the great advantage of the superiority of numbers.

This operation was effected under the direction of Captain Pulteney Malcolm, of the Donegal (assisted by Captains Adams and Cadogan, of the navy), and was conducted by him with the utmost skill and attention. Indeed, during the whole of the campaign, the harmony between the two services was remarkable, and was never once interrupted. The force now under Sir Arthur Wellesley was about 14,000 men, including cavalry and artillery, without reckoning the 9th veteran battalion, which remained on board the ships of war, which latter were ordered to sail to the southward, keeping in with the shore, and as much on a line with the route of the army as possible. It was at this time understood that the French had a post

at Peniche, which the General intended to have attacked, and which service was to have been effected by the above-mentioned battalion, in conjunction with the naval force.

The certainty of Marshal Bessieres having retreated upon Burgos, and the fortunate junction of General Spencer's division, now enabled the Commander-in-chief to undertake, consistently with the utmost prudence, active operations against Junot, with every reasonable prospect of success. He, therefore, having completed all his arrangements with respect to the future comfort of the troops, and to their complete equipment for their march, moved, early on the morning of the 9th, to the southward, carrying with him seventeen days' provision for the whole army, in case, that should the fleet be blown off the coast, he might yet act independently of it. Each soldier carried three days' food in his knapsack, there were five days' laden on mules, and nine in the commissariat. Each soldier was also furnished with 120 rounds of ball cartridge.

The British army reached the city of Leria on the 12th, which had lately been occupied by the French, but who had retreated to Ahabaça on the approach of the English, having first plundered the town, and committed the greatest atrocities. In particular, but a few days before, after having used the bishop of the diocese with the greatest indignity, they stripped him naked, and tied him down in his chair, while they brought his niece into the room, and used her with such complicated violence and barbarity that she died on the spot, before the eyes of her venerable relative. This cruelty was effected in order to extort the church plate and other property, which they supposed the bishop to be the depository of. Leria is a city of Estremadura, containing about 3,500 inhabitants, and is the see of a bishop. It is situate about 60 miles N. N. E. of Lisbon, and about 40 S. of Coimbra.

Hitherto the army had regularly encamped every night, principally in

the woods and vineyards. Sir Arthur purposely avoided the towns and villages which lay in his *route*, in order to escape as much as possible putting the inhabitants to inconvenience. It may also here be remarked, that the Commander-in-chief, on taking up the ground for the night, always encamped the troops in column, in their order of march, instead of the usual mode of encampment in line;—by which much delay was avoided, both in encamping and in breaking up for the march, and was one far more adapted to the convenience of the soldiery than the usual method.

At Leria information was received that Junot had taken possession of the strong passes in the mountains on the high road to Lisbon, with the advance of his army under Generals Laborde and Breniere; and that he proposed moving the division of his troops under Loison to the assistance of the former, and would most probably bring up himself the main strength of the French army on the same position. It was also now ascertained, that the enemy's advanced posts were at Ahobaça, about a day's march in front of the British army. Under these circumstances, it became essential to his future success, that the Commander-in-chief should possess himself of those passes before Laborde should be re-enforced by Loison, and perhaps by Junot himself with the whole of the French army, in a position which, thus strengthened, might oppose the most serious obstacles to the future success of the campaign. To accomplish this object, every species of baggage or camp equipment which could at all impede the rapid movements of the army, even to the soldiers' tents, were left at Leria; and for the remainder of their march the British troops slept in the open air, which, as the weather was very fine, occasioned little or no inconvenience.

On the 13th, the army occupied

Ahobaça, whence the enemy had retreated the preceding evening; and, on the 15th, arrived at Caldas, a small town of Estramadura, distant about 15 miles eastward from Peniche. As soon as General Wellesley took up his ground, he sent a small detachment of riflemen to drive the French from the village of Brilos, where they had a post, three miles in front; which was gallantly effected; pursuing the enemy, however, too far, they were nearly cut off: But, covered by General Spencer, effected their retreat to Obidos, a small town about two miles to the west of Caldas, whither the enemy durst not pursue them. The gallantry of those few troops engaged in this slight affair, the first which occurred, was very conspicuous. Here it was that Lieutenant Bunbury, of the 95th, a native of Ireland, was killed; and the Hon. Captain Packenham, brother to Lord Longford, and brother-in-law to Sir Arthur Wellesley, was slightly wounded. Obidos is 38 miles north of Lisbon. On this day the French were understood to be in force at Borica, about ten miles in front of the British army.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur Wellesley moved forward to attack General Laborde, who was posted on the heights in front of the mountain passes; his right and left were protected by posts on the hills which flanked his position. His strength was about 5,500 infantry, 5 pieces of cannon, and 500 cavalry. General Breniere was his second in command.

The situation of the enemy, and the able dispositions made by the Commander-in-chief, are so well described in his despatch from Villa Verde of the above date, that we shall not venture even to recapitulate them.* Suffice it, that he succeeded, first, in driving the enemy of the heights in front of the passes; next, in forcing him from his almost inaccessible position in the mountains; and, lastly, in defeating him on the levels on the

* Vide Gazette, page, 223.

summit of the mountains, where he made a last and terrible effort to maintain himself, and whence at length he retreated, having lost three pieces of cannon, and nearly 1,500 troops in killed, wounded, and missing. Nor was the loss of the English inconsiderable, it being nearly that of 400 men, and some excellent officers; among the latter were Colonels Lake and Stewart—the former killed on the spot, the latter mortally wounded.

In order to appreciate the vast consequence of this victory, we must remember, that had not Laborde's strong position been forced critically on this very day, he would, according to the best accounts, have been strengthened that evening by Loison's division, who was within a day's march of him; and it was known that Junot had left Lisbon with the same intention, with the whole of his remaining force. As it was, it required all the ability displayed by the General, and all the prowess of the British troops, to drive him thence. How it might have turned out, had such a position been occupied by 15,000 Frenchmen, it is not easy to determine. Indeed both English and French fought on this occasion as if every individual engaged were fully sensible of the absolute necessity, the one of retaining, the other of forcing this important pass. The 9th and 29th foot were, on this day, for some time, exposed to the shock of the whole French force, they having been the first regiments who reached the heights. Three times were these gallant corps attacked in the most furious manner by an immensely superior force of the enemy, and as often repulsed them; till at length other corps having surmounted the heights, came to their assistance, which enabled them to compel their adversaries to retreat.

The positions taken up by the Commander-in-chief, his mode of attacking the enemy, and the whole of his subsequent manœuvres, were the admiration of the whole army; whilst

his personal exertions and activity appeared almost incredible. Wherever was the hardest fighting, there was the General to be seen; and to his personal gallantry no small portion of the glorious victory may fairly be ascribed.

The want of cavalry was here begun to be severely felt. Had Sir Arthur's army been furnished with any thing like its fair proportion of that species of force, the battle of Rolea would have terminated fatally indeed for the French. Had there been 1,500, or even 1,000 British horse in the field on that day, in the first instance, the French could hardly have made good their retreat from the heights to the mountain passes when first pressed by Sir Arthur; and, secondly, when between on their summits, they must have been nearly destroyed in the pursuit. On the contrary, they were by this unfortunate circumstance enabled to retreat in perfect good order. Before we quit this part of our subject, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that the French attack on the heights was made in *echelon*, differing from their mode in the subsequent battle, where they advanced in column—the former by far the most formidable and destructive operation.

On the 18th, the Commander-in-chief heard the joyful intelligence of the division of the British force (despatched from Harwich in aid of General Wellesley's expedition) under Brigadier-general Anstruther, being off the coast of Peniche. Sir Arthur accordingly marched to Lourinha, about eight miles distance from Villa Verde, inclining towards the sea, in order to cover the landing of the newly arrived force, and to effect a junction; both which measures being completely effected by the evening of the 19th, on the 20th Sir Arthur advanced with a strength of nearly 18,000 effective men, in pursuit of the enemy, and took up his ground that evening at the village of Vimiera, which he occupied. In the evening, Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Burrard arrived

from England to take the command of the troops of Portugal, until Sir Hew Dalrymple should come from Gibraltar. General Burrard had left that part of the expedition which he commanded, some days before, in the care of Sir John Moore, and came himself in a fast-sailing vessel to the coast. Having had communications with Sir Harry Berrard on board, Sir Arthur, in the belief that he would be attacked the next day by the enemy, ordered the troops to be under arms at sun-rise on the 21st.

General Laborde, after the affair of the 17th, fell back upon Torres Vedras, a tolerably large town, 21 miles north of Lisbon, on the day of his defeat having retreated in the whole about 17 miles, and was joined in the evening by the division under Loison. General Junot arrived there on the following day; and thus the whole French force being concentrated, they determined, as Sir Arthur Wellesley had foreseen, on attacking the British force at Vimiera.

The English troops were under arms, agreeably to their orders, by break of day of the 21st; but the French not appearing, they were allowed to take some refreshment. About seven o'clock, certain intelligence of the approach of the French having reached the Commander-in-chief, the *generale* was beat, and the whole army assembled in a moment, with a regularity and quickness most admirable, and with an ardour to be led against the enemy which no danger could damp, actuated as they were by truly British feelings, and the utmost confidence in the abilities of their heroic leader. There being still time, Sir Arthur altered his position, and took that in which he determined to await the attack of the enemy, about a mile in front of the village.

In this action, as in that of the 17th, the want of cavalry is as feelingly to be deplored, as it is pointedly alluded to by the Commander-in-chief, in his report of the battle. This deficiency alone prevented the victory from be-

ing as complete as it was brilliant. In spite, however, of this deficiency, the loss of the enemy cannot be computed at less than 4,000 men, and nearly the whole of his artillery. That of the British was comparatively trivial:

The French had in the field about 15,200 men, of which 1,200 were cavalry: this latter force by no means distinguished itself, not having once come to a charge in the course of the day; but its position and numbers were formidable, and it contributed to keep a considerable body of the British troops in check, occupied by watching its movements. Their uniform was green.

The boasted French Artillery on this day was served in every respect far inferiorly to that of the English. Indeed it is impossible to convey an idea of the precision with which the latter was directed, and the execution it made in the ranks of the enemy. The SHRAPNELL *shells* (so called from their inventor, Colonel SHRAPNELL, of the artillery) in particular made dreadful havock among the ranks of the French. They contain about 100 musket bullets, and are calculated to explode at given distances, on which they instantly spread death and devastation around. Indeed, so much were the French dismayed at the effects of this novel instrument of war, that many of the grenadiers, who were made prisoners, declared that they could not stand it, and were literally taken lying down on the ground, or under cover of bushes and the high banks of some ditches in the field of battle.

The honour of the French military character was, however, for some time nobly supported by its infantry. Their order of attack was in column, a mode of warfare which they have hitherto successfully practised against the Austrian and other troops on the continent. On this occasion, however, it entirely failed. So far from attaining the object of this manœuvre, that of penetrating the English line, and taking it then in flank to the right

and left, they never approached near enough for the British bayonet to act, that their heads of columns were not invariably broken, and the whole thrown into confusion. What also contributed materially to their defeat was the scientific manner in which the English Commander-in-chief met this species of attack.

The French army advanced in three large columns, in such a manner as to bring them all to bear upon the British left and centre. Invariably as each advanced, independently of the resistance it met in the front, it was taken on the flanks by the fire of corps advanced for that purpose by a small change in their position by which means they lost a surprising number of men before they could put it to the issue of the bayonet. In no case did the French come to the resort of this latter weapon, that they were not instantly broken, not standing its push an instant.

The advance of the enemy to the attack was impetuous, and even furious. As they approached, they saluted the English with every opprobrious epithet which their language is so eminently fertile in. While, on the contrary, the latter in derision cheered them as they approached. Their dress was singular; it was blue, with white facings; over the whole of which was worn a white woollen surtout, somewhat like a waggoner's smock-frock; their caps square, like those of the Hulahns; and goatskin knapsacks. Their musketry was throughout formidable, particularly that of two Swiss regiments in their service who have behaved most gallantly. Their *voltigeurs* were upon the whole good, but far inferior in activity and real service to the English riflemen.

Before the action, General Junot harangued his army in the following laconic address:—"Frenchmen, there is the sea; you must drive those English into it." In fact, they did their utmost for nearly three hours and a half to obey his orders, but never during that time made the smallest im-

pression on the English line, although they repeatedly rallied, and tried every thing which could be effected by rapidity of movement and pertinacity of attack; at length, wearied out and beaten, they were forced to give way in every direction, and were pursued off the field of battle by the British infantry for three miles.

The proportion of forces in the field was greatly in favour of the English; not so of those who were actually engaged. Of the latter, not above 9,000 were brought to action, whilst every man of the French told. When the French retreated, General Hill's wing, which formed the second line of the British army, and were destined to receive the French had they penetrated the first, had not fired a gun, were quite fresh, and might have been led in pursuit of the enemy immediately, had it been deemed right so to have done.

In short, the battle of Vimiera was decided by superior generalship in the leader, and superior bravery in the soldier—every manœuvre was practised in it which could arise out of the combined and various movements of attack and defence—repeated change of position occurred on both sides, and the palm of victory was at length the prize of him who best deserved to wear it, after a long and arduous contest of nearly four hours.

In considering the relative merit of the privates of the French army with those of their leaders, the credit must clearly be given to the former; for during the battle no distinguishing act of valour could with justice be ascribed to the officer; while the soldier, generally speaking, acted with marked gallantry and courage.

In this glorious and ever-memorable day, the most conspicuous circumstance connected with it is, doubtless, the conduct of the British Commander-in-chief, as well from his rank as his responsibility—on him every thing turned—to his conduct every one looked—the good or the evil which

might result from the expedition was referred to him alone:—a concise view, therefore, of the principal features of his short but important command, is imperiously demanded from us. Some leading facts, however, as to the state of the army under his command, may, perhaps, answer our purpose better than any thing we can say of himself.

From the day that he took the command to that on which he resigned it, but three desertions took place; those were all from the 5th battalion of the 60th, a rifle corps, and the parties were foreigners. Those men were caught and delivered up by the Portuguese to the English Provost-marshal; but were released without punishment, in consequence of the deportment of the corps to which they belonged. In presence of the whole army, Sir Arthur thanked them for their uniform gallant conduct, and restored them these men without punishment, as the best reward he could bestow upon them.

From the commencement of the march from Mondego Bay to Vimiera there was not a single punishment inflicted for straggling, or plunder even of the minutest article.

Every day during that march each soldier had a pound of fresh meat, and a sufficiency of bread and wine for his comfortable subsistence; and on coming into action there was scarcely a sick man in the hospitals of the camp, the whole army being in such a state of health and vigour, that they were capable of any enterprize they could be put upon.

During the whole of this period, Sir Arthur never went under cover at night, but always slept on the ground in the open air; he was the first up, and the last down of the whole camp, sleeping constantly in his clothes, and his horse piequetted near him, ready saddled, to be mounted at a moment's warning.

In the whole of this anxious period, he was cheerful, affable, and easy of access—enduring every privation

himself, he was attentive to the wants of all, and ever active to obviate or remedy them.

Of his dispositions in the field we have already spoken. In personal bravery he has been rarely equalled, never excelled. Conspicuous by the star of the order he adorns, he was constantly in the hottest part of the action; wherever a corps was to be led on, from the death of its officer, or any other unexpected cause, Sir Arthur was on the spot to head it. This was the case distinctly when Colonel Lake fell—he instantly put himself at the head of the grenadiers of the 29th, charged, and defeated the enemy!

Is it wonderful that such a man should be the idol of his soldiers, and the admiration of his brother officers? These sentiments were universally shown when he was cheered by the whole line, after the action of the 21st, exclaiming—"This glorious day is our OLD General's"—and when congratulated by the general officers on the victory, they all eagerly ascribed it to him as "EXCLUSIVELY HIS OWN!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the glorious 21st of August, Sir Arthur Wellesley's command in chief totally ceased, and, on the 24th, he was named to that of the fourth division.

Sir Arthur is married to the daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Longford, by whom he has two children.

Sir Arthur was superseded in his command immediately after the victory of Vimiera, and the honour acquired by it was tarnished by the disgraceful convention of Cintra, afterwards made by Sir Hew Dalrymple, as Commander-in-chief of the British forces. Sir Arthur had an active part in this negotiation, being particularly consulted, together with Sir Harry Banard on the subject of the convention. As he, however, acted entirely in a subordinate capacity, it would be unfair to impute to him the disgrace of that proceeding, which was governed and effected eventually by one

whose authority was not subject to his examination or control. Sir Arthur's entire repugnance and hostility to that measure were warmly asserted by his friends, who could not bear to see his fame impeached after his late brilliant success; while his complete acquiescence and participation in the convention, were with equal positiveness asserted by the adherents of the Commander-in-chief.

The occurrence of this event, however, and the inquiries that it occasioned, caused the return of Sir Arthur to England: while the command of the forces in Portugal and Spain was intrusted to Sir John Moore.—The fate of this officer's attempt to retrieve the Spanish affairs, is too well known to need description. Owing to the lethargy and weakness of Spain, and the superior forces of the French, he was stopped in his meditated march into Spain, and was driven back upon Corunna, where he was killed in an engagement on the 16th of January, 1809, and his army obliged to embark for England.

It was at this moment that the affairs of the peninsula appeared desperate. The gleam of sunshine which had lately dawned seemed to be again overpowered by an impenetrable gloom: and those who had looked forward to the Spanish cause with the most sanguine expectation, appeared to sink into hopeless despondency. At such a crisis as this, all eyes were turned upon Sir Arthur; and being now released from the necessity which required his presence in England, he was again sent out to Portugal, the former scene of his triumph, as Commander-in-chief of the British forces.

Shortly after the death of Sir John Moore, Marshal Soult had advanced from Corunna and taken possession of a post on the north, while Marshal Victor was advancing, by the way of Bajadoz, upon Lisbon. In the mean while, however, the Austrian war breaking out compelled the return of Buonaparte with a conside-

table portion of his army to France, and obliged him for a time to suspend vigorous operations in Spain and Portugal. Taking advantage of this interval, Sir Arthur, in the spring, 1809, marched from Lisbon towards Oporto, to attack Soult.

Soult finding his situation untenable, retreated rapidly, and by skilful generalship, escaped safely with his main army, the rear being only partially engaged with the British near Oporto, and being compelled to abandon great part of its artillery, and baggage. By this event, Portugal was a second time freed from her enemies, and leisure was given to the British forces to turn their attention to the relief of Spain, where the present crisis seemed to present very favourable prospects.

For this purpose Sir Arthur, after remaining some time in Lisbon, set out for Spain, and began his march with a view, it would seem, of advancing upon Madrid, and driving the French forces, now somewhat reduced, and not likely to receive reinforcements, beyond the boundaries of the Ebro. To resist this attempt, Joseph Buonaparte joined Marshal Victor with his forces, in consequence of which the French army amounted to 35,000 men, which were now stationed in the neighbourhood of Talavera, upon the banks of the river Albercle. Here Sir Arthur meant to have attacked them on the 24th of July; but it was discovered that the French had retreated, in order to form a junction with General Sebastiani. After the junction of Sebastiani and all their forces in that part of Spain, the French attacked the British and Spanish armies on the 27th July, at their position upon the Albercle. Here a severe and bloody battle took place, in which, according to the British accounts, the French were defeated at every point of attack. Their loss is stated at 10,000 killed and wounded, among the former Generals Jupisee and Malat, and among the latter, Sebastiani and Boulet. The

loss of the British was probably not much less; amounting, according to their own accounts, to 6000 British, and 1000 Spanish, killed and wounded: among the killed were a Major and a Brigadier-general. Judging from the consequences, it appears that much blood was spilt, without any important effect to either side. It was a matter of triumph to the British, to meet and defeat the attack of a veteran French army: while the French might boast of baffling the march of their adversaries to Madrid, and, in consequence of further reinforcements after the battle, of compelling him to desert his wounded, as he was obliged to do a few days after.

From the events of this day, however, Sir Arthur received the title of Lord Viscount Wellington, with a pension.

During the residue of 1809, Lord Wellington remained inactive, Portugal being free from the French arms. In the beginning of 1810, Napoleon having made peace with Austria, reinforced the armies in Spain, and prosecuted the war with vigour. The Spaniards were every where defeated, the Sierra Morena passed, Andalusia occupied by their troops, and Cadiz besieged by a portion of their army. Vast preparations were at the same time made for the conquest of Portugal; a large army appointed and placed under the command of one of the most successful of the French Generals, Marshal Massena, for the third, and it was expected decisive, invasion of Portugal.

By the month of August, Massena arrived on the frontier of Portugal, with an army which he boasted amounted to 110,000 men. Ciudad Rodrigo, and Almeida successively fell before him, and though he was attentively watched by Lord Wellington at the head of a large British and Portuguese force, no engagement except the affair of General Crawford took place between them. Immediately after the capture of Al-

meida, which took place on the 27th August, the British army began its retreat upon Coimbra, and moved rapidly by the French.

It was not the wish or design of Lord Wellington, to put to risk the cause of the peninsula in a general engagement, knowing the strength of those fortifications near Lisbon, which he, in imitation probably of Grinat, had considered as a sure ground, upon which to baffle and weary out his enemy.

To preserve Coimbra, however, if possible, Lord Wellington took a position in September on the heights of Busaco, which lay across the direct route of the French, and waited their approach. Here ensued several engagements on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of September, in which, according to the British account, the French left 2000 killed on the field, and had an immense number wounded; the British loss being comparatively small. No good effect ensued, however from this victory; for Lord Wellington immediately retreated upon Lisbon, and took possession of those lines of intrenchment which he had prepared as his permanent position. From the beginning of October till the month of March, the armies remained in this neighbourhood, looking at one another, with only a slight change of position by the French. By the month of March, however, the French, destitute of provisions, worn out with famine, with no prospect of being able peacefully to penetrate this formidable barrier, and harassed by the Portuguese militia and peasantry, found their cause hopeless, and determined on a retreat. They commenced their retreat on the 5th of March, 1811, with admirable order and skill, and by the beginning of April, passed the frontier without being brought to a general battle, but not without the immense loss and difficulties necessarily incident to a retreating army in a hostile country. The last accounts from Portugal mention, that Lord

Wellington had given up the pursuit of Massena's army, considering it as rendered ineffective for some time, and has remained in the neighbourhood of Almeida, to which he had laid siege.

The history of Lord Wellington for the last two years, presents a busy and an active scene: and one connected with events which will ever excite deep attention and interest. His mode of conquering Massena, by delay, presents a striking contrast to his former operations, by which he has sometimes drawn on himself the im-

putation of rashness. He has probably grown more circumspect with experience, and has studied, with some success, to unite the coolness of Washington with the fire of Greene. Certainly he has met with success in the last six months, which cannot fail to add lustre to his fame: nor can the great advantages of position, both as to strength and supply, detract from that merit which had the genius to conceive and the foresight to provide, and to adopt, a course which the fullest success has justified.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ON THE HUMOUR OF ADDISON.

From Dr. Aikin's "Essays, Literary and Miscellaneous," just published.

IN the constellation of men of genius which shed lustre upon English literature during the early part of the eighteenth century, the palm is given to Addison for that delicate kind of humour which, for the purpose either of correction or amusement, attaches a gentle and good-natured ridicule to delineations of manners and customs. This award of criticism seems never to have been disputed; and if we include in the competition all the attempts in this walk that have appeared from his age to the present time, the claim of Addison to superiority will, probably, still remain unshaken. The peculiar character, however, of his humour has not, perhaps, yet been considered with sufficient distinctness; at least, the latest eminent writer who has given an estimate of the genius of Addison, seems to me to have been strangely mistaken in this point. "His humour" (says Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*) "is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outstrips the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment

or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amuse by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of the imagination."

The preceding passage is one of the many instances of the haste and negligence discernible in this work of the celebrated author, who appears, in composing of it, to have trusted almost entirely to his recollections of past reading and early impressions. What there is of positive in the description is too vague and general to afford any precise ideas; and the negative part may easily be shown to be extremely erroneous. That there is no fiction or aggravation in Addison's humorous pictures, is so far from being true, that many of the most entertaining, and which most characterize his manner, are founded on nothing else. It is a frequent practice with him to seize on some story, fabulous or historical, and, adopting only the lead-

ing circumstance, to found upon it a fiction of his own, of an entirely ludicrous kind; and this is the species of humour in which he is, perhaps, the most original and unrivalled. Of this artifice, the following examples may be pointed out.

The fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air" is worked up by him into a very pleasing story (*Tatler*, No. 254), which he pretends to have taken from a manuscript of the noted traveller Sir John Mandeville—in which ascription, indeed, he is not very happy, as Sir John was not the commander of a ship, and his travels did not lie towards the north. The narrative, however, is full of entertainment; from the well-invented incidents which, granting the hypothesis, appear perfectly natural, and are related with all the simplicity of truth. The gradual loss of voice on the increase of cold; the thawing of the frozen sounds, with the comic circumstances produced by it; and the strokes of national character displayed in the different effects of this phenomenon: are admirable specimens of that easy play of the imagination, which to fertility of humorous fiction adds the unconstrained air of reality.

The Taliacotian practice of engrafting noses, wittily touched upon by Butler in a simile, has supplied Addison with the subject of a paper in the *Tatler* (No. 260) in which he has given full scope to his comic invention, but certainly not without a manifest turn to ludicrous exaggeration. The foundation of the story was, indeed, something like fact; but the fiction of a sympathy between the inserted nose and the part whence it was taken, copied by Addison from Hudibras, was a happy addition, which he has employed to the fabrication of various laughable circumstances.

The supposed register of those who took the lover's leap (*Spectator*, No. 232), is another example of his facility of sportive invention, and is not less distinguished for its classical propriety than for its elegant humour. The

varied characters of the leapers, male and female, and the comic and satiric touches of incident connected with them, are conceived in his happiest manner. The bill of mortality of lovers (*Spect.* No. 377) is a kind of continuation of this idea, and is equally excellent.

Will. Honeycomb's dream of women carrying out their respective loads from a besieged town (*Spect.* No. 499), a contrast to the true story of the good wives of Hennesberg, is a further instance of ludicrous fiction suggested by an historical narration.

A real article in a Dutch gazette respecting a French academy for politics, has given occasion, in the 305th number of the *Spectator*, to a very humorous and sarcastic account of the professors of this institution, "according to his private letters," which is a master-piece of political satire. The purpose of this paper is more serious than that of any of those above mentioned, but the manner is equally playful.

Now, of these effusions of humour, to which several might be added, it cannot justly be said, that they please by their adherence to truth, or even to probability: on the contrary, they derive their merit from a kind of agreeable extravagance, always perceptible enough to the reader, but made to wear an appearance of reality, by the natural cast of the language, and the mixture of incidents taken from common life. Many others of his papers afford fancy-pieces of the caricature and grotesque kind. Such are, the Virtuoso's Will, and most of the proceedings of the Court of Honour, in the *Tatler*; the Citizen's and the Fine Lady's Journal, the Everlasting and the Widow's Club, the Opera Lions, and the Lady's Library, all in the *Spectator*; and the Rebel Officer's Journal, and the Pretender's Annals, in the *Freeholder*. In others he has sported in scenes of pure invention; as in his transmigrations of a monkey, his dissection of a beau's head and a coquet's heart, his mountain of hu-

man miseries, and his delightful antediluvian tale of Shalum and Hilpa.

Thus it would appear that Addison rejected no promising source of the ludicrous, whether suggested by reading, observation, or pure imagination. It may, however, be admitted, that his humour is most effectual for that purpose of correcting the follies and foibles of mankind, which he seems to have had much at heart, when it most nearly coincides with the description which Dr. Johnson has given as its universal character; for, the more a likeness to reality is recognized in a picture, the more sensible we are rendered of the defects and irregularities of the prototype. This natural mode of painting is particularly conspicuous in his Political Upholsterer, his Sir Roger de Coverly, and his Country Squire in the Freeholder. In his delineation of these personages, he has almost entirely avoided caricature, and has produced his effect by so many nice touches of reality, that we seem as thoroughly acquainted with them as if they were within our daily observation. His object with regard to the Upholsterer and the Country Squire was manifestly political satire; and that the same purpose was fundamental in Sir Roger, though combined with much pleasing morality, will, I think, be evident on an attentive examination of the portraiture. It is, however, to be premised, that the Sir Roger of Addison, and not of Steele, is the character here intended; for these, in fact, are two very different persons, as a few observations will sufficiently prove.

In the account of the members of the Spectator's Club, written apparently by Steele (*Spect.* No. 2), Sir Roger is described as a man of singularities, but such as originate from a peculiar vein of good sense; and though fond of retirement, and careless of his appearance, since he was crossed in love, it is said, that in his youth he had been a fine gentleman, who supped with Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, had fought a duel, and kick-

ed a bully in a coffee-house. But this supposed town education is utterly inconsistent with the ignorance of the common forms of life, the rusticity and credulity attributed to him in the subsequent displays of his character. Steele himself has fallen into some of these deviations from his original draught; but Addison seems to have entirely disregarded it; and to have drawn from a conception of his own, to which he has faithfully adhered. His Sir Roger, though with some of the marks of individuality which constitute what is called a humourist, is essentially a benevolent, cheerful, hearty country gentleman, of slender abilities—an unconfined education, warmly attached to church and king, and imbued with all the political opinions of the country or tory party. Though rendered an object of affection from the goodness of his heart and the hilarity of his temper, he exhibits weaknesses and prejudices which scarcely have place for esteem; nor do we meet with any of that whimsical complication of sense and folly which Steele's papers attempt to display, and which he accounts for on the supposition of a mental infirmity left by his amorous disappointment. He was, therefore, a very suitable vehicle for that half-concealed and good-humoured satire of his party which was certainly in Addison's view, and which cannot be mistaken by one who attends to the following particulars among the highly amusing traits by which the good knight is characterized.

His behaviour at church may pass as the oddity of an humourist, though it also plainly denotes the rustication of a life passed among dependant peasants; but his half-belief of witchcraft in the case of Moll White, is undoubtedly meant as a stroke of satire upon rural ignorance and superstition. Sir Roger gravely admonishes the old woman to have no communication with the devil, and not to hurt her neighbour's cattle; and it is remarked, that "he would frequently have bound

her over to the county-sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary." At the assizes he gets up and makes a speech; but "so little to the purpose," says the Spectator, "that he will not trouble his readers with an account of it." In the adventure with the gipsies, the knight suffers them to tell him his fortune, and appears half inclined to put faith in their predictions. His notion that the Act of Uniformity had already begun to take effect, because a rigid dissenter who had dined at his house on Christmas-day had been observed to eat heartily of plumporridge, is a palpable raillery upon the narrow conceptions of the high party. The description of Sir Roger's behaviour at the representation of the "Distressed Mother" is admirably humorous; but the figure the knight makes in it is not at all more respectable than that of Partridge, in Tom Jones, on a similar occasion. He there, too, shows his party, by remarking that the last play he saw was the "Committee;" and that he should not have gone to that, had he not been told before-hand that it was a good church of England comedy. But it is in the visit to the tombs in Westminster-abbey that Addison has most indulged himself in ridiculing the good man's simplicity. Sir Roger, it seems, was prepared for this spectacle by a course of study of *Baker's Chronicle* in the summer, for the purpose of enabling him to maintain his ground in political debate with Sir Andrew Freeport. He accordingly deals out his historical knowledge very liberally as he passes among the heroes of this profound writer. The show-man, however, informs him of many circumstances not recorded by Baker; and this profusion of anecdote makes him appear so extraordinary a person to Sir Roger, that he not only shakes him by the hand at parting, but invites him to his lodgings in Norfolk-street in order "to talk over these matters with him more at leisure." This trait is pleasantly ludicrous, but

somewhat *fourré*, as applied to a person at all removed from the lowest vulgar.

If the picture of Sir Roger be compared with that of the Country Gentleman, in the Freeholder, it will be found that they differ chiefly in the milder temper and more humanized character of the knight, and scarcely at all in point of information and understanding. Both have the same national and party prejudices, and they exhibit an equal inferiority to the more cultured inhabitant of the town. As the Freeholder was an avowed political paper. Addison did not hesitate to appear openly in it as the satirist of the country party; but it required all his skill to effect a similar purpose in the Spectator, without appearing to violate the impartiality professed in that work, or offending some of his readers. He has been so happy in his attempt, by allying benignity with weakness, and amusing incident with strokes of sarcasm, that his papers in which Sir Roger appears, have always been among the most popular of the collection, and have, doubtless, greatly contributed towards stamping upon the public mind that abstract idea of a country gentleman, which has been the ground of the contempt (whether well or ill founded) usually attached to the character. Fielding, in his *Squire Western*, has pursued the same satirical intention; but in a manner which, compared with that of Addison, exhibits all the difference between broad and delicate humour. In Fielding's portraiture, the features are so coarse and unamiable, that when we do not laugh, we are disgusted. Provincial dialect, gross and indelicate phraseology, vulgar habits, and headstrong passions, are the colours which he employs; and the result is the picture of a savage, rather than a member of the civilized society. On the other hand, Addison, by nice touches of rusticity, prejudice, and the ignorance belonging to sequestered life, has drawn, with equal dis-

tinctness, two figures in the same class of society, and with the same ultimate purpose, one of whom he has made highly amiable, and the other, at least, not displeasing. Both those writers

were masters in their several styles; but while Fielding has had many predecessors and followers in his manner, where shall we find a parallel to that of Addison!

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

M. DE MALESHERBES' ROSES.

The following interesting and authentic anecdotes, are related by Mons. J. N. Bouilly, in his work entitled *Contes à ma Fille*.

AMONG the various gifts of heaven, the pleasure of being beloved, contributes most to the happiness of life, and is at once the most pure and the most durable.

Mr. Lamoignon de Malesherbes, whose name recalls the upright statesman, the modest scholar, the great naturalist, and the best of men, passed every year part of the summer in his beautiful seat of Verneuil, near Versailles, where he enjoyed some interval of repose from the important functions with which he was entrusted. To none of the occupations in which this celebrated man was engaged, was he so much attached as to that of cultivating his flowers. He took particular delight in attending to a shrubbery of roses of his own planting, which stood in a semicircular space in a coppice near the village of Verneuil.

None of his plants disappointed his expectation. Rose-trees of different kinds, forming on that rural and solitary spot, a striking contrast with the wild trees by which they were surrounded, attracted every eye, and produced a sensation as agreeable as unexpected.

Notwithstanding his peculiar modesty, the fortunate cultivator of this charming grove, could not help being proud of his success. He mentioned it to all his visitors, and conducted them to what he called his *Solitude*, where, with his own hands, he

had arranged a comfortable seat of green turf, and constructed with mounds of earth and branches of trees, a grotto, whither he sometimes fled from the rain, and where at other times, he sheltered his grey head from the burning rays of the sun. It was here that with Plutarch, his favorite author, in his hand, he calmly meditated on human vicissitudes, and recapitulated with delight, the memorable deeds with which he had adorned his career.

"But pray," would he say to those whom he conducted to this *Solitude*, "look at these rose-trees; how fresh and bushy they all are! Those of the most sumptuous and best cultivated gardens have neither better nor more abundant flowers. But what I am most surprised at," added he, with enthusiasm, "is that, though I have cultivated these roses for many years, I never lost a single one. Never was the most able gardener more fortunate: hence, they call me in the village *Lamoignon des Roses*, to distinguish me from others of my family who have the same name."

One day when this learned naturalist had got up sooner than usual, he walked to his favourite grove long before the rising of the sun: it was in the latter end of June, about the summer solstice, in the longest days of the year. The morning was delightful, a slight breeze and an abundant dew, refreshed the soil, which had been dried by the heat of the preceding day. The varied songs of a thousand birds, formed a harmonious concert, the echoes of

which resounded in the mountains. Enamelled meadows, aromatic plants, and blossoms of the vine, filled the atmosphere with a delicious fragrance: in short, the reign of spring was on the decline, and that of summer beginning.

Mr. de Malesherbes, sitting down near his grotto, contemplated with awe the sweet stillness of morn, and the enchanting revival of nature; but suddenly he heard a slight noise. He first thought it was a hare, or a timid fawn running across the wood. He looked up, cast his eyes around, and perceived through the branches, a young girl, who, coming from Verneuil with a milk-pail on her head, stopped at a fountain, filled her bowl with water, walked up to the grove, watered it, returned several times to the fountain, and by that means, left at the root of each rose-tree a sufficient quantity of water to revive it.

The minister, who during this time remained quiet in a corner of his grotto, that he might not interrupt the young milk-maid, followed her eagerly with his eyes, not knowing to what cause he should ascribe the zealous attention which she paid to his rose-trees. The figure of the young girl was interesting; her eyes were the mirror of candour and cheerfulness, her complexion seemed to beam with the brilliancy of the dawn of day. Emotion and curiosity, however, drew the naturalist involuntarily towards the young stranger, when she was pouring out her last bowl on a white rose-tree. At the sight of Mr. de Malesherbes, she trembled, and uttered a cry of amazement. The minister went up to her, and asked who had ordered her to water the grove. "Oh, my lord!" says the young girl, all in a tremble, "my intentions were good, I assure you; I am not the only girl in the neighbourhood—today it was my turn." "How, your turn?" "Yes, my lord, yesterday it was Betty's, and tomorrow it will be Mary's." "What do you mean, my good girl? I do not understand you." "As you

have caught me in the fact, I can no longer keep it secret, neither do I think you will be very angry. You must know, my lord, that having seen you from our fields, planting and attending these fine rose-trees, it was agreed among us girls of the neighbouring hamlets, to prove to the man who scatters so many blessings amongst us, and does so much honour to agriculture, that he is not surrounded by ungrateful beings. Since he finds, we said, so much pleasure in cultivating his flowers, we will assist him privately; so all girls of fifteen, on coming back from Verneuil with their empty milk-pails, take it by turns to fetch water from the fountain close by, and water every morning before the sun rises, the rose-trees of our friend—of the father of us all. For these last four years, my lord, we have not neglected this duty, and I can even tell you, that every girl is anxious to reach her fifteenth year, to have the honour of watering Mr. de Malesherbes' roses."

This ingenuous and affecting narrative made a lively impression on the Minister. He never had received a greater gratification from the celebrity of his name. "I am no longer surprised," said he, with rapture, "at my rose-trees being so beautiful, and loaded with so many flowers. But since all the young girls of the neighbouring hamlets, are so good as to give me every morning so convincing a proof of their regard, I engage on my part, never to let a day pass without visiting my Solitude, which is now dearer to me than ever."—"So much the better, sir," answered the young girl, "then we shall drive our flocks this way, that we may have the happiness of seeing you at our ease, of regaling you with our songs, and of chatting now and then with you, whenever your lordship permits."

"Yes, my child," replied Mr. de Malesherbes, "I shall be glad to see you all. If any misfortune befalls you, I shall endeavour to alleviate it; if any differences arise between you, I

shall, perhaps, be able to remove them; and if any engagements of the heart should happen to be obstructed by any disproportion in your fortunes, I shall know how to conciliate matters."

"—In that case," said the young milkmaid, with vivacity, "your lordship will not want employment, and I myself, may in a little time, have a word to say on that subject. But I forget that my mother is waiting; I'll run to give her the money for her milk, and tell her of the lucky adventure I have had." "Stay a moment," said the minister, detaining her; "what is your name?" "Susan Bertrand, my lord." "Well, Susan," answered he, taking her by the hand, "give your companions, who, like you, take care of my rose-trees, what I am going to give you for them." "Oh! my lord, we want nothing: the receiving of your gold can never be equal to the pleasure we feel." "You are very right—no, all my fortune is not worth the delight you afford me at this moment, but until I shall be able to return my thanks to your young friends, give them this kiss: tell them that their kindness enlivens the end of my career, and will never be erased from my memory." With these words, the reverend old man, imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the young milkmaid, who went away proud and happy of the honour she had received.

Mr. de Malesherbes delighted in telling this adventure to his friends: he rigidly performed the promise he had given to the young girl, and never let a day pass without visiting his rose-trees. Often, while a numerous and brilliant company were assembled in the mansion, this respectable minister, the counsellor, and the friend of his unfortunate king, sitting near his solitary grotto, shared the amusements of the shepherds of the neighbourhood, studied their propensities, their wants, and their habits, and returned home late in the evening, attended by some, and blessed by all.

On a following day, Mr. de Males-

herbes heard that the youth of Ver-neuil and its vicinity were to dance that evening on the green before his celebrated grotto: "I may now say farewell to my roses," exclaimed the good natured sage; "the lads will wish to decorate their partners, and the girls will cull the finest roses to adorn themselves. But they will be happy, they will perhaps speak of me; I shall see them enjoying themselves, and witness their mirth. Well! well!—if I have fewer roses, I shall have a greater share of pleasure, and one is at least as good as the other."

However, as he was afraid lest his presence might intimidate the merry party, and prevent their giving themselves up to the joy which they expected from the dance, he refrained from directing his evening walk the usual way. But early the next day he was impatient to inspect the mischief which the dancing of the night before must have done in his grove, to repair the damage. What was his astonishment when he found every thing in the best condition! The spot where they danced had been raked over; the green seat had kept all its freshness; not a single rose had been taken, and over the entrance of the grotto was affixed in yellow flowers, the inscription—*To our Friend*, "What!" said he, "a company as numerous as merry, enjoying a rural dance; a party of young uneducated people, whose joy generally banishes all reserve, have yet respected my roses. How sweet is it to be thus beloved! I would not exchange my grotto for the finest palace in the world!"

On a subsequent day he was hesitating between the wish of assisting at the dance of the villages, and the fear of constraining them by his presence, when his valet informed him that a young girl bathed in tears wished to speak to him. He ordered her to be ushered in, and when she made her appearance, he asked her the cause of her sorrow. "Ah, my lord, I am undone, if you don't take pity upon me!" "What is the matter?"

Speak, my girl, be comforted." "I must first tell you that it was my turn this morning to water your roses well. And, my lord, as it is my god-mother's birth-day, the wife of one of your farmers, with whom I have been ever since I became an orphan, and as I supposed nobody would see me, I gathered one of your roses in defiance of the vow we have made among us never to touch them." "A rose!" answered the minister, smiling, "that is not a theft of consequence." "It is, however, enough," replied the young girl, sobbing, "to disgrace me in the village." "How so?" "Nicholas Thorn, the spy of the village, saw me take the rose which tempted me so much: he told the young men of it, and when I came to the dance, hoping to enjoy it as heartily as usual, I could not get a partner: they all said with one voice that for a whole twelve-month I should not be admitted into the grove. My godmother in vain pleaded for me; they all condemned me, even William—yes, William himself! You see, my lord, that I must continue a whole year without dancing: William will no longer have me, and I shall remain in disgrace all the days of my life." "To be doomed to die in disgrace for taking a rose would be too cruel a punishment for so slight a fault," replied the minister, concealing his emotion: "be comforted, my child! I, myself, will implore your pardon. Come, give me your arm; I always consider it my duty to defend the accused."

They went together to the scene of the rural ball. The eloquent naturalist pleaded the cause of the young offender with all the enthusiasm which an occurrence so interesting

to his heart, inspired: it was with great difficulty that he obtained her pardon. And that there might be no vestige remaining of the disgrace which the young girl had incurred, he presented her to William, induced him to dance with her, and promised to give her a portion on the day of her marriage. Susan Bertrand the pretty milk-maid, who had been the first that acquainted the minister with the tender veneration in which he was held, got a similar portion, which she hastened to share with one of the best young women of the village. The two happy pairs were united at the church on the same day: their nuptials were celebrated. Mr. de Malesherbes insisted upon both brides being adorned with roses from his grove, and made it a rule that from that day every girl who was married when the roses were in bloom, should be entitled to the same distinction. "It shall be," said he to the young girls around him, "the memorial of your attention and my gratitude. When I am gone, my roses will remind you of your friend; you will fancy that I am still in the grove, and through your kind remembrance I shall assist at the happiest day of your life."

This custom, or rather, this interesting commemoration, is still preserved in the village of Verneuil. No couple is married without fetching a nosegay from the grove, and the inscription over the grotto is renewed every year. Ever since the cruel and untimely death* of the benevolent minister, the country people pay particular care to the grove of his planting, and vie in showing the most respectful regard to *M. de Malesherbes' Roses*.

* Quoi! Malesherbes, c'est toi qu'on entraîne au supplice!

Ta Fille y marche aussi; son Epoux, ces Enfants

Sont frappés à la fois, l'un sur l'autre expirans!

Trois Générations s'éteignent comme une nombre!

The memoirs of this great and good man and those of his family (all of whom suffered with him at the guillotine), were given in our first Volume, p. 747 *et seq.* in elucidating the story of the persons included in the singular prophecy of M. de Chazotte found at the death of M. de la Harpe among his papers. We refer our readers to them.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

I HAVE read with much satisfaction, in your last Number, 'the celebrated trial of William Penn and William Mead,' and believe there are many of your readers who will agree with me, that at no time, from the era of the glorious Revolution to the present awful crisis, a republication of it was more necessary. I am not alone in the opinion, that the violent and arbitrary conduct of the magistrates, who, at that juncture, sat on the bench, fully confirmed the well known dictum of a celebrated author, that "summum jus est summa injuria."

After having made these few cursory remarks, it seems proper to add, that the gentleman who sent that article to your Magazine, has, through inadvertency or misinformation, been guilty of a mistake respecting the great William Penn. He was committed a prisoner to the Tower, not for writing 'No Cross No Crown,' but for a publication entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," in which the commonly received doctrines of the Trinity were explained in a different manner from the creed of St. Athanasius and his adherents, though he explicitly owns the doctrine of the divinity of Christ.*

"With his prison hours he enriched the world;" for the well-known treatise, "No Cross No Crown," was written during his confinement; a work which the learned and pious Dr. Henry Moore, in a letter to the author, says, he looks upon "as a serious book, and very pious in the main," though he differs from the author with regard to titles and ceremonies. He also acknowledges that "a soul well awakened unto a sense of the best things, can scarcely want any external director or monitor; but the quaker's principle is the most safe and seasonable to keep close to a light within a man."†

It must give pleasure to a large circle of your readers, to be informed that a Life of the great William Penn, is preparing for the press, by a person well qualified to do the subject justice; and as he will doubtless have recourse to a great number of letters and manuscript papers in different hands, and other original documents, much entertainment, as well as instruction, may be expected from the publication; and perhaps some of your readers, who enjoy the friendship of the gentleman in question, may give us information whether the intended Life is in forwardness.

March 5, 1811.

BENEVOLUS.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

STORY OF MELISSA.

THERE is something so soothing to the vanity of mankind in the respect and adulation which riches command, that those accidents which deprive us of them, are of all misfortunes, the most keenly felt, and the most sincerely sympathised. Our grief for the loss of a friend is soon

dispelled by the variety of other enjoyments which we possess, but of that of our fortune every occurrence reminds us. The gifts of fortune may indeed be despised by the philosopher, who has never enjoyed them; but he only can appreciate their value, who has been deprived of them. Men who

* Penn's Letter to Dr. Arlington, in his Life. Select Works, page 5.

† Life of Dr. Henry More. By R. Ward, A. M. page 247, page 340, London 1710.

have been accustomed through life to the luxury of a palace, will no more be reconciled to the poverty of a cottage by philosophic declamation of the vanity of riches, than experience relief from a fit of the gout, by affecting the insensibility of a stoic. Religion alone, the balm which heals all our wounds, can render the change supportable. To him who has lost his portion in this world, the hope of reward beyond the grave is the only consolation.

I was led to these reflections by a visit which I received a few days ago from a lady who for many years has acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of fashion. Melissa is the daughter of a clergyman in the west of England, who, dying young, left her, when she was scarcely one-and-twenty, in possession of a fortune, which by proper management would have supplied all the necessaries of life, and have afforded some of its superfluities. Fraught with notions of the felicity of a London life, Melissa quitted Devonshire as soon as she had arranged her affairs, and took a splendid house in Gloucester place. A stranger to the customs of the world, and totally ignorant of the value of money, the system of expense which she adopted would quickly have reduced her to beggary, had not her beauty and good-nature attracted the notice of a young gentleman of large fortune, and induced him to marry her.

Melissa was now in possession of every blessing which her heart could wish. She whirled in the vortex of dissipation, and was the object of general admiration at routs, theatres, and concerts. For some time her felicity was unclouded; but as perfect happiness is not proper for man in his present state, Melissa experienced a reverse of fortune by discovering the infidelity of her husband, for whom, with all her dissipation, she entertained a very serious affection.

Florio, who had no other object in marrying, than the possession of the person of his wife, no sooner found

himself uncontrolled master of that, than he began to find the beauty of other women equally attractive. As Melissa brought him no fortune, he thought himself at liberty to place his affections where he chose; and, as he was determined not to be very scrupulous in observing the conduct of his wife, he saw no reason why he should put any restraint upon his own.

For some time his gallantries were undiscovered. His conduct was however so notorious that it could not long escape the observation of Melissa, who glittered in his own circle. Dark surmises first made her uneasy, malicious insinuations roused her jealousy, the coldness of her husband strengthened her fears, and an assignation at a masquerade, to which she was an eye-witness, removed every doubt of his inconstancy.

This was a dreadful affliction to Melissa. It affected her very deeply; but, far from recriminating on her husband, she resolved to endeavour, by the most rigid attention to her own behaviour, to regain his affections. But alas! there is so slight a difference between guilt and dissipation, that unless the latter is quitted (a sacrifice which Melissa was unable to make) the imputation of the former can seldom be avoided.

Melissa's only consolation in her hours of solitude (for hours of solitude and reflection *will* intrude on the busiest and most dissipated) was a very fine boy whom she bore her husband within a twelve-month of their marriage, and who was now about four years old. Her affection for this child was so unbounded, and her indulgence so ill-judged, that little master soon found himself the more powerful of the two. Florio was also very fond of his son, and spared no expense of his education. Unfortunately both parents were too fond of the darling to expose him to the rude buffets of a public school; but as Florio was determined to give his son the education to which his birth entitled him, he placed him under the care of a private tutor,

a man who had no other object, or indeed ability, than to flatter the boy's vanity, and to court the father's favour.

It commonly, I think, happens, when two people fix their affections very strongly on one object, that they gradually feel an affection for each other. This at least was the case of Florio and Melissa. It was some time indeed before the former could reconcile it to his conscience, as a man of honour, to ask pardon of his wife; nor did the latter, who had long been disgusted by her husband's irregularities, very cordially meet his overtures. Time, however, and mutual sympathy, effected their reconciliation.

Such was the situation of this pair when I was introduced to them. Their affection appeared to be very sincere, but as the fashionable circle in which they moved rendered my acquaintance neither honourable nor advantageous, they quickly dropped it, and from that time, which is nearly twelve years ago, I never heard from them.

About a fortnight ago I was surprised by a visit from Melissa in deep mourning, and in extreme distress. Her looks were so changed, that, had she not discovered herself, I should not have recognized the toast who had set so many hearts on fire.

"I am come," said she, (as soon as her tears would allow her to speak,) "I am come to you for advice. I have, I confess, no claim to your friendship; but I am sure you will have the generosity to forget my past ill-treatment in my present affliction. O sir, you remember me glittering in all the insolence of fashion, the victim of dissipation, the gayest of the gay! You see me bereft of all my honours, poor, sick, and friendless! And yet I would not exchange my present situation for all the splendour of my former life. Then I was vain, insolent, and guilty. There is nothing that can bring a votary of fashion to repentance and reflection, but some sudden stroke of adversity, sent by heaven to reclaim them.

"Soon after we lost sight of you, my husband, whose constitution was much injured by a long course of intemperance, died in a consumption. We never had a settlement, but he left me by his will 2000*l.* a-year, with nearly 10,000*l.* in ready money. The remainder of his fortune he gave to his son. The latter, who was then at college, no sooner found that his father was dead, than he quitted the university and came to London; and, though under age, contrived to persuade the trustees, in whose hands his fortune was lodged, to advance him a very large sum. With this, regardless of my affliction, and without the least respect for the memory of his father, he set off to Italy, and remained there till he had spent the whole of the money he had received, and nearly as much more, which he borrowed on the strength of his expectations. About sixteen months ago, Altamont came of age, and took possession of his fortune, which was altogether little less than 2000*l.* a-year. My annuity was secured in the funds. He offered, if I would relinquish it, to secure an equal sum on his landed estates. To this proposal, as I had no doubt of his integrity, whatever anxiety his extravagance had given me, I immediately assented. I began to be a little uneasy at finding he was more ready to receive my money, than to perform his own part of the agreement; but when I pressed him to remove my anxiety, he told me that he was going to Yorkshire to arrange his affairs, and that on his return he would immediately settle my annuity. This scheme was rendered so plausible by the greater part of his estate being in Yorkshire, that I was induced to acquiesce in it. He set off on his journey; but, to my infinite astonishment and terror, I heard in about three weeks, that he was gone to Bath, where he had been so pressed for a debt of honour to an immense amount, that he was obliged to mortgage nearly one half of his fortune. I instantly wrote to him, and

entreated him in the most affectionate terms to consider to what a state of ruin his continuing in such a course of extravagance would reduce both himself and me ; but to no purpose. He was deaf to my admonitions. Month after month did I in vain endeavour to find him out, tortured with all the agonies of expectation, and enduring the extreme of penury. My endeavours were ineffectual. About three weeks ago, I learnt, that, after squandering the whole of his estate, he had shot himself at a gaming-house at the west end of the town."

Here Melissa's grief interrupted her narrative. I endeavoured to sooth it as well as I could, and persuaded her, till she had arranged her affairs, to consider my house as her own. She accepted my proposal with tears of gratitude, and continued under the care of my family, while I exerted myself in collecting the remains of her shattered fortune, so as to secure her declining years from poverty and distress.

My first inquiries were directed to the house where her son lodged, at which I learnt, that the evening before the fatal night, he had delivered a packet to one of the waiters, addressed to his mother, but without a direction. This packet I conveyed to

Melissa, who, on opening it, found the following billet :

"To your ill-judged affection I owe my ruin. But this night determines my fate. If I am unfortunate, my distress, and my existence, terminate together. I leave every thing to you. ALTAMONT."

To describe the feelings of Melissa on reading these lines is beyond the power of language. For some time they deprived her of reason. By degrees, however, her tranquillity returned ; and I am certain, that, when the greatness of her grief had subsided, she enjoyed a peace of mind far more exquisite than any pleasures which she had hitherto experienced. It was a sensation springing from a thorough conviction of the insufficiency of the world to afford lasting peace, and from a dependence on the mercies of heaven, and the comforts of religion.

Such was Melissa, and such she is now. I offer no comments on her life ; but if you think the narrative affords a moral worthy of a place in your miscellany, I sincerely hope, that those whose situations it may suit may be led to reflect on their conduct before it is too late.

GEORGE FAUCLAND.

Homerton,
Nov. 30, 1810.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

ON AVARICE.

BY HATEM TAI.

HATEM TAI was an Arabian Chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mahometanism. He has been so much celebrated through the East for his generosity, that even to this day, the greatest encomium which can be given to a generous man, is to say that he is as liberal as Hatem.

Hatem was also a poet ; but his talents were principally exerted in recommending his favourite virtue.

"His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart."

The instances of Hatem's generosity as related by Oriental historians, are innumerable ; we select one or two, as they afford a lively picture of Arabian manners.

The emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose, he despatched a per-

son from his court, to request a particular horse, which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the Emperor: Hatem seemed concerned—"If," said he, "you had yesterday apprized me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the Emperor's request, but the horse he asks is now no more; being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper." Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassadour to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, King of Yeman, conceived a violent jealousy against him on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means how to gain a knowledge of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab

requested him to prolong his visit; "Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart." "Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place—If I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me."

The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan: "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen this Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favours." "I have promised you my service," answered the Arab. "Behold, I am a slave to my word." "Strike," said he, "uncovering his bosom, "spill the blood of Hatem, and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious—defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends; if tomorrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you! Nothing shall urge me to such a baseness." At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yeman.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favourite, demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, "It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men instigated by a sentiment

* The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune, but to sacrifice life is an action above humanity."

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs over whom he presided, refused to embrace Islamism; for this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the Prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life, or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and, for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

SUNSET BY HATEM TAI.

Translated by the late Dr. Carlisle.

How frail are riches and their joys!
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys:
Yet can they leave one sure delight—
The thought that we've employ'd them
right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
When life's last, solemn hour I see,
When MAVIA's sympathising sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
That death must shed around the tomb!
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

What boots it MAVIA, in the grave,
Whether I lov'd to waste or save?
The hand that millions now can grasp,
In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold,
Increasing stores of treasure'd gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose;

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er shall I strive to swell the heap,
Till Want and Wo have ceased to weep.

With brow unalter'd I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty;
I've drunk from both the cups of fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With fortune blest, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around;
Nor for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall HATEM seem to HATEM poor.

FROM BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. West's Picture of Christ healing the Sick in the Temple.

THIS noble composition which has excited such general attention, is now placed in the Gallery of the British Institution in Pall Mall, and will be opened for public view in the ensuing week.

The subject is *Christ healing in the Temple*. To represent with suitable dignity and propriety a subject of this kind; to depict the vast variety of character collected together in this stupendous and miraculous scene; to exhibit the human figure in those various modes of misery and suffering, which flesh is born an heir to; in a word, to combine in one composition the dispersed miracles of our Lord—

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in healing the lame, giving eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, seemed to require nothing less than the experience of half a century in the Art of Painting, a deep insight into the human character, and a perspicuity, and precision of mind, which belong to no other professor of the art but Mr. West.

In the composition now before us, Mr. West has brought together, and seemingly rallied for one great effort, all the energies of his genius, and the acquirements of his mind, as they have been exercised, both in labour and observation, near fifty years of his life. He has amply succeeded, and

produced a Picture which will do honour to his country, and raise the Arts to their highest point of elevation.

The scene of this picture is laid in a colonade of the temple—Christ is raised above the crowd upon a small eminence. He is accompanied by his Apostles, and behind him are groups of the Scribes and Pharisees, watching, even in his miracles, for matter to accuse him.

There are three principal groups of sufferers; behind are various characters—women passing through the Temple with baskets of doves, for merchandize; and much of the magnificence of the sacred edifice is shown in the perspective.

The centre group is that of a man wrapt up in the appendages of disease, pallid, and wasted by distemper. He is supported by two slaves, and, with a countenance in which hope is finely expressed shining through sickness, he is presented to our Lord.

The feebleness of his figure—his *incurableness* (if we may so express it) otherwise than by a miracle, is finely depicted. The slave, who principally supports his master, is a character admirably conceived, and the manner in which it has been treated is perfectly new, and reflects high credit upon Mr. West's knowledge of human nature. This slave appears wholly unmoved by the scene of suffering around him, without sentiment or passion: and seemingly incapable of being affected even by the awful presence of the Deity. He is lost in the degraded state of a slave, and almost every virtue and feeling of the human creature are extinguished and subdued by the habits and sense of his condition.

So true is the observation of the poet, that the day of slavery robs a man of all his worth. The figure of the young woman is born blind, the mother with her sick and dying infant, an old man in helpless imbecility, are rendered with the most exquisite pathos and refined delicacy.

In the right group is a woman afflicted with a palsy, which has distorted her frame, and is even *then* agitating her limbs. She is supported by two vigorous and muscular soldiers, who afford a fine contrast with her emaciated figure. Her son, with outstretched arms, is advanced before her, and seems to implore the most speedy attention of the Saviour to his parent's sufferings. There are numerous other figures and appearances of sickness which we do not think it necessary to particularize.

The character of our Lord is divinely executed. He is shown without affectation, perfectly simple and dignified.—Whilst all eyes are directed to him, his impartial benevolence distinguishes none in particular. The divine placidity of his countenance, in which all peace and charity reigns, forms a beautiful contrast with the malevolence of the Jews behind him, and the agonized sufferings of the groups of sick and distressed round about him.

The character of the Disciples is likewise very impressive. Their minds seem steadfast, and made up in their fasts. They have no anxiety as to the event of the miracles. They are perfectly assured of the divinity of their master's powers.

Mr. West has showed very great skill in the grouping of the various figures, which, we should think, are nearly one hundred in number. The colouring is suitable to the dignity and awfulness of the subject—not glaring and obtrusive, but grave, majestic, and sombre.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this noble and affecting picture by any written criticism. It is our opinion that, for justness and precision of character, it is a work which has never been excelled. It is an effort of art, which must defy any future attempt upon the same subject. We feel ourselves sensibly proud as Englishmen that so admirable a work has been executed in this country.

This admirable production, which

the best judges have pronounced not inferior to any work of Raphael or Michael Angelo, has been purchased by the Governors and Subscribers of the British Institution, at the price of three thousand guineas, a price equally

honourable to their munificence and taste. It is intended to place it in a National Gallery, to be erected by government, for the exhibition and preservation of the works of British Painters.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE MISERIES OF A REVOLUTION.

MEN may begin to talk of the improvement of the age, when the violent and unseemly passions may, by new and wise considerations of human life, and its incidents, be dismissed from their minds as noxious, and injurious to *private and public happiness*. It is then that Philosophy may plead its own reasonings, because they will have the power, in some degree, to change this disorder of things so as to approach nearer to the desired millennium; nor is this impracticable; Rousseau says, *that there are countries in which physical and moral are almost extinct*. From the following story let us take a lesson to seek no other revolution.

At Joux in Franche-comte, lived a young student named Augi. As he was of a promising disposition, his parents had placed him under the care of the school-master of Joux; an intelligent and well informed man. The school of Joux was at that time the resemblance of the innocence of the golden age; the girls mingled with the boys, without any distinction of either sex or rank; the children of the poor were the companions of those belonging to the rich.

Among these young people were the two daughters of Monsieur Garnier the Bailli, with two sisters named Julie and Therese Barbier, and a young heiress whose name was Felicite Mouchou. Augi was handsome and his figure was noble and engaging. In the course of a few weeks his shining abilities made him

distinguished, and he was esteemed by the whole school; but he was more particularly the object of the attentions of the five young females before mentioned; the Misses Garnier were the most reserved, but not the less warm in their regard for him.

Julie Barbier, who was sixteen years of age, only esteemed him as the favorite companion of a lover who was dear to her, and who had left the school about a year, where he had been a boarder. As for Therese, she would have been very happy if Augi had shown her any preference. Felicite, with a turned up nose and a lively temper, was a little marked with the small pox, but nevertheless was a very engaging girl.

It happened one day that the beautiful Julie and Augi, were alone together in the school-room.

Friend, said she to him, you are an amiable youth, and I wish to give you a bit of advice. Dear Mademoiselle, replied Augi, you will do me a great favour.

My companions are all pleased with you. Are you rich?

No indeed, Mademoiselle, was the answer.

As that is the case, this is my advice; attach yourself more particularly to Felicite Mouchou; gain her affection: her parents, who doat on her as an only child, will leave her mistress of her choice. The Misses Garnier are too proud, and not rich enough to marry whom they please; my sister is but a child, and I have

already disposed of my heart. Felicité is the only one to make you happy, and to be happy with you. Remember and follow my counsel.

Augi, brought up rationally by parents of understanding, was pleased with the advice of the amiable Julie; he felt its force; and from that day was more particular in his attentions to Felicité. She was delighted, and gave him privately every encouragement. In going one morning to school very early, they contrived to meet, and have a long conversation, when they acknowledged their affection for each other. The young man appeared more amiable every day. Fame soon flies through a town; and she soon brought to the ears of Monsieur and Madame Mouchou, the news of the mutual attachment of the young people; they questioned their daughter, and she answered ingenuously.

Monsieur Mouchou wished to see young Augi, and he was therefore invited to dinner. The modest young man by his presence decided the truth of the report they had heard. The parents of Felicité liked him so well, that after a few visits they proposed the match to his father.

The young man was taken into the house of his future father-in-law, who studied his character, and gave him the management of his land. Augi was really fond of rural economy, and his abilities were soon confessed. Monsieur Mouchou, who thought to instruct Augi, was soon convinced of the superiority of his knowledge; he

was charmed with him. And in giving his daughter to him he said, My dear Felicité, I give you the best young man in the kingdom.

Augi, blessed with an amiable wife, in a country where innocence of manners still reigned, was for a time the happiest of men: how delightfully did the years pass away. Adored by his wife, whom he loved with the fondest affection, in the course of twelve years he beheld her the mother of his six children; who with himself was the blessing of his father and mother-in-law.

This happy family, enriched by the produce of their extensive estates, without oppression or injustice towards their tenants, became the possessors of an immense fortune; which flowed in regular channels to enrich the industrious and comfort the poor throughout the whole canton.

But there is no stability in the happiness of this world. The dreadful revolution in 1789 destroyed that of this united family. Augi, the happy, the good Augi, who was guilty of no crime, was accused by secret enemies of monopoly; his house was pillaged and destroyed, and himself seized and massacred. His father and mother in-law also perished by the hands of the rioters. His amiable wife, unable to sustain such accumulated calamities, died of sorrow; leaving six innocent orphans, who were cruelly taken to the Hospital for Les Enfants Trouvés. Oh liberty, how dearly art thou bought by a nation, when the purchase is CRUELTY and CRIME!

POETRY.

Miss Holford, author of *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk*, has lately published a volume of Poems.—The following is the dedication of the work.

FROM THE SOURCE.

TO MY MOTHER.

"My Mother, thou hast not forgot the hour
Tho' Time since then is far upon his way,
When youth and beauty crown'd thy bridal bower,
And on thy lap thy first-born infant lay,
Catching the parting breath of ling'ring May,
Which as it whisper'd o'er thy green alcove,
Gave life and freshness to the fervid day,
O'er thee the woodbine's flexile tendrils wove,
And wafted on thine ear the woodland song of love.
Nor did the sportive Zephyr as it flew
Thro' vales where Flora's modest train repose,
Or the bright meadow spangled o'er with dew,
From morn's first blush to even's fragrant close,
Fan with his wing, than thee, a fairer rose!
Such wert thou, when the natal genius stood
Beside thy couch, and wav'd his hand,
and smil'd:
His bright eye shed of light a glittering flood,
Half did'st thou fear that aspect strange and wild,
As with immortal hand, he touched the unconscious child!
"Fear not," he cried, "my office is to bless!
Which of the toys that mortal's blessings name
Shall deck thy babe, be thou the arbitress:
The gift be thine of beauty, wealth or fame;
Mine be the task to grant, and thine to claim!"
Just then a crystal mirror or thine eye
Reflects a pallid cheek, a languid frame:
"See! beauty flies the transient agony!
I ask not for my babe what blooms so soon to die!
"And genius! well I know that gold in vain
Swells the clos'd coffer and encrusts the heart;
But the sad vigil kept thro' nights of pain,
Grief's throbbing ulcer, envy's rankling smart,

To lull, and to appease, has wealth the art?
No! I would lead my child, where lurking care
Ne'er whets the sting, or brandishes the dart;
Would lead it to yon fairy region, where
No cloud obscures the sky, no vapour loads the air!
"When on the vivid flower no canker preys,
That decks the bank of dancing Hypocrene;
When Fancy's rule, the laughing realm obeys,
Obedience mild, a willing meed I ween;
For who would rebel prove to such a queen?
Be this the boon!" The natal genius smil'd,
Auspicious thus the guardian's brow serene,
"Go range," he cried, "the visionary wild,
Where fickle fancy reigns, a wayward wandering child!"
Since then, thro' every mountain, dell, or grove,
Wherever fountain gushed or murmur'd rill,
Fancy beheld her fondest votary rove,
Her grassy glens, and climb each mist-crown'd hill,
And thus the tranced pilgrim wanders still:
And who would rudely break the enthusiast's dream,
Or vex with worldly cares that bosom's thrill,
As bending pensive o'er some vizard stream;
It ponders silently, the sweet yet lofty theme?
Mother! how oft the lucre-loving sire
Commits his offspring to ungenial skies,
Sends him to burn beneath the tropic fire,
And waste far off his native energies,
To glad with foreign gold a parent's eyes!
And has thy child, a thriftless wand'rer,
stray'd,
Bringing for thee no tributary prize?
Lo! at thy feet, a varied garland laid,
Of blossoms pluck'd for thee from fancy's flow'ry glade."

By B. B. Hopkins & Co. Philad.

To publish, *Self-Control*, a New and highly interesting Novel, recently published in Edinburgh.

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Pleasures of Possession: or the Enjoyment of the Present Moment, contrasted with those of Hope and Memory. A Poem by Charles Verral.

"Who of man's race is immortal?"

"He who fixes moments, and gives
perchance to transitory things?"

Lavater.

Not joys in prospect, joys possess I sing,
Substantial joys that yield a brighter glow
Than all that Hope or Memory can bestow.
With elegant plates, price 10s. 6d.

Christina, the Maid of the South Seas, by Mary Russel Mitford, elegantly printed in octavo, on fine wove paper, hot-pressed, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

Journal of a Tour through several of the southern counties of Ireland, during the autumn of 1809, embellished with eleven etchings, taken by the tourist.

Inde laborante tellus Hiberna colons;
Cernet quas fundit fertilitas opes.

Brodini Descrip. Reg. Hib.

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SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1811.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele ; including his familiar Letters to his Wife and Daughters ; to which are prefixed, Fragments of three Plays ; two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the third supposed to be Addison's, faithfully printed from the Originals ; and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F. S. A. E. and P. 8vo. 2 Vols. 16s. Boards. Nichols and Son.

FROM the fatiguing and often invidious duty of stamping our critical mark on the productions of our cotemporaries, we turn back with pleasure to the contemplation of a literary character already so well known as that of Sir Richard Steele. This publication of his familiar correspondence is valuable, not for any new matter that it presents which is capable of raising his reputation as an author, but because it leads us into his private hours, admits us to the careless effusions of his heart, and furnishes materials for giving the final touches and colouring to his portrait.

The letters hitherto unpublished, in this collection, bear no resemblance to the elaborate and ornamented compositions which, under the name of epistles, many of the wits of Steele's time delighted in writing : they afford on the contrary internal evidence that they were meant solely for the perusal of those to whom they were addressed ; and indeed some of them are so absolutely insignificant, that, were

it not for the satisfaction which many people feel that "no part of a great man should be lost to posterity," the editor of this correspondence could not be excused for wasting paper, in these taxing times, by the insertion of such epistolary morsels as the following :

To Mrs. Steele.

' Dear Prue, Oct. 7, 1708.

' I send, directed to Watts, a bottle of tent. You must not expect me to-night ; but I will write by the penny-post.

' I am yours faithfully,

' Richard Steele.'

' Thursday, Oct. 7, 1708.

' Dear Prue,

' I fear I shall not be able to come out of town till Saturday morning. I am, my dear creature, thine forever,

Richard Steele.'—

Nov. 18. 1708.

' Dear Wife,

' I am going this morning into the City, to make my demand of the money long due to me. I shall hasten thence to you ; and am, with the tenderest love, ever yours,

Richard Steele.^b

'March 2, 1708-9.

'My Dear Wife,
'I inclose a guinea, lest you should want. I am resolved to do something effectually to-day with Tryon; therefore do not expect me at dinner.

'My life is bound up in you. I will be at home before six.— Richard Steele.'

'March 11, 1708-9.

'Dear Prue,
'I inclose five guineas, but cannot come home to dinner. Dear little woman, take care of thyself, and eat and drink cheerfully. Richard Steele.'

These are fair specimens of the kind of letters which fill a large part of the first volume; and they can interest the reader only as they display the minute tenderness and the attentive affection which marked the character of Steele, in the relations of domestic life. We find, however, in this publication, other letters of more length and importance: but some of them are dedications to the several volumes of his periodical and other works, and for their re-insertion here we can discover no good reason. The worthy editor must excuse us for regarding such a practice as partaking too much of the nature of book-making; and if this system of book-making shall continue to flourish according to its present prosperous condition, the interests of literature will ultimately suffer, and the noble art, to which learning is indebted in a great measure for its resuscitation, may imperceptibly become the means of extinguishing it again. To speak, however, of the dedications themselves; they are pervaded by a manly, ingenuous spirit, humble though not low, and independent without affectation, that must have raised Steele very high in the minds of those to whom they were addressed. He indeed rescued this kind of writing from disgrace, and asserted the prerogative and pride of genius, which, in Dryden and others of the reigns of Charles and James, had stooped to the meanest adulation. The first de-

dication which Steele wrote (viz. to the second edition^d of his *Christian Hero*) is a remarkable instance of the spirit which we are noticing. It is expressed in an easy flow of elegant language, and in point of style is equal to any thing that subsequently issued from his pen. Towards the end of the dedication, he has this beautiful sentence, which does as much honour to his morality as to his taste:—"Go on, my Lord", thus to contempt and thus to enjoy life; and if some great English day does not call for that sacrifice which you are always ready to offer, may you in a mature age, go to sleep with your ancestors in expectation, not of an imaginary fame, but a real and sensible immortality." (Vol. 1st. page 82.)

We meet also in this collection with three fragments of plays, viz. of two comedies by Steele, and one tragedy attributed to Addison. The ascription of the last to Addison is founded on the similarity of its style to that of *Cato*; and we must confess that its most laboured passages possess the same equal flow of harmonious verse, and the same strain of elevated sentiment, which distinguish that celebrated production of Addison. It is not fair, however, to subject these fragments to the severity of criticism, since they must be considered merely as the first rude sketches of an imagination which would have perhaps entirely new-modelled their substance, and altered their form, had the plays of which they were intended as a part been finished.

With this brief notice of the contents of the volumes before us, we might rest satisfied as having executed our critical duty: but we cannot dismiss this last production of the famous *father of English Essay* without recurring to his general merit as an author, and dwelling with a mingled feeling of regret and delight on his character as a man.

It is the misfortune of Steele's fame

* It is addressed to Lord Cuffs.

to have come down to posterity in company with that of Addison. The near position of the two portraits has always suggested a comparison of their respective merits; and in the allotment of excellence and distribution of praise, the critics may have been too partial to the one and too parsimonious to the other. If we estimate the *genius* of the two writers from the sole consideration of their works, abstracted from the accidental circumstances under which they were written, no one will hesitate to give the palm of superiority to Addison: but if we look into the lives of the two men, and behold the genius of the one struggling to emancipate itself from the trammels of dissipation, and giving birth in the gloomy intervals of mental depression and remorse to the noblest conceptions and the most humorous designs;—if we trace him through his labours, continually annoyed by the difficulties of poverty and the stings of regret, never enjoying that tranquillity of mind which is so necessary for great exertion, and which the cold disposition and prudential habits of the other could always command; and if, under such discouraging circumstances, whether induced by misfortune or by fault, we still see him laying the foundations of works that produced a new era in the literary history of his country, and then winging a flight little short of that to which the genius of Addison soared;—it must be allowed that Steele possessed a vigour of mind and a hardihood of enterprise, an original, powerful, inventive capacity, which would probably have outstripped the talents of his friend, had he been free from those weighty incumbrances that unfortunately repressed his ardour and restrained its progress. Steele has the great merit of having forced his way into the temple of Fame, while Addison suffered himself to be led in to it by the hand:—the one wrote on a bed of thorns, the other composed on a couch of roses: the one led the way as the first essayist of his time, the

other (although more splendidly) was contented to follow. Steele laid the foundation and performed the strong rough work, while Addison helped to build the superstructure, and to execute the beautiful ornaments, of the celebrated monument which their united efforts have left to posterity.

From the manner in which Steele wrote, it is not surprising that he should not rival Addison in the purity, correctness, and exquisite finishing of his pieces, and in all those graces of style with which the latter adorned his compositions: but in fertility of invention, and in faithful and humorous delineation of character, Steele is scarcely inferior; while in the higher department of the pathetic, in the language of passion and of the heart, he is evidently greater than Addison. It is much to be lamented that, among his other good qualities, Sir Richard did not number the worldly virtue of *discretion*. This was his *prima mali labe*. Fond of the social hour, and possessing every fascinating quality of conversation, he yielded his easy nature to the gaiety of the bottle; and often did he waste those nights in enlivening the society of his friends, which he should have consumed at the student's lamp, in the correction and improvement of his writings. Not only his compositions but his pocket suffered by this criminally amiable indulgence; and he consequently found himself "incurably necessitous." He evidently trusted for the bettering of his fortune to his political connexions, and he had a right so to do: but, like all those who enlist under a faction without knavish intentions, he was most miserably disappointed. Although he was the fellow-labourer of Addison in their great literary services to the Whig interest;—although he displayed even more zeal and devotion to his party than his political assistant;—although by the publication of his *Crisis* he fought in the front of the battle, while Addison, Hoadly, and others, who were coadjutors in that

work, were satisfied to shelter themselves behind the shield of his name;—although his intrepidity was rewarded with suffering*, and the wound which he received testified his courage;—yet Steele was neglected by his party; and four years after the accession of that family, for whose interest he laboured so much and so well, he was poor and unprotected. The Whigs acknowledged his services and forgot them;—they used him as an instrument, and then left him to the world;—they even added persecution to neglect, and deprived him of the Governorship of the Theatre, which place his literary eminence alone (it was solicited for him by the company of comedians) had obtained for him. Steele felt the force of this ill-treatment from the Whigs, and he complains of it very bitterly in many of his letters to his wife. He thus writes in one of them: “I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart and the vanity of it.—I know, and you are witness, that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to heaven, and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) [*Addison was one of them*] not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the court.” Vol. II, page 421.—In another, he says, “It gives my imagination the severest wound when I consider that she (*meaning one of his little children*) or any of my dear innocents, with nothing but their innocence to plead for them, should be exposed to that world which would not so much as repair the losses and sufferings of their poor father, after all his zeal and supererogatory service.” Title page, 436.†—One of the *losses* to which he here alludes, must have been the resignation of his place under the Tory administration, previously to the publication of his *Crisis*; and certainly this disinterested action, with which it is im-

possible not to be greatly struck, has imprinted a trait of magnanimity on his character which, as long as public virtue is respected, should never be worn out. It ought to be remembered that Steele was at this period courted to familiarity by the accomplished Harley; and if self-love or private interest had been predominant in his bosom, he would have remained silent and preserved his place: but he thought that his country was in danger; and having determined not to hold any terms with those whom he considered as its enemies, he, with Roman virtue, seceded from dependance on the minister, and accompanied the resignation of his place with a letter which breathes so manly a spirit of independence that, though it has been often published before, we cannot in this place withhold it from our readers:

‘*To the Earl of Oxford.*

Bloomsbury-square, June 4th. 1713.

‘My Lord,

‘I presume to give your Lordship this trouble, to acquaint you, that having an ambition to serve in the ensuing Parliament, I humbly desire your Lordship will please to accept of my resignation of my office as Commissioner of the Stamp Revenue.

‘I should have done this sooner, but that I heard the Commission was passing without my name in it, and I would not be guilty of the arrogance of resigning what I could not hold. But, having heard this since contradicted, I am obliged to give it up, as with great humility I do by this present writing. Give me leave on this occasion to say something as to my late conduct with relation to the late men in power, and to assure you whatever I have done, said, or written has proceeded from no other motive, but the love of what I think truth. For merely as to my own affairs, I could not wish any man in the administration rather than yourself, who favour those that become your dependants with a greater liberality of heart than any man that I have ever before observed. When I had the honour of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not on-

* It scarcely needs to be told, that Steele was expelled the House of Commons for the publication of this pamphlet.

† The letter, of which this is an extract, was written while Addison was Secretary of State.

by to signify to me, that I should remain in this office, but to add, that if I would name to you one of more value, which would be more commodious to me, you would favour me in it. I am going out of any particular dependance on your Lordship; and will tell you with the freedom of an indifferent man, that it is impossible for any man who thinks, and has any public spirit, not to tremble at seeing his country, in its present circumstances, in the hands of so daring a genius as yours. If incidents should arise, that should place your own safety, and what ambitious men call greatness, in a balance against the general good, our all depends upon your choice under such a temptation. You have my hearty and fervent prayer to heaven, to avert all such dangers from you. I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times showed me; and wish you, with your country's safety, all happiness and prosperity. Share, my Lord, your good fortune with whom you will: while it lasts, you will want no friends; but, if any adverse day happens to you, and I live to see it, you will find I think myself obliged to be your friend and advocate. This is talking in a strange dialect from a private man to the first of a nation; but to desire only a little, exalts a man's condition to a level with those who want a great deal. But I beg your Lordship's pardon; and am with great respect, my Lord,

‘Your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
‘Rich. Steele.’

Such were the magnanimity, the fearless disregard of power, and the noble scorn of pelf, that distinguish the character of Steele. Besides this disinterestedness in politics, he was in private life good-natured, generous, and tender. His purse was always open to distress, while his fortune supplied him with the means of relieving it; and when adversity came on him, “he gave to misery all he had, a tear.” In no tumult of public affairs, or turbulence of faction, did he forget his duties to his wife and children; and his letters to them in this collection display such an unaffected love and such a virtuous constancy, as ought to make modern fashionable husbands blush when they read these records of his affection. We must add to our quotations a few

more of these letters to his wife, which are written in a negligent strain of exquisite fondness:

‘March 26, 1717.

‘My dearest Prue,

‘I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of letting me know the continual pain in your head. I could not meet with necessary advice; but according to the description you give me, I am confident washing your head in cold water will cure you; I mean, having water poured on your head, and rubbed with an hand, from the crown of your head to the nape of your neck. When I lay in your place, and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little innocent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.’

‘Dear Prue,

‘[undated.]

‘I am under much mortification from not having a letter from you yesterday: but will hope that the distance from the post, now you are at Blencorse, is the occasion.

‘I love you with the most ardent affection, and very often run over little heats that have sometimes happened between us with tears in my eyes. I think no man living has so good, so discreet a woman to his wife as myself; and I thank you for the perseverance in urging me incessantly to have done with the herd of indigent unthankful people, who have made me neglect those who should have been my care from the first principle of charity.

‘I have been very importunate for justice to the endeavours I have used to serve the public; and hope I shall very soon have such reparation as will give me agreeable things to say to you at our meeting; which God grant to you and your most obsequious husband,

Rich. Steele.’

‘May 22, 1717.

‘Dear Prue,

‘Your son is now with me, very merry, in rags; which condition I am going to better, for he shall have new things immediately. He is extremely pretty, and has his face sweetened with something of the Venus his mother, which is no small delight to the Vulcan who begot him.

Ever yours,

Rich. Steele.’

‘Dear Prue,

[undated.]

‘If you knew how glad I am to see a long letter from you, I dare say, as fantastically shy as you are of doing any thing that should make your husband think you love him, you would oftener afford me

that pleasure. When Jonathan answers my letters, I shall know what to do; but if I thought quite so ill of him as the rest of his relations do, I should wholly decline the thought of serving him. I never had any thought of making an expense at Carmarthen but on a fairer prospect than I ever yet saw.

'I have had abundance of reflection since we parted; and in the future part of my life, you will find me a very reserved man, and clear of all hangers-on. I find by all the care and industry which a man uses for others, if they are beholden to your pocket, they are only ashamed they were obliged to you, and leave your interest. I shall therefore, hereafter make my expense upon my own way of living, and my own household and little family. Though my wife gives herself whimsical airs of saying, "if she is unworthy, yet the children"—I say, though you talk of the children, if I will not mind you; I tell you—they are dear to me more that they are yours, than that they are mine: for which I know no reason, but that I am, in spite of your ladyship's coyness and partialities, utterly yours

'Rich. Steele.'

'Dear Prue, June 20, 1717.

'I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but, where we entirely love, the continuance of any thing they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations; once for all, pray take it for granted, that my regard and conduct towards all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

'I hope by the grace of God, to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in any thing which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past actions, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stoop to a female reign, as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But, to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure and come to lie at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband; and, if you take my advice I would have them have a being in our house, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure to pass your time with me, in

diversions, in books, in entertainments and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times: for though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and house-wifery, and I know not what prepossession against conversation pleasures robs me of the witty and the handsome woman, to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things; and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses, and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I possibly can, in the best company in the world. We cannot tell here what to think of the trial of my Lord Oxford; if the ministry are in earnest in that, and I should see it will be extended to a length of time, I will leave them to themselves, and wait upon you.

'Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and, if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me. They are, I thank God, all very well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire; who is, with the greatest fondness,

'Your most obliging, and most obedient husband,
Rich. Steele.'

'July 11, 1717.

'Ten thousand times

'My dear, dear, pretty Prue,
'I have been in very great pain for having omitted writing last post. You know the unhappy gaiety of my temper when I have got in; and indeed I went into company without having writ before I left my house in the morning, which I will not do any more. It is impossible to guess at all the views of Courtiers; but, however, am of opinion that the Earl of Oxford is not in so triumphant a way of bill, as his friends imagine. He is to be prosecuted by way of bill, or act of parliament, next session, in order to punish him according as he shall appear to deserve; and in the mean time, to be accepted out of the act of grace, which comes out next week.

'Please to take the advice you give me on this subject, and keep your conversation out of the dispute. Your letter has extremely pleased me with the gaiety of it; and, you may depend upon it, my ambition is now only turned towards keeping that up in you, and giving you reasons for it in all things about you. Two people

who are entirely linked together in interest, in humour, and affection, may make this being very agreeable; the main thing is, to preserve always a disposition to please and to be pleased. Now as to your Ladyship, when you think fit, to look at you, to hear you, to touch you, gives delight in a greater degree than any other creature can bestow; and indeed it is not virtue, but good sense and wise choice, to be constant to you. You did well not to dwell upon one circumstance in your letter; for, when I am in good health, as I thank God I am at this present writing, it awakes wishes too warmly to be well home when you are at so great a distance. I do not see any mention of your man Sam; I hope the doctor's prescription has been useful to him.

'Think, dream and wish for nothing but me; who make you a return in the same affection to you. Forever, Your most obsequious, obedient husband,

Rich. Steele.'

'Pray date your letters.'

We have now only to notice the celebrated friendship between Steele and Addison; and willingly would we draw a veil over the selfishness of the latter, were it not necessary that posterity should do justice to the former, and that as he did not receive the reward of his attachment during life, he should at least enjoy the heroism of it after his death. If that can be called *friendship* in which the affection appears to have existed almost entirely on one side, the connexion between these two great men may be so denominated: but if we consider that Addison had it greatly in his power to serve, and did not serve, his friend,—that in the high office of Secretary of State he neglected the man whose labours, more than those of any other contributed to effect that change of things which produced his own elevation,—that in the harshest mode he exacted payment of the bond which he held of Steele,—that after-

ward, in the character of the *Old Whig*, he contemptuously stigmatized the partner of his studies, his writings, and his life, as "*little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets*,"—and if we consider that Steele suffered this neglect and this ill-treatment without complaint or retort, it is impossible not to feel an increase of our admiration of the one, and a diminution of our high respect for the other. Addison patronized Tickell, because he did not fear him:—but he neglected Steele, because (must we say?) he knew that his genius would have rivalled his own, had his exertions been unclouded by all the embarrassments which poverty and its attendant anxiety threw over them.

As a politician, however, Steele had his faults. He was among the many whom, at this period, according to Swift, "party made mad;" and in the fury of his *mania*, he attributed opinions and doctrines to others which they never held. Although born in Ireland, too, he, unlike Swift, soon forgot the suffering, degraded place of his nativity; and having adopted another country, he made it both the theatre and the object of his actions. He imbibed an invincible hatred to the Stuart family and cause, for which no good Whig can be inclined to blame him: but what candid person can read his *Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years*, and his *State of the Romish Catholic Religion throughout the World*, without lamenting that a man of such a head and such a heart should have incurred the hazard of repeating the commonplace prejudices and absurd falsehoods which prevailed in his time, and which we have seen but too much countenanced in the present day?

FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.

1. Letter to the Most Noble the Marquis of Hertford, on Fiorin Grass; containing the necessary Directions for its Culture, the Periods and Modes of Laying it down, and saving its Crops, &c. By William Richardson, D. D. London, 1810. Hatchard.
2. A Treatise on Fiorin Grass, with a short Description of its nature and properties, &c. By John Farish, Dumfries, 1810. Johnstone.
3. Essay on Fiorin Grass, showing the Circumstances under which it may be found in all Parts of England, its extraordinary Properties, and great Utility to the Practical Farmer. By William Richardson, D. D. London, 1810. Phillips.

THESE Pamphlets contain the result of some ingenious observations and experiments, made by Dr. Richardson, of Clonfele near the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, on a very interesting department of Natural History and Agriculture.

This learned gentleman is well known for the extent of his Geological Inquiries, and the variety of his opinions, concerning the original formation of the great wonder of Nature near which he resides. Satiated by the number, or wearied by the perplexities of these speculations, he has fortunately for the Public turned his attention of late to more practical objects of research. In the pursuit of these, he appears to us to have elicited from one of the most simple productions of Nature properties as important, as they are singular and unexpected; and which, we think, must even have astonished the shades of those men of mighty stature, who first kept watch over their flocks, on the same verdant summits, which are now said to be covered by a vegetable of growth equally gigantic.

It is true, we anticipate the sneers that will play round the lips of an old practical Farmer, when he is informed that the discovery, of which we express ourselves in these terms, is no less than a scheme, *set on foot in Ireland*, for making hay at Christmas: and this, though the weather may be considerably marked by snow or rain. Nor shall we be at all surprised, if our more elevated readers,

"Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear

"The fleece Iberian, or the pamper'd steer,"

could be tempted at first sight, to class this Irish phenomenon with those celebrated discoveries concerning sunbeams and cucumbers, made by the ingenious philosophers of Laputa, or with their more practical device of ploughing the ground by the rooting of hogs' snouts after buried acorns, to save the charges of implements, cattle, and labour. But we humbly entreat their candour and forbearance, until we have endeavoured to lay before them, from the above-mentioned works, as plain and perspicuous a statement as we can, of the facts and circumstances, which have extorted from our impartial judgment the opinion just avowed.

As the subject is one of practical importance, and the really useful information is scattered amidst much repetition throughout the three pamphlets, we shall endeavour to condense the information contained in them; and shall bring the authors' facts and views before the public, by making our own arrangement under distinct heads, briefly illustrating each with proofs and extracts from the works themselves. The extracts will be principally drawn from the Letter to the Marquis of Hertford; not only because it is the latest publication, and is intended as an epitome of all former works on the subject; but also because it is not published, (though

printed for private distribution at the expense of the noble marquis,) and therefore is not generally accessible.

The following division seems the most eligible :

1. The History and description of the Fiorin Grass.

2. Its useful properties, and the Mode of Cultivation.

3. The Advantages to be derived from it.

4. The doubts and objections which have been entertained concerning its value.

1. Dr. R. states "that his discovery of the *inestimable qualities* of the Fiorin Grass can scarcely be called accidental." He has long considered the grass department as little understood by farmers, and was anxious, by experiments and example, "to bring this branch of Agriculture within the pale of utility." The results of his experiments he has laid before the Irish Academy, who published them in their transactions, under the title of "*Memoirs on the Useful Grasses.*" "But Fiorin (says Dr. R.) remained more extensive in its uses, and more diversified in its properties, than all the rest of the gramina taken together." This grass he has often heard mentioned under its own name *Agrostis Stolonifera*, and that of joint-grass; and it was always spoken of in Ireland very favourably; but no one had ever attempted to cultivate a distinct crop of it, or to institute any experiments relating to it. On the contrary, we believe, that the farmers both in England and Ireland, have been silly enough to use all possible endeavours, for these last five hundred years, entirely to extirpate this grass from their land;—but, (as Dr. R. will perhaps think by the kindness of Providence,) entirely without success.

The difference, which the learned Doctor found to exist between the na-

ture of this and all other grasses, is so important to the due comprehension, if not to the belief of the facts founded upon it, and is so fully stated in the following extract from his Letter to lord Hertford, that we make no apology for inserting it at some length.

"Fiorin is the grass which botanists have distinguished by the name of *Agrostis Stolonifera*; some, it is true, deny their identity; but it is only those, who having overlooked or condemned this *Agrostis* as useless, are ashamed to retract; and defend themselves by asserting Fiorin, and *Agrostis Stolonifera*, to be different grasses.

"The pure (or *culmiferous*) gramina, are those which we generally cultivate.

"There is another description of grasses, called by botanists *stoloniferous*, endowed by nature with a third sort of produce in addition to the seeds and stalks. This tribe at their respective periods, emit long strings or runners, called stolones which, creeping along the ground, when unsupported take root at their joints, thus forming new plants. The stolones of the Fiorin are very numerous and attain a great length; Wray tells us twenty-four feet;* but I must confess mine have rarely past ten. In these stolones the whole value of the Fiorin crop consists; it is therefore (as in the former case) the period of their greatest perfection we must look to for the time of severing.

"Here we are not, as with other grasses limited to a certain point, in the approach to which they improve, and when they pass it, fall off; the quality of the stolones is at all periods equal; we have to look to quantity alone; and that depends upon the length of the strings composing the crop. From the comparative view of the natural history of the *stoloniferous* and *culmiferous* tribes of grasses, it is plain that no reasoning from analogy will apply from one to the other, either in their cultivation or in the management of their crops; for no likeness whatsoever exists between them." (p. 11, 12. Letter to Lord H.)

Doctor R. then proceeds to state, that the stolones continue vegetating till Christmas; which is consequent-

* Camden in his *Britannia* mentions the grass of the Orcheston meadow, which grew, as he says, to the length of 24 feet: he calls the grass, trailing dog's grass, and asserts that hogs were fed with it. It is, in fact, pure Fiorin.

ly the time at which the crop of grass is in the greatest quantity; that they continue perfectly sound, fresh, and sweet, if left uncut on the ground through the whole winter. Unlike the common grasses, which, when cut for hay, require that their aqueous juices should be evaporated in order to prevent fermentation; "The saccharine juices of the Fiorin are less volatile, and their cohesion preserved by the principle of life pervading for months every inch of the string," whether the crop be left cut on the ground, or gathered in stacks. So that the stolones, though apparently dry for months, will immediately vegetate if cut in small pieces, or placed whole in the earth. The quantity of produce from a field of Fiorin in full vigour, is enormous, (as we shall see under a future head,) at least thrice that of an average crop of other grasses. This part of the account is strongly corroborated by the description of the Orcheston meadow* given in the transactions of the Bath Agricultural Society. In this meadow, by what was supposed to be some singular chance, Fiorin seems for many years past to have obtained spontaneously, exclusive possession of the surface.

We are obliged to Dr. R. for some curious facts, illustrative of the nature of this grass, drawn from its easy endurance of privations fatal to other grasses. These facts also lead to the practical purpose of ascertaining the spots where Fiorin is generally to be found growing spontaneously.

The first of these privations is that of sufficient soil for the roots. "which leads us to the paved or gravelled high roads, that by means of new cuts cease to be used. We find on these, notwithstanding the scanty covering, that the Fiorin has always taken possession; and when such roads become green, (as they invariably do when no longer travelled upon) Fiorin is the exclusive, or at least the predominant grass. The sides, even, of all our com-

mon roads abound with it. when the gravel extends beyond the part travelled on and beaten: in this shallow, hungry, but undisturbed stripe, it soon establishes itself."

An observation of a similar nature was made by Mr. Price, (see Bath Agricultural Society Report, vol. viii. p. 41) on the grass of the Orcheston meadow. It scarcely penetrates an inch below the surface, and the root takes such slight hold of the ground that a great length may be severed from it merely by taking hold of the pannicle or top of the culm. Upon examining the soil in various parts of the field, Mr. Price found that the grass was most luxuriant, *i. e.* there was a more exclusive growth of Fiorin, where the soil was *most shallow*. In all parts, flints are found within a few inches of the surface, and prevent other grasses from thriving; but in the most flourishing part, there was scarcely more than an inch and half of earth above a compact bed of flints. These facts, combined with Dr. Richardson's observations, seem to account very satisfactorily for the mode in which the Orcheston meadow has been spontaneously covered with a growth of Fiorin.

The second privation is that of the sun's rays. "This leads us to the north side of the walls, where the green sod comes close up to its foot. Here Fiorin is uniformly found, showing itself more and more as we approach the wall, and at the contact of the sod and wall it is nearly the only grass." The north side of a church comes of course under this description. Mr. Dickenson, member for Somersetshire found Fiorin roots under the north wall of his parish church, and enclosed them to Dr. Richardson.

We beg leave to suggest here for the worthy Doctor's consideration, whether the capacious cellars of Ireland, which have become vacant since the union, by the great increase of

* This meadow is in Wiltshire, and is the property of Lord Rivers.

abundant, may not be converted into profitable meadow! The Fiorin would certainly be secured here from all interference of the sun's rays, and the *paved* surface would be peculiarly favourable to its vegetation.

Fiorin, being of an *amphibious* nature is generally found in all situations exposed to the alternations of wet and drought, the bottoms of ditches; wet in winter and dry in summer; winter drains, and even the irrigator's little conduits, are often observed to abound with it.

We shall state but one other fact, in which this curious grass differs from all other vegetable productions of the same similar genera, Mr. Farish states that

"It comes into ear and produces pannicles bearing seed, which come to maturity before the winter; and the slender stalk which supports the pannicle from the stem appears white and dead, so that vegetation with respect to these is at an end. Nevertheless the stem itself, with the various branches or stolones depending thereon, continues to advance, increasing considerably in length from month to month, and adding uncommonly to the quantity of the crop. This quality we reckon peculiar to the Fiorin, as we know of no other vegetable that ever increases in length after the seed is ripe." (Treatise, p. 32.)

Such is the natural history and description of the Fiorin grass; the main difference between which and all other grasses evidently resides in its *active principle of life*, not to be subdued by those laws and operations of nature, which usually set bounds to the existence and increase of other vegetables; and under all the circumstances, we are only surprised that the face of these islands has not been long ago *one wide waste* of Fiorin. We proceed

2. To its useful Properties and Mode of Culture.

It is stated upon "*irresistible evidence*," that Fiorin is more grateful to cattle of all descriptions, (particularly to those giving milk,) in every stage of its growth, than any other grass; that although it was first known to thrive luxuriantly in moist situations only, yet the uncommon

duration and severity of our late drought (1809) "disclosed a new and unexpected quality of this strange plant; viz. that however dry the soil may become, its verdure and luxuriance remained unimpaired." This property was first observed in England, in the Fiorin transmitted to the marquis of Hertford, which his lordship is cultivating with so much success. The same observation has also been made in other parts of England and Scotland.

We must remark, however, that we still retain some doubts upon this part of the subject; and are persuaded that a dry light soil offers a much more uncertain promise of success, and a more precarious profit, than moist and springy situations, such as the bogs of Ireland and Scotland.

With respect to these last spots, *Doctor R.'s evidence* is certainly strong, and it may be said with truth, that "he does not dread the extreme of *submersion* in water *at any time*, be the crop standing or cut. Sufficient opportunities for mowing and carrying off are all that he requires." So true is this, that on Nov. 15, he steeped part of his crop in a pond for thirteen days, placing it afterwards in separate cocks among the rest. The whole was then made into hay, and "*all distinction between the two hays was lost.*"

We confess that this last piece of information has relieved our minds from a regret and an uneasiness, under which they had long laboured. Considering the *alarming accounts* which we have frequently read of the rapid increase of population in England, and the *small quantity* of land now remaining for the further production of food; we have always wished to look to the surplus produce of Ireland as a resource for making up the deficiency. But as the inhabitants of the Sister Kingdom appear by no means less prolific than ourselves, and therefore likely soon to be in the same predicament, we could not help viewing with infinite regret the great expanse

of lake and river hitherto unproductive. which the map of Ireland exhibits. But the last-mentioned discovery of Doctor R.'s converts this cause of uneasiness into matter of joy and exultation. For it plainly indicates that these extensive surfaces of water may now be converted, (as an Irishman might say,) into the most *productive land in the country*. It is only necessary to plant the beds of them with Fiorin strings, and to procure, (as Doctor R. may easily do on the fairy shores of Clonfecla,) a few Mermen to act as subaqueous haymakers; and the thing is done. Or if by any chance there should be found a deficiency of these labourers, and it be thought more advisable to consume the crop by grazing, the Irish government need only to send a special mission to Egypt, in search of the best race of Hippopotamos, viz: that which lays on the fat most rapidly on the loins and flanks; and we have little doubt that by a judicious cross with the *Irish Bull*, a breed may be procured, that will quietly graze at the bottom of the lakes, and afford excellent beef and butter for the supply of the navy, and the English markets.

It follows from what has been stated, not only, that the most eligible time for cutting and making this grass into hay *is about Christmas*, but that it is perfectly feasible so to cut and make it, notwithstanding the weather which usually occurs at that period. It is also evident, that if green food for cattle, particularly those in milk, be an object of interest to the farmer *throughout the whole winter*, the grass will retain all its perfection and nourishment, and may be cut in small quantities as wanted. Nor is it by any means necessary that Fiorin should be eaten the day it is cut. The Doctor, by the advice of Sir Joseph Banks, permitted his to remain on the ground some days, and found it not deteriorated. "The juices are not volatile, nor is the sward disposed to ferment and heat." The produce is enormous in quantity. "The right

honourable Isaac Corry attended, and saw the crop from the water meadows at Clonfecla fairly weighed, amounting to *eight tons five cwt. and half, and twenty four pounds the English acre*; and this Mr. Corry confirms under his own hand." The Orcheston meadow contains two acres and a half, and is mowed twice. Twelve loads is the average of the first crop, six of the second; which about tallies with the above-mentioned produce, supposing that the whole crop were permitted to stand till winter, and to be cut together according to Dr. Richardson's system.

The tithe of this meadow of 21 acres, has been compounded for at nine pounds sterling! We believe the Farnham hop grounds (of a garden cultivation) do not pay more than three guineas an acre for tithe. These results are all so extraordinary, and tend to purposes of such high utility, that we feel it would be doing injustice to the subject, did we not enlarge a little more on the facts which are supposed to establish them: for this purpose we subjoin the following extracts, chiefly from the letter to lord Hertford:

"I made my notices public, not only in Ireland, but announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, and in the *Farmer's Magazine*, Edinburgh, that I should mow on the first and fifteenth of every month, from October to March; and that during that whole time I should have hay exposed to the weather, in the operation of making. I performed my promise punctually, in the view of every amateur who thought fit to call, as many did. On December 15, the snow was five inches deep on the ground; yet I proceeded, and was little molested by it, a toss with a fork at once shaking off the snow from the sward. January 14, a gentleman came to my house (this was Mr. Farish) sent from Dumfriesshire, with a letter of introduction from the venerable and spirited Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton. Curiosity had been excited in that county, and this expensive mode was adopted, of ascertaining whether my Fiorin crops were as enormous as I had stated; and if I also mowed and made hay at that untoward season. Through the evening of the 14th I was amused with perceiving that my visitor suspected a *hoax*."

(We are surprised he could entertain so improbable a suspicion.) "His doubts, however were removed the next morning, when he saw the business proceeding regularly, and the hay, which had been cut on the preceding *firsts* and *fifteenths*, standing in the field in excellent order. Since he returned to Scotland, I have had letters both from Mr. Miller and him: he informs me he is preparing a publication, (the pamphlet whose title is recited at the head of this article) reporting what he saw, and confirming every statement he had met with in my different memoirs." (pp. 25, 26. Letter.)

"On the 15th December 1808, I mowed as usual, and put my hay into lap-cocks the same day; on the 17th the severest snow remembered in this country came on, and covered the ground deep for five or six weeks; on February the 3d my friend lord viscount Northland, and the provost of Dungannon came to examine my hay. They certify that my lap-cocks were in the best possible preservation, of excellent quality, and that it was deposed before them upon oath, that the lap-cocks had not been loosened since the day that they were cut, December 15th." (Letter, p. 28.)

"I selected a parcel of fresh well-flavoured natural hay, and an equal quantity from the Fiorin stack, put up in November. These parcels were placed equally within the reach of horses, cows, and stalled oxen, all of which ate freely and with relish of the Fiorin in preference to the other hay; and when the Fiorin was removed and the other left, the stalled cattle refused to eat at all. This property was likewise further confirmed by the sheep, upon two small ricks, the one of Fiorin, and the other of natural hay, put up within the sheep-walk, and to which they had access at pleasure. The author observed them every day feeding greedily at the Fiorin rick, whilst they appeared only to use the other as a *rubbing post*, (Mr. Farish, p. 16.) A small shock of Fiorin, which had stood uncut the whole season, and lay in Mr. Miller's room till it appeared white and withered, was carried into the stable, and part of it presented by the coachman to every horse along with a parcel of fine sweet clover hay, they not only eat the Fiorin with great relish, and sought eagerly for more, but refused the clover as a food they could obtain at any time." (p. 46. Treatise.)

"On December 22d, some young ladies, who took milk for supper, observed that it was remarkably rich and well flavoured; we all tasted, and agreed in opinion. I alone knew that my cows had been put

upon green Fiorin three days before. The milk continued of the same quality through the winter, and was much enjoyed.

"In the month of March I went abroad for a week: on my return the 22d, Mrs. R. told me at supper the milk had lost its flavour, the Fiorin she supposed growing old. I could not deny that the milk was much fallen off, and its richness gone; fearing to my mortification that Mrs. R. had accounted for it. Next morning I inquired for the confidential labourer, who took care of my cows, and of my Fiorin. I was told he had been absent five days, sowing his oats. "Who cut Fiorin for the cows?"—A. "No one would venture in his absence and yours!"—Matters were soon set to rights: the Fiorin was restored to the cows, and the flavour to the milk, without any abatement until the end of April, when the crop was expended." (p. 32, 33.)

"In Oct. 1806, in making a dam I flooded some Fiorin roots 20 inches deep; the water has never been taken off for a moment; yet these roots continue to send up stolones to the surface, apparently in good health. In April 1807 I put a root of Fiorin grass with very little earth about it, on the top of my garden-wall. It never has been approached since: yet, notwithstanding the severe drought of this season, the grass preserves its usual verdure." (p. 38. Letter.)

Concerning the Epicurean excellence of the flavour of Fiorin, the Irish cattle are certainly good evidence, more especially when corroborated by the delicate and discriminating taste of the Irish ladies. But the last-mentioned circumstance of the garden-wall, seems to cast a sort of doubt over the prolific tendencies of the Fiorin, particularly in arid situations. Considering what had been advanced, it is surprising that the whole wall was not covered, and we can only account for this apparent failure of prolific power, by the supposition that the Doctor's horses had occasionally grazed upon the wall, and thus checked the increase. He does not indeed state in any of his communications, that he ever saw his horses grazing on his garden wall; but we know, (in our character of sportsmen) what slight impediments those walls are to the progress of

Irish horses, and conclude that a much smaller temptation than a plant of Fiorin would entice them to the top of one. *Venturing then to assume* this fact as proved, we beg leave to recommend the plantation of Fiorin upon the sides of all the brick buildings in Ireland; and we would propose a prize to the members of the Veterinary College for the invention of a shoe, to enable horses, oxen, and sheep to graze with their legs in a position parallel with the horizon. Thus may a considerable portion of surface now waste be converted to the production of food for man.

We shall not attempt to add anything to this curious account of the properties of the Fiorin, but proceed to the mode of its propagation and culture. This is as singular as any of the properties we have already noticed. Although, as we have before observed, it produces pannicles and seeds in the common way, yet it is impossible to obtain a crop by seed, the usual mode of raising other grasses. The seed is so diminutive and slow in vegetation, and the young tendrils protected with so much difficulty from weeds and other spontaneous grasses, that they are soon choked and disappear. To compensate this apparent disadvantage,

“Harmonious Nature’s secret-working hand”

has bestowed on this “favourite grass,” by means of the stolones which we have mentioned, a facility of propagation superior to that of any other vegetable.

We have stated and described the active principle of life by which the stolones are animated: to render it efficient for the multiplication of the species, nothing more is necessary than to take them either fresh torn up from the ground in their green state, or from the rick or loft even five months after mowing, to scatter them over a raw surface of soil, at their full length or cut into pieces, and lastly to sprinkle them over with a

little loose earth. Taking root at every joint, and throwing out fresh strings from each root, they need not by any means be planted thick or in large quantities. Rows at intervals of a yard will in one season cover the whole surface with a sward thicker and more plentiful than any old meadow.

To those who find any difficulty in procuring the plant in their own neighbourhood, the facility of transmission is very great. “Two strings or stolones were sent from Ireland in September 1808, to a noble earl in the north of Scotland in his common frank.” (It is whispered that the stolones had vegetated so rapidly during the passage, that when the epistle was presented to the noble lord, he doubted whether his servant was not insulting him by mixing a green sod with his letters. And the wind happening to set in *the poop of the mail coach*, the effluvia which was carried to the nostrils of the *leaders* was so tempting, that the arrival of the mail was delayed several hours by the endeavours which they continually made to turn round and graze. The coachmen thought that their horses had all run mad.) “In thirteen months they had so propagated as to enable him to plant out two acres.”

The best season for laying down land with Fiorin may be ascertained by referring to some of its peculiar properties. It vegetates with equal vigour almost during the whole year, certainly till after Christmas; consequently it does not grow so rapidly in the spring, as some of those grasses and weeds whose principal vegetation is confined to three or four months. During that period very extensive processes of weeding and cleansing could alone preserve the young Fiorin from being smothered by its more purient rivals. We must therefore consider at what season these rivals, being checked in their vegetation, are least likely to intrude upon our plant, while the latter at the same time retains its accus-

toned vigour of growth. It will be found to be from about the 20th September to the end of October; for in this season few weeds or spontaneous grasses will come forward, and even should they make a feeble effort, the weakly plant will probably be destroyed by early frosts. While this enemy to vegetation, so far from destroying Fiorin, is generally unable entirely to prevent the elongation of its stolones. But the vegetative powers of the Fiorin being still in their strongest action in September and October, its stolones will instantly strike root, and establish themselves in vigour; they will therefore in the ensuing spring be able to commence their efforts in strength, and with great advantage over the Fiorin laid down at any other season. It may be observed, that this period is peculiarly favourable to the general arrangements of farmers. They have only to plow up the ground immediately after harvest, and to put the strings into the earth early in October, in order to secure a hay-crop the very next year, without losing the benefit of a single season. We have very strong doubts, however, whether this grass should be sown in land which it is intended to bring recently again under the plough; i. e. whether it can ever be used in a course of crops as clover is at present. We would not venture to propagate it on any land of ours, except where we wanted a permanent meadow.

The principal expense attending the cultivation on fresh land, consists in fencing and weeding. And when once the plant is well fixed in the soil, there is every reason to suppose from the experience hitherto had, that a Fiorin meadow will not want breaking up or renovating for a long course of years; but will on the contrary, with very little care, continue gradually to improve in strength and luxuriance, and of course in quantity of produce.

The facts upon record relative to the Orcheston meadow, seem to be

conclusive on this subject. The nature of the grass accompanied by such descriptions as clearly demonstrate it to have been Fiorin, is first recorded by Camden in his *Britannia*, a work, the first edition of which was published in the year 1586. It was afterwards observed by Mr. Stillingfleet, early in the last century; since by Curtis and Swayne, and lastly by two correspondents of the Bath Agricultural Society. So that a regular series of evidence attests the continued existence of this grass in one place for more than two centuries, and this by its own spontaneous exertion, without any pains taken on the part of man to preserve it.

We trust that the preceding detail on this curious and interesting subject of natural history, has not exceeded the limits due to a fair consideration of the patience, even of those readers whose attention is not peculiarly called to agricultural subjects. The facts are in themselves *very extraordinary*, and evidently applicable to general purposes of practical utility.

3. The advantages to be derived from any new discovery are very apt to be over-estimated by the first discoverers. A plentiful and nutritious green food in the latter months of winter, is, however, without doubt a great desideratum among farmers. The prospect of obtaining it from this grass, will be duly appreciated by all who have seen, on one hand, their stock of animals starving before their eyes, in a severe winter, while tracts of common, bog, heath, or other unprofitable waste, lie extended on the other,

"Smooth'd up with snow, and what is
land unknown,

"What water, of the still unfrozen
spring."

The inhabitants of the fens in Cambridgeshire, of the mountains and bogs in Ireland and Scotland, of the heaths in the vicinity of London and other towns, may equally profit by the cultivation of a plant, which

without manure, and merely at the expense of fencing and protecting, will, in a proper situation, realize the poet's picture, where misery and death prevailed before ;

" Around their home the storm-pinch'd cattle lows,

" No nourishment in frozen pastures grows,

" Yet frozen pastures every morn resound

" With fair abundance scatter'd o'er the ground."

Nor is it a trivial discovery to farmers in districts pervaded by a more perfect system of cultivation, which in the latter months of winter professes to

" Baffle the raging year, and fills the pens
" With food at will."

Such is the general nature of the advantages held out, and we are far from wishing to make any important subtraction from them, (except when dry sandy heaths, like that of Bagshot, are recommended as the proper subjects for this culture.) If they have hitherto met with so little credit, it must partly have arisen from the injudicious manner in which Doctor R. has brought forward in support of his discovery, facts which no reasonable man (*who has not seen them*) could bring himself to believe. We understand from good authority, that Doctor R. is a gentleman of high respectability, and considerable attainments ; and we are perfectly persuaded, that he has advanced no fact which he does not believe that he has himself ascertained. But he should have reflected, how extremely incredible those assertions, which we have taken the liberty to mark with some degree of irony, must appear to a plain man, who takes up the pamphlets merely with a view to gain practical information. We have ourselves encountered many a contemptuous sneer for attempting to advocate the cause of Doctor Richardson and his Fiorin. But we are nevertheless convinced in good earnest, that in the extensive tracts of moist heath land, and mountains in Scotland, Ireland, and some parts of England, the

grass may be cultivated to great profit. And if (as often occurs in old enclosed farms) any unmanageable piece of wet spungy land should be found, that would cost more than its value to reduce it to the regular routine of cultivation, a small expense laid out on Fiorin, would probably raise it to an equal value with any land on the farm. We confess also that we would ourselves, on *any* farm, set apart a few acres, even of very valuable land, for the exclusive growth of this vegetable.

4. We now proceed to the objections which have been raised against the cultivation of Fiorin.

By much the larger portion of the most useful discoveries have been made merely by the novel application and improvement of simple and well-known principles, that have long continued dormant. The vaccine inoculation is an ingenious application of a fact long known and observed in Gloucestershire, viz. that dairy maids whose chapped hands had milked cows in a certain state of disease, uniformly served with impunity as nurses for persons afflicted with the small pox. The Madras system of education is nothing more than an improvement upon an expedient often used by school-masters for shortening their labour, by making the more advanced boys the instruments of teaching their inferiors. Now it is of the very essence of human nature to be envious and jealous of such discoveries. The performances approach too nearly to the common level of genius and science, not to produce the reflection that *any* man MIGHT have made them: It may be said that it was merely that one thought of them before another ; and Columbus's well known reproof to his detractors, derived from the problem of the broken egg, may be applied on many more recent occasions. The same man, therefore, who will join in extolling the superior fame of a Newton, earned by severe study and acknowledged precedence of ta-

lent, will perhaps find his envy roused by the praises bestowed on a Jenner or a Bell, who, however acute and ingenious, have been enrolled in the list of benefactors to mankind without any very extraordinary pre-eminence of talent; as we believe by a *peculiar ordination of Providence*; but as some may be disposed to think by a *lucky chance* which might equally have occurred to themselves. From envy to detraction the journey is very short; and if the above mentioned characters have not escaped, much less can the humble discovery of our worthy Doctor hope to deprecate its fate. Accordingly the Fiorin has been ridiculed and reprobated under the nick-names of Red Robin, Couch grass, &c. &c. And some have affirmed that it is the *peculiar plague* of farmers. We are sorry to see such men as Mr. Arthur Young countenancing these follies; we respect his labours, his great talents, and the high estimation in which he deservedly stands; and we seriously exhort him not to put them all to risk by an obstinate adherence to the opinion, that hay cannot be made in Ireland amidst all the frost, the snow, and the we of a *Christmas harvest*: particularly as many of his enlightened coadjutors at the board of Agriculture have often declared themselves at that board, satisfied, both from actual inspection and intercourse with Dr. R., of the truth of many of the facts advanced, and of the probable solidity of the benefits to be derived from his discovery. But the best answer to these objections is to be found in the Doctor's letter to lord Hertford. "When these gentlemen (says he) shall have made careful experiments upon the stolones of grass for four years, (as I have done,) they will then be entitled to attention, but no sooner." We trust that Mr. Young will immediately set about qualifying himself, by introducing Fiorin on his Suffolk farm.

With this answer we should rest satisfied, did not a certain resem-

blance which actually exists between the Fiorin and couch or squitch grass, (so that a superficial observer might confound them,) call upon us to insert the following quotation from the essay, which clearly shows the distinction:

"These grasses both produce long strings, with *green sprouts* issuing at intervals and at right angles from each, and thus have a resemblance; but a moment's attention soon discovers the difference.

"The *squitch* string is *pure root*, and never of itself reaches the surface, nor is seen, except when disturbed by the tool of the farmer.

"The string (or stolo) of the *Fiorin* is a *production of the surface*, and would rise erect were it able to sustain its own weight; and like a creeper, it actually does rise, whenever it can catch support.

"The *squitch* string, (being root,) is quite solid, while the *Fiorin* string is tubular.

"The *squitch* string is always white. The Fiorin is green in summer, and whitens only in winter. Even then the whiteness is confined to the envelop, the interior tube is always green.

"In the squitch string the small radicals form rings round the great root; while in the Fiorin string two or three small fibres issue from the lower side of the joint only.

"As these grasses approach their inflorescence, their pannicles are so unlike as to preclude all mistake." (Essay, p. 33, 34.)

This explanation is conclusive as to the difference of the two grasses; and the distinction is the more important as we believe the real fact to be, that cattle will not touch couch grass, if they can find any other food; whereas our readers have seen *abundant proof* that they prefer Fiorin to every other food.

We have now to add that the success of Dr. R. reflects the greater credit on his ingenuity, as the simple object, from which he has elicited properties so singular, was previously submitted to the attention of such persons as Camden, Stillingfleet, Swayne, Curtis, and the members of the Bath Agricultural Society, without any practical result having been drawn from it. The latter recommend its propagation by sowing the

seeds, a mode which has been clearly shown to be inefficient. The true mode, by planting the strings or stolones, had been entirely overlooked. Again, one of the correspondents of the Bath Society, who wrote when it was the fashion to refer every thing singular in nature to electrical agency, ascribes the extraordinary growth of the Orcheston grass to the *circulation of electrical matter about its roots*; a solution which strongly reminds us of the theory of an eminent natural philosopher, who referred the production of darkness to "the agency of certain obfuscating principles in the atmosphere, sometimes producing perfect tenebrosity, sometimes only twilight, according to the different degrees of intensity in their operation."

We cannot close this article without paying a just tribute of applause to the liberality of the marquis of Hertford, in printing for distribution the pamphlet from which we have taken most of our extracts. It is an example of the *use* of money, which should be strongly contrasted with a very common *abuse* of it made by many large proprietors of land, who are in the habit of converting their riches into a double-stitched panoply, "made after the exact pattern of the mail coachman."*

We have also one observation to make at parting with the learned and amiable writer of the letter to lord Hertford. We should not have been disposed to take the least notice of

the style in which pamphlets on these subjects are written, did not the numerous Latin quotations interspersed throughout the Letter, give reason to suspect that it is intended for fine-writing.

Now although in a private letter to an accomplished nobleman, it may be very proper to enliven the dull monotony of the page by a few classical illustrations; yet we submit it to Dr. R. whether it is a fair or favourable specimen of Irish manners, to interlard a work compiled for the *exclusive use of practical farmers*, with phrases in a dead language, without even the assistance of a popular translation. Degrading as the confession may be, our anxiety for the general perusal of such pamphlets as these, constrains us to admit, that the author in this instance has considerably over-rated the literary attainments of our squires, yeoman, and farmers. We acknowledge, indeed, with gratitude, that he has had the compassion to select one or two of his quotations from the examples in syntax; but even this does not allay our fears. And we must, with all humility, entreat him in his future communications, to spare our English ignorance; and if he wishes to let us know "that farmers when contented are a happy race;" "that seeds vegetate and grass grows in spring, and is much burnt up in summer;" that he will have the goodness to impart the information in our vernacular tongue.

* We have heard some over-morose persons express a wish, that the Yahoos should be fed upon Florin, and the Houyhnhnms (as the superior animal) installed in the boxes of the London coffee-houses.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Present Picture of New South Wales; illustrated with four large coloured Views, from Drawings taken on the spot, of Sydney, the seat of Government; with a Plan of the Colony. Taken from actual survey by public authority. Including, the present state of Agriculture and Trade, Prices of Provisions and Labour, Internal Regulations, State of Society and Manners, late Discoveries in Natural History, and other interesting subjects; with Hints for the further improvement of the settlement. By D. D. Mann, many years resident in several official situations. Dedicated, with permission, to admiral John Hunter, late his majesty's captain-general and governor-in-chief, of New South Wales and its dependencies. 1 vol. quarto, p. 99, price 3l. 13s. 6d. 1810.

THIS expensive volume may be justly considered as of singular importance, being a supplement to all the various works which have preceded it. Exclusive of the value of the plates, the contents of the work are certainly a counterpart to the title page. We shall present our readers with some of the author's judicious and pertinent remarks, previously introducing the following as a specimen of his style and manner:

The author, in page 31, speaking of the Blue mountains, the principal boundary of the settlement, says, "They have never yet been passed, so that beyond those tremendous barriers, the country yet remains unexplored and unknown. Various attempts have, at different periods been made, to exceed this boundary of the settlement, but none of them have been attended with the wished-for effect. M. Barralier, a French gentleman, late an ensign in the New South Wales corps, has been further across than any other individual; but he was compelled to return unsatisfied, before he had obtained any knowledge of the transmontaneous territory which he longed to behold. I myself made an excursion to these mountains, in the year 1807, accompanied by an European and three natives; but after mounting the steep acclivities for four days, until I found my stock of provisions sensibly di-

minishing, I thought it most prudent to retrace my way to the habitable part of the settlement, and to leave the task of exploring them to some person more qualified mentally as well as physically, for the arduous undertaking. In fine, from the specimen I had acquired, during this journey of the difficulties which surround this task, I think that after travelling a few miles over them, their appearance, although amazingly grand, is sufficiently terrific to deter any man of common perseverance from proceeding in his design.

"In the progress of my undertaking, I ascended about four or five stupendous acclivities, whose perpendicular sides scarcely permitted me to gain the ascent. No sooner had I attained to the summit of one of these cliffs, flattering myself I should there find the termination of my toil, than my eye was appalled by the sight of another, and so on to the end of my journey; when, after mounting with the utmost difficulty, the fifth of these mountainous heights, I beheld myself apparently as remote from my ultimate object, as at the first hour of my quitting the level country beneath. Some of these ridges presented to the eye a brilliant verdure of the most imposing nature, while others had the appearance of unchanging sterility relieved by the interposition of pools of stagnant water,

and running streams; there shrubs and trees enlivened the scene, and encircled the space as far as my eye could reach. On my return, in sliding down the steep declivities, I so completely lacerated my clothes that they scarcely contained sufficient power to cover me. I saw no other animals or reptiles during this excursion than those which are common throughout the country."

In the commencement of 1808, a new market was established on a part called the Old Parade, near to the Orphan House, and every exertion was made to expedite the building of the shops. The market days are Wednesdays and Saturdays, when a considerable number of farmers from the districts between Sydney and Paramatta, as well as from other quarters attend with the produce of their lands; they also bring poultry, vegetables, fruit, &c; and to prevent as much as possible the too frequent impositions practised; a clerk of the market has been appointed to weigh all things that may be required.

Over the south creek at Hawkesbury, a floating bridge has been erected, which has proved greatly beneficial to the public; since, previous to its completion, every person who had occasion to go to that settlement, and in many cases from one farm to another, was obliged to pass to and fro in a boat. As this bridge was constructed by an individual, (Mr. Andrew Thompson, a settler) at his own expense, the following tolls are allowed to be demanded:—For every foot passenger fourpence, or ten shillings per annum; for each horse, single or in draught, two shillings and sixpence, or two pounds ten shillings per annum; for waggons, or other four wheel carriages, with not more than half a ton lading, one shilling and sixpence, or one pound ten shillings per annum; for carts or carriages with two wheels, laden or not, each one shilling and sixpence, or one pound ten per annum; for sheep under a score, twopence each,

and by the score, two shillings and sixpence, or two pounds ten per annum; swine and goats, the same as sheep. Passengers, horses, carts, and carriages are allowed to pass during the same day, with one ticket, and a considerable income is derived from this toll.

Of late years a number of vessels have been seized and carried away by the convicts. Lately the *Venus*, a brig belonging to Messrs. Robert Campbell and Co., laden with a quantity of provisions and stores to supply the settlements to the southward, and a very handsome brig, called the *Harrington*, from Madras, were seized and taken off. The former, when she had reached the place of her destination, after coming to an anchor, and landing the master with despatches for the lieutenant-governour, was seized by some convicts who had been placed on board under confinement, aided by part of the crew, and was carried beyond the reach of recapture. The latter was cut out of Farm Cove, and was carried out to sea, before any information was received on the subject. This transaction was planned in a very secret manner: so that all the convicts boarded her about twelve o'clock at night; and although the vessel lay in sight of some part of the town, and within the fire of two batteries, yet nothing was discovered of the circumstance till the following morning. Upon representation being made to Col. Johnston, that officer ordered several boats to be manned immediately, and a party of the New South Wales, with a number of inhabitants who had volunteered their services, to use every means to retake the vessel, put to sea; but after rowing and sailing for several hours, they were obliged to return without ever coming in sight of the *Harrington*. Other means were subsequently tried for the recovery of the vessel, but all to no effect: the convicts had managed their matters with such secrecy, promptitude, and skill, as totally prevented

every endeavour to counteract their intention.

The natives and our countrymen are now somewhat sociable, and there are not many outrages committed by either party. Some years previous to 1800, so many atrocious deeds were committed by one of the leaders of the former at Hawkesbury, that governor King found it necessary to issue an order offering a reward to any person who should kill him and bring in his head. This was soon accomplished by artifice, the man received the reward, and the head was sent to England in spirits by the *Speedy*. But when thus speaking of the general good understanding which exists between the Europeans and natives, I must be understood to confine my meaning to the vicinity of the principal settlements, for about the remote coasts they are still savages.

The author goes on to relate that, just before he quitted the settlement, a complete range of store-houses was completed on the banks of the Paramatta river, and another had been commenced close by the wharf at Sydney. The necessity for some new buildings of this description had been evident for some time, as a chief part of the king's store-houses, previously erected, were too remote from the water side, which made the unloading of ships extremely burthensome and expensive. These inconveniences are now completely remedied, and the port rendered more commodious than ever. Some short time also before he left the settlement, two murders were committed by men named Brown and Kenny; the former of whom had killed many men at the southward, and was brought from thence to Port Jackson, for trial, where he was convicted, executed, and subsequently hung in chains on Pinch-gut, a small island in the centre of the harbour leading to Sydney Cove. The latter was arraigned for the murder of a woman named Smith, who, after he had perpetrated the deed, endeavoured to consume the

body of his victim, by thrusting it in the fire. He was executed and hung in chains at Paramatta.

From this gentleman's narrative it further appears that our spring is the autumn of the year in that distant quarter. He sailed for England, it appears, "at the close of the autumn of 1809," in March.

The destruction of the play-house is mentioned as a benefit to this infant colony, because, "when the inhabitants were engaged in this enjoyment, their property was left unwatched. It was also a common practice to give provisions to obtain entrance, if money was scarce; and thus many of the convicts were unable to pursue their labour with proper energy and activity." Other abuses, which also resulted from the establishment of the theatre, induced the governor to recal the permission given for the performances, and the play-house was soon after levelled with the ground.

Since this period, cricket, cards, water-parties, shooting, fishing, and hunting the kangaroo, have been more attended to. The officers have a private subscription billiard-room; but still, among the convicts, gaming is carried on to the most deplorable excesses. Under the head of religion and morals, it is observed that some of the Missionary Society preach at the out-settlements, but the choice of these men, and the abuses practised under the cloak of religion, are much regretted. The small number of missionaries, 'who are men of strict fidelity, and whose hearts are engaged in the task they have undertaken,' are far out-balanced by those of an opposite description. Among the superstitious customs still remaining with the natives, one is when a mother dies while suckling a child, the infant is then thrown alive into the grave of the parent, and the father having cast a stone upon it, the grave is filled up. After all, it is admitted that the morals of the colony are by no means so debauched as have been frequently

asserted; on the contrary, virtuous characters are not rare, and honourable principles are not less prevalent here than in other communities of equal extent and limited growth. There are many among the prisoners themselves, who are now striking examples of probity, industry, temperance, and virtue, and some have obtained a remission of their punishment in consequence of the singular and radical change in their inclinations and behaviour. Those prisoners who are guilty of theft, have latterly been transported to some remote settlement, which system of punishment has been found more efficacious than castigation, or any other corporal punishment, since they feel an unconquerable repugnance to the idea of a separation from their connexions and companions, and entertain a sensible dread of solitude.

The rocks, a part of the town of Sydney, is the general promenade for the dashing belles of the settlement; and the European women; it is observed, spare no expense in ornamenting their persons. The shops, where most of their decorations are purchased, are set out with much taste; and articles of female ornament and apparel are greedily purchased. By a very recent census, there were nine thousand three hundred and fifty-six inhabitants, in the settlement, out of which, six thousand support themselves.

As instances of the irregularities practiced by some of those in magisterial capacities, Mr. D. D. Mann, observes, "I need repeat none others than that I have known men without trial to be sentenced to transportation, by a single magistrate at his own barrack; and free men, after having been acquitted by a court of justice, to be banished to one or other of the dependent settlements. And I have heard a magistrate tell a prisoner who was then being examined for a capital offence, and had some things found upon him which were supposed to have been stolen, and for which he

would not account, that, were he not going to be hanged so soon, he (the magistrate) would be d-d if he would not make him say from whence he got them. Nor do I believe it not less true, that records of an examination, wherein a respectable young man was innocently engaged, have been destroyed by that same magistrate, before whom the depositions were taken."

To remedy these inconveniences, the author wishes that gentlemen of small fortunes, and consequently of some education, might be appointed, with a respectable salary attached to their office, "so as to make their interest wholly unconnected with those pursuits which have led so many to sacrifice their principles, and to neglect their duty for the sake of pursuing the search after independence."

To complete and improve the legislature in the new colony, the author proposes, that the governor should be assisted by nine or ten of the principal officers in the settlement, who should form a council to assist him in all kinds of difficulties: in addition to which, he considers it essentially necessary that a barrister should be appointed to assist the governor when he is referred to in matters of a doubtful nature, which at present frequently reduces him to an unpleasant dilemma. Having no adviser, excepting the judge advocate, this officer, previously giving his opinion in the court below, cannot of course be again consulted on the same subject. The governor's opinion therefore may, or may not, be according to the laws of the mother country.

The legislative code of the colony requires a careful revisal, since the numerous residents who have arrived in the settlement, and their respectability and opulence, render such a measure necessary. That system which would suit the original establishment, composed only of two classes, the officers of government and the convicts, will scarcely be expected

to adapt itself to the wants and wishes of a community advanced in civilization. The security of property now being the principal object that should be attended to, the present system is found to be liable to much abuse, and to have drawn great complaints from the number of traders that visit the colony. And the author thinks the admission of the bankrupt laws into the colony would tend still more to the perfecting of the system of jurisprudence. A chief justice, this enlightened author still thinks, would also be requisite; and that the practice of not taking down the evidence given before magistrates there, is a very great over-sight, as this is sometimes enlarged or diminished when the business comes before a superior court.

Instead of employing missionaries, &c. he thinks the best interests of the colony, would be greatly forwarded, if government were to select some clergymen of unequivocal piety and zeal. Much good cannot be derived from the efforts of men, who are chiefly engaged in farming and traffic, and who will sell a bottle of spirits, or oblige some of those very persons with it, to whom they have been preaching the duty of temperance. The education of youth, at present, he thinks is much neglected for want of four or five school-masters of a sufficient capacity. At present there are but very few persons who cannot afford to pay for a respectable education.

A different arrangement with respect to the grants and leases of land is much wanting. Whenever any of these deeds have been under the hand and seal of the governor, or of the colonial seal, they ought to be considered as secured to the grantee or lessee, their heirs, &c. and under no pretence whatever, except a failure of the fulfilment of the conditions, ought the governor, or any succeeding governor, to retain the power of taking that land away. The existence, and the effect of such a power,

is totally destructive of the spirit of improvement. A man, just as he has impoverished himself with the hope of reaping a future recompense, may by the sudden whims or caprice of an individual be deprived of the means of gaining future subsistence, and plundered of every thing he may have done with a view to his own benefit and the bettering of the state!

Among other causes that operate against the prosperity of the colony, the author reckons "the establishment of a most injurious monopoly amongst the inhabitants, which has tended to the ruin of fair trade. The commencement of this system is traced back to the administration of governor Philip." He observes, that "the inferior officers of the settlement, and the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment, have since been infected with the itch for dealing, and many of the settlers themselves have disposed of their farms, or deserted them to devote themselves to a species of dealing which never failed to turn to good account. The consequence of this universal inclination to one object, chiefly the sale of spirits, soon became obvious in the desertions of those farms previously tilled to so much advantage. The immense profits made by this pursuit served as a new stimulus. One dealer was known to have cleared twelve hundred pounds sterling in four weeks; and an inhabitant of the lowest order, who commenced dealing with five pounds, has been known to realize five hundred in the course of six months. It must naturally be inferred that the most base imposition must have been practised to render this business so extremely lucrative; and the article itself must have been diluted away to excessive weakness. From this traffic many of the convicts are in possession of horses, carriages and servants, with a sufficiency to secure independence for life. The author thinks that allowing a servant to enter into traffic is fraught with serious mischief, as it enables

him to become gradually independent in his feelings and opinions, and substitutes insolence of conduct for the respect which ought to mark his behaviour.

The duke of Northumberland has sent over some Teeswater sheep, and one stallion very recently to colonel Johnston, which have greatly improved the respective breeds. Some Merino sheep from the king's flock have also been taken over, which have thrived well and produced very fine

wool. Several of the deer in the colony having made their escape from a park belonging to a Mr. Harris, surgeon of the regiment, are understood to be breeding and running wild in the woods.

The children born in the colony from European parents are very robust, comely, and well-made; remarkably quick of apprehension, and ready at learning. In manners and morals also, they greatly improve.

W. H.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Observations on the Act for regulating Mad-Houses, and a Correction of the Statements on the Case of Benjamin Elliott, convicted of illegally confining Mary Daintree; with Remarks addressed to the friends of insane persons. By James Parkinson. 1811.

THERE are some very sensible and judicious observations in this pamphlet, upon the subject of private Mad-houses and the nature of lunacy. Its primary object seems to have been to vindicate Mr. Parkinson himself from some insinuations which had found their way in the public prints, arising from a mis-statement of his evidence on the trial which is mentioned in the title. This vindication we consider as complete: but, as he has availed himself of the opportunity to blend some remarks upon topics connected with it, we shall pay a little more attention to the pamphlet.

Insanity is one of those awful visitations of Providence, to which, as we are all exposed, we are all interested in whatever concerns its nature, progress and cure. The establishment of private houses for the reception of individuals labouring under this melancholy affliction, has been loudly censured by some, and as loudly applauded by others. Great abuses did certainly exist in them before the legislature undertook to provide, in some measure, for their regulation. Many a dark and foul transaction has

taken place within the walls of a private mad-house, at whose recital our hearts would shrink within us. But, at the same time, they were attended with numerous advantages which have been widely felt and duly acknowledged. Their inutility cannot be argued from their abuse. Mr. Parkinson, however, thinks, and we concur with him in opinion, that the legislature might provide more effectually against all abuses connected with the state of insanity, than it has yet done. Too much, indeed, cannot be attempted to secure the liberty and comforts of those whose mental derangement prevents them from attending to either for themselves: nor can too much be attempted to counteract the fraudulent views of interested and designing individuals, who would incarcerate, without the hope, nay without the possibility of liberation, those whose absence may benefit their condition. Every facility should be afforded for the return of the unhappy lunatic to society, whenever his cure may be completed; or for making known his unlawful detention if his attack was temporary or did not exist at all.

We would especially observe also, that by extending the power of signing certificates of lunacy to *every one* who denominates himself a surgeon or an apothecary, is giving wide play to an evil which requires rather to be circumscribed. There is nothing more ambiguous than the tokens of insanity: many madmen go at large who are never suspected to be lunatics, and many harmless fools are shut up who deserve to be at large. The observations of Mr. Parkinson on this point are very pertinent.

Speaking of the act of parliament, he says,

"One of the most important regulations in this act, is that which is intended to prevent keepers of mad-houses from receiving patients without having an order, in writing, under the hand and seal of some physician, surgeon, or apothecary. But it appears doubtful, whether this clause, as at present worded, yields that security which was expected from it, owing to its admitting the validity of an order, signed by any person, whose claim to be considered a member of the medical profession rests only on his designating himself an apothecary. Such persons are not legally recognised as fit judges of the maladies to which the human system is subject. Those only can be, and, indeed, are so considered, as have received such a professional education as has enabled them to undergo the examination ordered by law, and have in consequence received from those appointed to examine them, a regular permission to exercise the duties of their profession.

"How peculiarly competent a physician is to sign the order here required, need not be pointed out; and with respect to surgeons, it is only necessary to remark, that it is hardly possible, that one who has passed through the professional education, necessary to qualify him for an examination as a surgeon, can be incompetent to decide on the sane or insane state of a patient's mind.

"But how widely different is it with respect to some of those persons who call themselves apothecaries, and thence presume to judge respecting diseases. Their abilities have been examined by no prescribed test, nor have they received any authority to take on themselves the delicate and important task of judging of, or of practising upon, the disease either of the body or of the mind. That in this

metropolis, and in many parts of the empire, there are many very respectable persons who with the designation only of apothecaries, possess every acquirement which is requisite for the successful exercise of their profession, is well known. But it is equally well known, that there is hardly a neighbourhood which is not infested with some ignorant and illiterate being, who having learned the names of many medicines, and of some diseases, seeks a livelihood by putting the lives of his neighbours at hazard, by pretending to remove the diseases with which they may happen to be afflicted.

"Should the range of such men be enlarged?—Should they, in addition to the calamities with which they are now able to inflict the families around them, be empowered, at their will, and on their judgment, to decree the confinement in a mad-house of any one, who from their ignorance, their pliant servility to a superior, or their easy yieldings to interested and well-managed importunities, they may be induced to term insane? A decided negative to these questions must surely be given after considering the possible, nay, the probable consequences of such a permission.

"In places somewhat distant from the metropolis, characters of such a description are most likely to be found, and there are they enabled to occasion the greatest injury. For, supposing that any person of this description should *improperly* but according to the best of his judgment, and under circumstances artfully contrived to secure his compliance, grant a certificate of lunacy, the subject of that certificate may directly be consigned to a mad-house; and if the house to which he is thus consigned should not be within seven miles of the metropolis, or within the county of Middlesex, the keeper of such house is not required to give notice of the receipt of such person, but within fourteen days. For a period of this length, therefore, a person manifesting only an eccentricity of manner, perhaps even the consequence of a superior degree of intellect, may, from caprice, interested motives, or ill-judged timidity, be condemned to the horrors of a mad-house, without an opportunity, being cut off from all communications with society, of claiming his release; and without a chance of any of his relations or friends obtaining information of the place of his concealment.

"But what takes place even at the expiration of the fortnight?—the keeper of the house sends notice of having received a patient of such a name into his house,

and what then!—if no friend or relation should think of making inquiry respecting him, he may wait for his release until the visitation of the house by the commissioners appointed for this purpose. This may not happen quite so early as the unfortunate prisoner may wish, since the act only requires a visitation from the commissioners within seven miles of London and Westminster, and within the county of Middlesex, once at least in every year; and at a distance of more than seven miles, and out of the county of Middlesex, only as often as they shall think fit; no certainty of a visitation within any given period being here assured.”

Mr. P. supports the necessity of this restriction by enumerating several instances of lunatics who had that command over themselves, by which they could assume all the appearances of sanity for a time, so as to deceive an inattentive or unskilful observer. Some of these cases are very curious, and perhaps none more so than the following:—

“A gentleman farmer was brought to a house for the reception of lunatics, his friends grounding the necessity of his confinement on his conducting his affairs in such a manner as must soon bring him to ruin. On speaking to the patient, he said, if his friends could state any circumstance which he could not defend on principles of reason and equity, he would consent to be confined for the rest of his days. He was then asked, Do you not give more wages than other farmers?—Yes. Why do you?—Because I am of opinion that the standing wages of labourers is much too small; and the neighbouring farmers agree with me in that opinion, but have not integrity enough to follow my example, although they know their labourers to be almost starving. But have you not had it clearly demonstrated to you, that this proceeding must terminate in your ruin?—Yes: but a question in my turn, Am I to be deemed a madman because I will not save myself from ruin by starving a number of my fellow-creatures? Well, but your friends say, that you have thoughts of leaving your farm to your servants, and to make a tour over Scotland, setting out with only a crown in your pocket. Is that a rational intention?—Yes. I have certainly a right to make what tour I please; it will be a more rational tour than your sparks of quality make, for I go to inform myself of the agriculture of the country I pass through. But you leave your farm to the

mercy of your servants.—So do other farmers, and more madly than I should, since, by my generosity, I have assured myself of the fidelity of my servants. But was it not madness to think of setting out on this excursion with only a crown in your pocket?—So, extravagant generosity is first brought as a proof of my madness, and, this failing, you mean to prove it by my parsimony. But I can explain this part of my conduct also. I know I injure myself by the wages I pay, and therefore I judge I can spare but little for myself: so much for my parsimony. But how is this crown to carry you through?—Thus; I shall take one of my horses for the first thirty miles, and then travel on foot the next twenty; and thus, with care, my five shillings will carry me fifty miles from home. Now the object of my journey is agricultural knowledge, and my wish is to obtain it as cheap as I can, therefore I will hire myself as a labourer until I have got five shillings more, and then set off again. I have got such recommendations as will insure me employ and extra wages. In this manner, I shall perform my tour; and get, perhaps, as much useful knowledge as will enable me to pay my men their due without incurring ruin.

“Staggered by the acuteness of these answers, the medical gentleman was with difficulty induced to sign the certificate of his lunacy, and, at last did it with that want of strong conviction which left it a burden on his mind.

“In a little time all doubts however were removed; he threw himself over the balustrades of a staircase, although with but little injury. On being asked what induced him to do this, he said, that he had it in intention, and had only waited for God’s consent: that he, that morning, had put a piece of paper on the frame of the window to ascertain whether his intention was approved. If the paper blew outwards, he was to infer he had permission; and if inwards, not. Well, he was asked, did it blow outwards?—No, he answered: it remained where I placed it, from which I concluded the answer was—I might do which I liked, and therefore I threw myself down stairs.

“Let it be considered, that if, in the first instance, the medical man had refused to certify him to be a madman, and any serious mischief had followed, the heaviest reproaches would have been heaped on him, and a disinterested opinion, delivered according to the best of his judgment, might have seriously hurt his professional character.”

We will quote another instance, which may amuse our readers :

"A lunatic having committed in his own house several acts of violence, the family obtained a police officer from a neighbouring office to restrain him until the keeper from the mad-house arrived. When the keeper came he inquired particularly how he should know the patient, on his first entering the room, that he might immediately secure him with the waistcoat, to prevent any dangerous struggle. He was told that he had on a brown coat, and that he would know him by his raving. He therefore glided into the room, where the police officer, who also had a brown coat on, sat with his back towards the door, remonstrating with the patient, who on seeing the keeper enter, with the waistcoat in his hand, became immediately calm, and with a wink and nod, so completely misled the keeper, that in half a minute the police officer, in spite of his resistance, was completely invested with the strait jacket, the patient manifesting his enjoyment of the trick by a violent burst of laughter."

Mr. Parkinson, towards the conclusion of his pamphlet, suggests some very judicious topics of consideration relative to the amelioration of the condition of patients. Among these the following are deserving of notice :—

"A circumstance, which is but little known, requires a particular consideration, whilst agitating the question respecting the period at which a patient should be liberated from confinement. It is from repeatedly noticing this circumstance, that those who are accustomed to lunatics will uniformly give that opinion, which is generally supposed to be entirely the result of interested considerations—that no patient should be liberated until sufficient time has elapsed to allow of determining that the cure is, for that time at least, complete. The circumstance to which I allude is, that patients are themselves unable to form a judgment as to the period at which their restoration to reason takes place; but generally reckon it from that period when the disordered mind becomes so far relieved from the influence of maniacal impressions, as to recur with anxiety to domestic comforts and interests. Still incapable of detecting the fallaciousness of the delusory notions which the disease excites in the mind, and, therefore, supposing themselves to be in the full possession of their reason,

they dwell only on the supposed cruel restraints under which they are kept, and their painful detention from their homes.

"At this period, they consider and speak of themselves as the most persecuted creatures existing; and if now removed, their language and reasoning is, 'I have been perfectly well, as I am now, for a long period, and still my relations unjustly confined me, and I suffered a series of unnecessary restraint and cruel treatment.' In most of these cases, the cure not proceeding, the resentments thus excited continue through life; the relations and keepers are never forgiven, and it becomes an unvarying request, should anything of the kind ever afflict them again, that they may not be sent to the same house. On the other hand, it is almost uniformly the case, that if the confinement is continued until a recovery is established, the anxiety for liberation diminishes as the amendment proceeds; and when cured, the patient, who a little before was complaining of his unjust imprisonment, becomes diffident of his own powers, and willingly agrees to the proposal, and even himself suggests the propriety of a few days more trial, before he again mixes with the busy world. In these patients who have been thus withheld from society, until their cure has been complete, a grateful regard for those who have had the care of them is very frequently found, and immediately on their perceiving, which is frequently the case, the first feelings of the next attack, they will immediately request to be taken back to their former place of confinement.

"Cases are perpetually happening, that proves the justice of these remarks. Patients, on the first feelings of a recurring disease, will, of their own accord, resign themselves to houses where they have been before confined, and been detained until completely cured; but, on the following day, perhaps, or as the derangement advances, will demand their freedom with the utmost violence and abuse. Others, again, whose importunities have gained their liberation before a cure has been effected, will themselves, if their cure proceed, be able, as their judgment improves, to detect little wanderings of their mind, which will induce them frequently to require their friends to dispose of them as they think proper.

"There is no situation more painful and delicate to the relations, and even to the keeper, than that in which they are placed during the tedious convalescence of a patient. The patient considers himself cured, and clamorously requires his

liberation, the less intelligent of his friends joining in the demand; whilst the near relatives who have witnessed the serious progress of the disease, feel the danger of a removal, until they are convinced of the cure being complete. Wearied at last by the impertinent interference of those, perhaps no ways interested in the concerns of the patient; and by the cruel insinuations and calumnies of the host, who gratify their meddling disposition under the assumption of charitable sympathy, the relatives apply to the keeper for his opinion. If the cure is not complete, the keeper of course says, 'I know that the opinions which I shall give, may be suspected of originating in interested motives; but I must say, that, although I know the patient may, to you who see him seldom, and but for a short time together, appear to be well, I know him to be not so, and fear, that on feeling himself free from restraint, he will rapidly become worse.'—Relations, who, though possessing sense and fortitude sufficient to despise the chattering of those around them, severely feel the necessity either of appearing to, perhaps, a beloved and respected relative, as his inflexible persecutor, or of fearfully shrinking from the performance of an afflicting duty, are thus placed in a distressing situation.

"An obvious mode of proceeding here

indeed presents itself:—a reference may be made to a physician, on whose opinion the decision may be made; but who is to nominate this physician? By whichever party he is nominated, the other may find objection to the appointment; and if another should be called in, and a difference of opinion should arise, what is then to be done? It may be said, that a commission of lunacy may be obtained; but, independent of the expense of such a proceeding, the case is assumed to be of such a kind, as to render this mode improper, since the patient is supposed to be either convalescing or cured. In such cases, should not the opinion of one of the commissioners under this act be rendered attainable on payment of a certain sum, &c. and without previous application to any of the courts of law? the opinion thus obtained being efficient for the protection of the relation, as to that particular act, or for the liberation of the patient, unless notice within a certain time is given, of claiming the opinion of the whole board, or of bringing the case before the jury."

There is subjoined to the work a correction of those misstatements to which we have already alluded, and which Mr. Parkinson was very right in laying before the public.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Remarks on several parts of Turkey. *Ægyptiaca*, or some account of the ancient and modern state of Egypt, as obtained in the years 1801, 1802. By William Hamilton, Esq. F. A. S. Accompanied with etchings, from original drawings, taken on the spot by the late Charles Hayes, of the royal engineers. 4to. p. 439. 4l. 4s. Payne. 1809.

THE various and important information which we have of late years received on the subject of Egypt, is alike honourable to the courage, the sagacity, and the learning of our countrymen. It is true indeed, that this region exhibits an inexhaustible field of research to the spirit of enterprise, but it is to this spirit, as exerted by Englishmen, that with respect both to the ancient and modern state of Egypt, many new discoveries have been made, many obscurities explained, and an infinite number of valuable illustrations introduced. Among all

the publications, however, which have hitherto appeared, either in this country or in France, this work by Mr. Hamilton will ever claim preeminent distinction. The reader is not to consider him merely as a candidate for an honourable place in the list of those who as writers of travels excite and satisfy general curiosity. Mr. Hamilton's *Memoirs* are really scientific, and he cannot fail of being considered in his narrative as an accurate observer, a profound scholar, and enlightened philosopher. Whether the French shall or shall not publish to

the extent they formerly promised, the result of these investigations which they made under every possible advantage, we cannot say; but whether they do or not, the volume before us will be found indispensably essential, whenever Egypt, and more particularly Upper Egypt, shall be a subject of inquiry.

We shall pursue our accustomed course of placing before our readers a brief analysis of the work, and a few specimens of its execution. From this course we see as yet no cause to deviate, as it appears to render an equal act of justice to the author and the reader.

We could indeed easily fill our pages with didactic observations on certain portions of this or any similar volume; we could enter into controversial arguments on others; we could elicit cause of dispute from some passages, and make others the vehicle of our own literary opinions or political prejudices. But to us, this seems neither compatible with the office of a reviewer, nor beneficial to the cause of literature. We proceed therefore to exhibit the contents of Mr. Hamilton's interesting volume. It consists of twelve chapters, in which the following subjects will appear to be ably discussed.

The state of Egypt in the autumn of 1801. The motives and extent of the author's travels in Egypt. The state of the country above the cataracts. Antiquities above Es Souan, and between Es Souan and Thebes. Description of Thebes. Voyage from Thebes to Dendera. Observations on the state of Egypt, when a province of the Roman empire. Voyage from Dendera to the northern frontier of the Thebaid and to Alvi. Voyage across the Oxyrynchite Nome to the Bahhr Jousouf; from Benesouef to Cairo, Memphis, and the pyramids; round the Delta from Rosetta to Cairo, thence to Damietta, Rahmanie, and Alexandria. An appendix is subjoined, containing

some very learned and valuable annotations; and a postscript exhibits the transcript of the Greek copy of the decree recorded on the celebrated Rosetta stone, with an English translation.

The plan pursued by Mr. Hamilton has our entire approbation. He gives, first, an outline of the whole of his travels, that the reader may at once see the extent to which he penetrated, and the places which he visited, and he afterwards communicates more detailed observations on the antiquities, geography, and peculiarities of the country.

The chapter, perhaps, which by the general reader will be perused with the liveliest satisfaction, is that which details the intercourse of the travellers with Elfy Bey near Es Souan, and from this we shall extract a portion.

"The only information of any kind we could procure while at Es Souan, of the interior parts of Africa remote from Egypt, was given by two Moors, who were passing by, with a large body of their countrymen, on their way to Mecca. As they were able to make themselves intelligible to our pilot, who spoke the Coumouss and Berberi languages, we learned from them, that they belonged to a very extensive nation known to themselves and here by the name of *Secroua*, and that they inhabited a country called *Demoarki*, at the distance of five months' journey from Egypt, and of two months from Sennaar and the Nile: that they were now engaged on a pilgrimage to Mecca, subsisting as they travel, on the charity of those they meet; according as fortune favours or frowns upon them, they go from Kenneh to Cosseir, and thence straight to Jedda by sea; or if they cannot pay their passage, they go round by Cairo and the Desert on foot. This expedition and their return generally take them four or five years. When at Mecca, they receive from one of their countrymen (an African Moor) who has some eminent office there, a large *kaouk*, or high turban, marked with his seal, which they ever after wear on their heads, or carry on their shoulders, to show their countrymen that they have a right to the respect and esteem usually paid in Mahometan countries to the character of a pilgrim.

* "That is, that they had taken that time to perform the journey."

Some of these, in undertaking this perilous journey, had in view merely their own spiritual advantage; others were proxies for their friends or masters, to whom they would carry back a passport for eternal life in return for a competence in this;—that they have a king or sultan, whose name is Abderrachman, and who resides in the capital, which is called Tenedélé, and which they describe as being so large, that to go round it on foot is a journey of six days. Drawing on the sand a kind of map of their country, which they described as a plain surrounded on all sides by very high mountains, they placed to the west of the capital, *Maisy, Souron,* and *Teyer*,—to the south *Kioné* and *Towala*—to the east, *Zamel* and *Koodi*,—to the north, *Kincoma*, *Abouhouman*, and *Kobra*. The principal caravan which passes through their country comes from Kubbé, and proceeds as far as Koodi: their slaves come from Darfour and the westward. The chief productions of the soil are Durra and Doehl, the latter the most abundant. The sun they call Doulé, and the moon Doual. Their arms consist of a long lance pointed with iron, a bow and arrows, and an iron crow, with a hook. They wear an iron coat of mail, and their horses are armed in war with a complete covering of coarse woollen cloth, to protect them from the arrows of the enemy, and which is also put upon their feet, to prevent their being heard at night. They have a few date and domm trees, and a plant called delib, which they use as tobacco for smoking. Buffalo flesh is their common food, which they dress by laying it on a stone, and lighting a fire over it. They are very black, but not of the darkest hue, and have much of the Guinea negro countenance; their hair short and curly, but not woolly.

"When we made our second visit to Elfy Bey, we found him encamped about a league above his first position at Schiment Elwah, in a district called Debodé. This name is given to a narrow slip of cultivable land on each side of the Desert, varying from 50 to 500 yards in breadth. The doura we found just ripe; barley had been sown about ten days, for which the soil had been divided into small squares, for the convenience of watering from the channels which surrounded them. We found that the river, at this distance above the cataracts, had already fallen six-and-thirty feet, though at Assouan the fall was not yet of more than 15 feet. The

river was about a quarter of a mile broad, with a current "deep, majestic, smooth, and strong," uninterrupted by rocks, and forming a striking contrast with the turbulence below. In the few villages we passed, the people were civil, offered us *yourt**, and saluted us cordially with the Salam aléikoum—Health be to you! As all the male inhabitants were at work in the fields, the women would rush from their cottages, built of mud bricks, or loose stones, to stare at us: these were unveiled, but had a kind of hood which they could draw over their faces at pleasure. The right nostril was pierced with a brass ring, and they were laden with necklaces, and bracelets of beads, shells, and small bones. Their hair dressed in front and at the sides in small short ringlets, plastered with butter and other grease.

"We found the bey sitting on the ground at the door of his tent, giving directions to three or four of the Bichâre Arabs, who were attendant on his camp, and whom he used as scouts and spies. He seemed to treat them with much condescension, and it was evident that he considered himself as very dependent on them for his safety and subsistence. They wore a long straight sword, which they held in both hands behind their backs: some had for shoes a piece of thick leather tied under the sole of their feet; but they were in general bare-footed, and their only clothing a plain coarse linen shirt, which reached to the knees. With this light apparel it was natural that the first remark they made on us, the first Europeans they had ever seen, should be on our superfluous dress, our *gold* buttons, our hats, and other parts of our clothing, so strange to them. In return, however, we were surprised to find the dress of their hair, the original of what appears such a very extraordinary projection on both sides of the head of the great sphinx near the pyramids of Gizeh; this is more or less common among all the original inhabitants immediately south of the cataracts, and is simply the side hair frizzed out very thick, and stiffened with grease. They are, like all other Arabs, extremely greedy of money, the end of their activity, ingenuity, parsimony, and cunning—qualities they chiefly excel in. While we were talking with them, they were in the attitude of darting from us, as if to run for a wager; and as soon as they had received a small present, they disappeared in

* "A preparation of milk peculiar to the Levant, and a very favourite food with Turks and Arabs of all ranks."

an instant, to advance three or four days journey in the Desert, and bring the bey news of the arrival of the summer caravan. The prospect of imposing on it a heavy contribution for the grant of a free passage, being his principal consolation for being driven so far to the south away, from the resources and wealth of Egypt."

"Our conversations with the bey were carried on by the assistance of a Greek, high in his confidence and service, known there by the name of Ibrahim Kiachef: he was one of three brothers, natives of Zante, brasiers by trade, who came to Egypt as adventurers; and being naturally endowed with the quickness and spirit of Zantiotes, they soon gained the confidence of Murat Bey, to whose family they attached themselves. One of them, now known by the name of Hussein Bey, attained the highest honours in the Mamaluke aristocracy, though he has never been invested with the pelisse by the pasha of Egypt, a necessary ceremony for the establishment of his rank. Ibrahim, being probably the best brasier of the three, became chief engineer, and master of the ordnance to Murat Bey. The third brother, more enterprising than the others,—having attached to his person a considerable number of dependents, amassed some wealth, and made a powerful party among the beys,—took advantage of a moment of confusion and revolution in the kingdom of Darfour, and marched thither with some thousand armed horsemen, and with the means of levying a large body of the natives: by the assistance of the Greek artisans and mechanics he took with him, he founded four pieces of cannon, and waged a successful war for some time against the king of Darfour. At the time of the French invasion, Murat Bey was on the point of sending him a thousand chosen Mamalukes, who would have enabled him to strike a decisive blow, and would have seated him on the throne. But this event deprived him of a reinforcement he was in need of; and his troops gradually wasting away, he retreated to a defile among the mountains; where, being left unmolested by the king, he in a short time succeeded in conciliating, by affable manners and good offices, the wandering tribes in the neighbourhood. He built them a mosque as a place of worship, without incurring any suspicion; but, as soon as he had completed the building, he converted it into a fortress, mounted his guns, again set at defiance the power of Darfour, and made every preparation for a renewal of the contest, whenever a more favourable turn of affairs in

Egypt should enable him to take the field with recruited strength.

"As one principal object we had in view was to penetrate as far as we could into the country above the cataracts, we wished, if possible, to pass them with the smallest of our boats. For this purpose we embarked in it at Es Souan the 22d of November; and having a strong northerly breeze in our favour, we soon passed the limits of the ancient town. We had not, however, proceeded above half a mile further, when we found ourselves in the midst of rocky islands, which it was in many places extremely difficult to avoid, and where we were frequently in imminent danger of being dashed against the rocks; the falls of water were rapid, and in adverse directions, and the channels very narrow; the meeting of contrary currents formed eddies which would have swamped a smaller boat, and which placed us in the most critical situation. By main strength of ours, and with all sails set, we continued to advance, and were able to pass several of these rapids; when at last the current became so much too powerful for the boat, that though it blew hard, and we had six oars out, we scarcely made any way. In this situation, as there were no hope of success, and every chance of being driven against a rock, we judged it most prudent to return: this was a difficult manœuvre; fortunately our reis and crew were good, and we had need of all their activity and skill. We were however soon landed in safety on a sandy beach on the eastern shore, whence we explored a dry and rocky bed, in which the Nile flows during the inundation, and which is the course that the boats take, which then ascend the river with comparative facility; the granite islets are then a considerable depth below the surface of the water, and the north wind is in that season stronger and less variable. From the upper extremity of this channel we had a view of the celebrated cataracts of Syene, which are formed by a great number of granite rocks crossing the bed of the river, here nearly a mile and a half broad: these rocks do not appear when the water is at the highest, and then there is no fall, only a very rapid current. When the river is quite low, they will of course form as many falls, or cascades, as there are channels between the rocks, which occasion a constant clash or din to be heard at the distance of several leagues. Cicero says, the inhabitants in the neighbourhood were deafened by the noise; and several persons with whom we conversed assured us of this fact.—We cer-

tainly observed that they were particularly dull of hearing. On rejoining our boat we returned by an eastern passage, by which we avoided the islands, but which is impracticable in going up, as, in the few difficult passes, the high mountains to the north and west frequently occasion dangerous and critical calms.

"Passing with our boat to the west of Elephantine, we landed on the west bank of the river, and walked a mile over the sands up to an old Coptic monastery called Dhir el Garbié, which appears to have been once well inhabited and endowed. It is defended by a handsome outer wall of hewn stone; but has long been entirely deserted. We found among the ruins the fragment of a Greek inscription with the name of Diocletian.

"Foiled in this attempt to cross the cataracts with our boat, we had endeavoured, when on our second visit to Elfy Bey, to dispose him to assist us on our journey onward by land. He called a native of Dêrdé, one of the most considerable towns on this side of Ibrim, and questioned him as to the practicability of the undertaking. We were concerned to receive from him every kind of discouraging information, from the difficulty of the roads, and the inhospitality of the inhabitants. A shekh of the Ahaddé repeated the same thing, and described the several narrow passes of the Nile, where the mountains approaching each other from the east and west, place every boat that attempts the passage at the mercy of the inhabitants; some of whom at these spots are armed with muskets. The bey also added, that, as yet, the people higher up are extremely disinclined to the introduction of any foreigners whatever among them, and assured us, that about eight years ago, Hassan Bey Gedaoui, then in Upper Egypt, and called from Cairo by Murat and Ibrahim, had sent 40 of his Mamelukes among them, who were all put to the sword. Many other alarming stories of this kind were added, and tremendous descriptions of the danger of the rocks, the cataracts, and the people; most of them probably unfounded, but all tending equally to show that none whom we had consulted intended to let us ad-

vance any further. One added, that had it not been for the bey's presence, they should not even have allowed us to penetrate thus far. Some of these difficulties we owed to our escort of English soldiers which as its first movements alarmed Elfi, and drove him beyond the cataracts, had now spread the alarm over the whole of the Upper country. The inhabitants had declared, that as they have not for a long time submitted to the Turks, have never acknowledged the sovereignty of the Mamelukes, and were never visited by the French, so they are determined to prevent all approaches of the English:—and at last the man who gave us this account, in answer to our further instances, said, "If they will go, let them go—but they must take their chance, and be answerable for their own safety." P. 31.

At p. 81 there occurs a testimony in favour of Bruce as far as his excursion over the Desert from Sennar to Egypt is concerned. Of this indeed, and of his having visited most of the places which he describes, little doubt, it is to be presumed, can now remain. But whoever peruses Mr. Salt's Narrative of his Travels in Abyssinia, and examines Lord Valentia's excellent Chart of the Red Sea, will not with much confidence undertake to vindicate his general accuracy. In his various descriptions of the antiquities which were the object of examination, the present author demonstrates himself to be very familiarly acquainted with all the ancient writers on these subjects, and with the Egyptian customs and manners at the remotest periods; and this portion of his work will consequently be found to be enlivened with various classical anecdotes and allusions. This appears nowhere more conspicuous than in his description of Eleuthias, p. 90; and as it seems just to exhibit him also in his character of an accomplished

"The beys likewise have an interest in increasing the difficulties of penetrating further south than the cataracts, as they ever look to a retreat in that country as their last resource, in the event of a temporary expulsion from Egypt."

"† The ignorance of the lowest among these Berberi is such as to make them believe that Europeans can take possession of a country by magic, as soon as they are allowed to set their foot in it. Can these be the descendants of the Aborigines of Egypt, the inventors of arts and sciences?"

scholar, we subjoin one more specimen:

* The incursion of the Blemmyes into Upper Egypt, in the reign of Probus, is an event which has received very little illustration from history. This people, about whom such fabulous circumstances are related, were natives of the interior of Africa, and by some were confounded with the Troglodytæ. They seem to have taken possession of the districts of Coptos and Ptolemais about the middle of the third century, whence they were expelled by the emperor, a short time after he had restored peace to the provinces of Auria and Pamphylia.

* The state of religion and manners which prevailed in Egypt during the second and third centuries may be tolerably well collected from a cotemporary writer, Vopiscus the Syracusan. In his *Life of Saturninus* he tells us, that when Aurelian gave him the command of the eastern frontier he prohibited him from entering Egypt. The experience of the emperor had taught him to be cautious how he afforded to a native of Gaul an opportunity of exciting a revolt: he was aware that the Egyptians were naturally inconstant, passionate, insolent, and a vain-glorious people; that they were ever ready to assert their pretended liberties, eager for innovations, which formed the subject of their songs and ballads; that their talents for poetry, epigram and wit, were ever turned against their magistrates; and that they were all smatterers in abstruse science, in prophecy, and in medicine. They were chiefly Christians and Samaritans; and as such the Pagan historian affects to describe them as of course dissatisfied with the present times.

* In support of this character of the inhabitants of Egypt, Vopiscus cites what he calls a letter from the emperor Adrian to the consul Servian, extracted from the works of Phlegon, his freedman; but which from its style and character would appear to be of a later date and by a meaner hand. It conveys a very exaggerated account of the seditious and turbulent disposition of the Egyptians of that time; and, contrary to many better authenticated narratives of the moral practices of the Christians of that era, it represents those of Egypt in very odious colours.

* It is possible, indeed, that an oppressive government, the imposition of burthensome and continually increasing taxes, may have debased the character of the nation, and that some individuals may have sought their worldly interests in an attempt to unite the old worship of the gods of Greece and of Rome with the new doctrines, which were rapidly making their way over the Roman world: but the doctrines of the Christian religion were still the same as were promulgated by Christ and by his apostles; and we have the most satisfactory testimony of the good conduct and submissive temper of the earlier professors of Christianity, in Pliny's celebrated letter to the emperor Trajan.

* That, however, which is attributed to Adrian is a curious document, as illustrative of the manners and prejudices of the times, of the vices which more or less had their sway under the corrupt governments of imperial Rome, and of the opinions professed by some pagans of those manners and vices peculiar to Egypt. It may be considered, likewise, as containing sentiments which a pagan writer might naturally indulge, against a country wherein a belief in the divine source of the Christian revelation had made a more rapid progress than in most other parts of the empire.

* In the following translation of this epistle, I have adhered as closely to the letter of the original as is compatible with the bad taste and affected language in which it is written:

"Adrian Augustus to the Consul Servian, greeting:—I am convinced, my friend Servian, that all the inhabitants of Egypt, of whom you made honourable mention to me, are trifling, wavering, and changing at every change of public rumour: the worshippers of Serapis are Christians; and those who call themselves followers of Christ pay their devotions to Serapis. Every chief of a Jewish synagogue, every Samaritan, each Christian priest, the mathematicians, soothsayers, and physicians in the Gymnasia, all acknowledge Serapis*. The patriarch himself, whenever he goes into Egypt, is obliged by some to worship Serapis, by others, Christ. The people are of all others the most inclined to sedition, vain, and insolent. Alexandria is opulent, wealthy, populous; without an idle inhabi-

* * The meaning given to this passage by Casaubon is, that the Jews, Samaritans, and Christians were so fond of *Hellenizing*, that, when their interests required it, they willingly affected a knowledge of the sciences, pretended to the gift of prophecy, and attended the athletic exercises at the Gymnasia."

tant. Some are glass-blowers; others manufacturers of paper; others again of linen cloth. Here is to be seen and hired every description of artisan. Even the blind, and the gouty in hand or foot, may be employed. They have one God, (Serapis,) whom the Christians, and Jews, and Gentiles worship. I could wish that the city practised a purer morality, and showed itself worthy of its pre-eminence in size and dignity over the whole of Egypt. I have conceded to it every point; I have restored its ancient privileges; and have conferred upon it so many more, that when I was there I received the thanks of the inhabitants, and immediately on my departure they complimented my son Verus. You have heard, too, what they said about Antoninus:—I wish them no other curse*, than that they may be fed with their own chickens, which are hatched in a way I am ashamed to relate. I have forwarded to you three drinking-cups†, which have the property of changing their colour. The high-priest of the temple gave them to me, and I have bestowed them on you and my sister: I beg you will use them at your table on festivals. Take care, however, that our friend Africanus does not indulge with them too freely.”

Trebellius Pollio, in treating of the life of Æmilianus, one of the thirty tyrants who distracted the Roman empire while the emperor Valerianus was employed in making war against the Persians, and his partner Gallienus‡ was immersed in luxury and dissipation, gives the following character of the Egyptians of his day:—

“Such is the impetuous and headlong disposition of this people, that on the most trifling occasions they may be enticed to actions of the most dangerous tendency to the republic. Frequently, on account of an omission of civilities, the refusal of the place of honour at a bath, the sequestration of a ballad or a cabbage, a slave’s shoe, or other objects of like importance, they have shown such dangerous symptoms of sedition, as to require the interference of an armed force. So general, indeed, was this tumultuous disposition, that when the slave of the then governor of Alexandria happened to be beaten by a soldier, for telling him that

his shoes were better than the soldier’s, a multitude immediately collected before the house of Æmilianus, the commanding officer, armed with every seditious weapon, and using furious threats. He was wounded by stones; javelins and swords were pointed at and thrown at him. Æmilianus, when he saw his danger so nigh, felt he had no other alternative than to assume the imperial purple. The Egyptian troops consented, chiefly from the hatred they bore to Gallienus: nor was he deficient in a vigorous government. He travelled through the whole of the Thebaid; he reduced to his sovereignty many barbarous tribes; and obtained for his eminent qualities the title of Alexander or Alexandrinus.

“To those who are inclined to trace the similarity of events under similar circumstances after a long period of years, the present state of Egypt will afford more than one opportunity of portraying the same characteristics with those I have above alluded to, in the revolutions which it has experienced during the eighteenth century. The disposition of the people; the rapid rise of the principal chieftains from the lowest to the highest stations; and the facility with which superior talent acquired pre-eminence, form very remarkable instances of coincidence in the pictures of the two ages.” P. 221.

It would be very agreeable to us to accompany Mr. Hamilton yet further, and to expatiate on the numerous parts of his work in which we have been both instructed and amused. The whole volume does him the highest honour, and may be considered as a valuable accession to literature. We do not find that any subject has been passed over which has hitherto been thought important in the history of this extraordinary region. The writer’s attention has extended not only to the antiquities of Egypt, its ancient as well as modern geography, but to its agriculture, trade, manners, climate, and general condition. He seems, indeed, almost to have filled up every chasm, by de-

“Nihil illis opto, nisi ut suis pullis alantur.

“† This species of manufactory was peculiar to Egypt; and the glass assumed, under different circumstances, a myrtle, sapphire, and hyacinth colour. Pliny observes, that no other substance was more pliant, or more susceptible of painting.”

“‡ This emperor, when he was told that Egypt had revolted, was contented to exclaim,—“What! can we not do without Egyptian flax?””

tailor with great minuteness what former travellers have omitted, correcting their errors, and extending their discoveries.

The work is accompanied by a volume of etchings of a very novel kind, but which have a very superior and striking effect. They are executed from drawings taken on the spot by major Hayes, who accompanied Mr. Hamilton in his travels, but whom a premature death has taken from the world. The tribute paid to this gentleman's memory in the pre-

face is highly honourable to the writer and his lamented friend. There are other proofs in the work, if others were necessary, of the author's excellence in this branch of writing.

As this volume is denominated Part I. we are justified in expecting further gratification and instruction from Mr. Hamilton's manuscripts. We most sincerely wish him health and leisure to prosecute the literary labours he has thus successfully and honourably commenced.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, with some of modern date; collected from rare copies and MSS. By Thomas Evans. A new edition, revised and considerably enlarged from public and private collections, by his son, R. H. Evans. In four volumes. cr. 8vo. 2l. Evans. 1810.

THE first edition of this very interesting and entertaining collection, was published by Mr. Evans, the father of the present editor, as a sort of supplement to the *Reliques of ancient Poetry*, by Dr. Percy. They first appeared in two volumes, but of this edition a very large impression was soon dispersed, and Mr. Evans was consequently induced to reprint and augment his work. In 1784, he published a collection of old Ballads, in four volumes; but this also was in such general requisition that it has been long of print, and was estimated among the rarities of the collections of old English poetry.

The former editor had introduced in his concluding volume a number of modern productions, from the masterly pens of Goldsmith, Gray, and others; and of the less spirited effusions of Jerningham, Blacklock, Mrs. Robinson, Helen Maria Williams, and others of this class. These appear to have been out of their proper place, and accordingly the editor of the present publication has omitted them, and in our opinion very judi-

ciously, altogether. He has substituted in their place almost an entire volume, from the late duke of Roxburgh's extraordinary collection of ancient Ballads, from the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and from the contributions of his private friends, among whom he enumerates Mr. Todd, Mr. Douce, the late Mr. Baynes, and others.

The first volume exhibits nearly a hundred ancient poems, which are now first printed in this collection; and as the public taste has long demonstrated itself to be peculiarly partial to this branch of literature, we can have little hesitation in placing two or three specimens before them.

"THE DECEASED MAIDEN LOVER.

Being a pleasant new court song."

"[From a black letter copy, printed for the assigns of Thomas Symcocke.]

"As I went forth one summer's day,
To view the meadows fresh and gay,
A pleasant bower I espied,
Standing hard by a river side,
And in 't a maiden I heard cry,
Alas there's none ere lov'd like I.

"I couched close to hear her moan,
With many a sigh and heavy groan,
And wisht that I had been the wight,
That might have bred her heart's delight,
But these were all the words that she,
Did still repeat, None loves like me.

"Then round the meadows did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk,
Such as within the meadows grew,
As dead-man's thumb and hare-bell blue,
And as she pluckt them, still cried she,
Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

"A bed therein she made to lie,
Of fine green things that grew fast by,
Of poplars and of willow leaves,
Of sicamore and flaggy sheaves,
And as she pluckt them still cried she,
Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

"The little larkfoot she'd not pass,
Nor yet the flowers of three-leaved grass,
With milkmaids honey-suckle's phrase,
The crow's-foot, nor the yellow crayse,
And as she pluckt them, still cried she,
Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

"The pretty daisy which doth show
Her love to Phæbus bred her wo,
Who joys to see his cheerful face,
And mourns when he is not in place,
Alack, alack, alack, quoth she,
There's none that ever loves like me.

"The flowers of the sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted bent,
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept, she wail'd, and wrung her hands,
Alas, alas, quoth she,
There's none that ever lov'd like me.

"False man (quoth she), forgive thee heaven,
As I do wish my sins forgiven,
In blest Elysium I shall sleep,
When thou with perjured souls shall weep,

Who when they liv'd did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou dost me.

"When she had filled her apron full,
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,
The flowers pillows for her head,
Then down she lay, ne'er more did speak,
Alas with love her heart did break."

"THE LITTLE BARLEY-CORN :

"Whose properties and virtues here
Shall plainly to the world appeare ;
To make you merry all the yeere."

"To the tune of Stingo.

"Come, and do not musing stand,
If thou the truth discern ;
But take a full cup in thy hand

And thus begin to learn,
Not of the earth nor of the air,
At evening or at morn,
But jovial boys your Christmas keep
With the little barley-corn.

"It is the cunningest alchymist
That e'er was in the land,
'Twill change your mettle when it list,
In turning of a hand.
Your blushing gold to silver wane,
Your silver into brass ;
'Twill turn a taylor to a man,
And a man into an ass.

"'Twill make a poor man rich to hang
A sign before his door,
And those that do the pitcher bang,
Though rich, 'twill make them poor,
'Twill make the silliest poorest snake
The king's great porter scorn ;
'Twill make the stoutest lubber weak,
This little barley-corn.

"It has more shifts than Lamb e'er had,
Or Hocus-pocus too ;
It will good fellows show more sport
Than Bankes his horse could do ;
'Twill play you fair above the board,
Unless you take good heed,
And sell you, though you were a lord,
And justify the deed.

"It lends more years unto old age,
Than e'er was lent by nature ;
It makes the poet's fancy rage,
More than Castalian water.
'Twill make a huntsman chase a fox,
And never wind his horn ;
'Twill cheer a tinker in the stocks,
This little barley-corn.

"It is the only Will o' the Wisp
Which leads men from the way ;
'Twill make the tongue-tied lawyer lisp,
And nought but hic-up say.
'Twill make the steward droop and stoop
His bill he then will scorn,
And at each post cast his reckoning up,
This little barley corn,

"'Twill make a man grow jealous soon,
Whose pretty wife goes trim,
And rail at the deceiving moon
For making horns at him :
'Twill make the maidens trimly dance,
And take it in no scorn,
And help them to a friend by chance,
This little barley-corn.

"It is the neatest serving-man,
To entertain a friend ;
It will do more than money can
All jarring suits to end.
There's life in it, and it is here,
'Tis here within this cup ;
Then take your liquor, do not spare,
But cheer carouse it up.

"The second Part of the little Barley-Corn,
That cheareth the heart both evening and
morne."

"If sickness comes this physick take,
It from your heart will set it,
If fear encroach, take more of it,
Your heart will soon forget it.
Apollo and the Muses nine
Do take it in no scorn,
There's no such stuff to pass the time
As the little barley-corn.

"'Twill make a weeping willow laugh,
And soon incline to pleasure;
'Twill make an old man leave his staff,
And dance a youthful measure;
And though your clothes be ne'er so bad,
All ragged, rent, and torn,
Against the cold you may be clad
With little barley-corn.

"'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
But be as stout as may be,
'Twill make a man that he shall think
That Joan's as good as my lady.
It will enrich the palest face,
And with rubies it adorn,
Yet you shall think it no disgrace,
This little barley-corn.

"'Twill make your gossips merry,
When they their liquor see,
Hey, we shall ne'er be weary,
Sweet gossip's here to thee;
'Twill make the country yeoman
The courtier for to scorn;
And talk of law-suits o'er a can
With this little barley-corn.

"It makes a man that cannot write
To make you large indentures,
When as he reeleth home at night,
Upon the watch he ventures;
He cares not for the candle-light,
That shineth in the horn,

Yet he will stumble the way aright
This little barley corn.

"'Twill make a miser prodigal,
And show himself kind hearted,
'Twill make him never grieve at all
That from his coin has parted,
'Twill make the shepherd to mistake
His sheep before a storm,
'Till make the poet to excell,
This little barley-corn.

"It will make young lads to call
Most freely for their liquor,
'Twill make a young lass take a fall
And rise again the quicker:
'Twill make a man that he
Shall sleep all night profoundly,
And make a man, whate'er he be,
Go about his business roundly.

"Thus the barley-corn hath power,
Even for to change our nature,
And makes a shrew, within an hour,
Prove a kind-hearted creature;
And therefore here, I say again,
Let no man take 't in scorn,
That I the virtues do proclaim
Of the little barley-corn."

We are much obliged to Mr. Evans, the present editor, for this publication, and we hope that the liberal spirit which he has evinced in republishing others of our collections, long become scarce and of enormous price, and more particularly Hackluyt, will meet with the remuneration it evidently merits. It should be observed, that the first volume does not alone contain the additional ballads and pieces of early poetry; others will be found dispersed through the remaining parts of the work, and are distinguished by a † prefixed.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES:

Exhibiting, in numerous instances, the efficacy of the Gospel in the conversion of the heathen; regularly traced through the successive ages of the Christian era: to which is prefixed an affecting account of the idolatry, superstition, and cruelty of the pagan nations, ancient and modern. By George Burder. Small 8vo. Price 5s. Seeley, London: 1811.

THIS title, unfashionably long, explains sufficiently the intention of the work announced. It is a selection of

minor stories, which have been preserved by different writers, because they contained something striking,

either of fact or expression. As may well be supposed on a missionary subject, late years afford the greater part; for though in the days of antiquity the introduction of the gospel, might, and no doubt did, give occasion to many interesting facts, yet the memory of them has not been preserved. The first part exposes the absurd notions of heathen nations; and their abominable and destructive practices. This might have been greatly enlarged; but the author has principally had recourse to countries in which protestant missionaries have preached. The second part illustrates in a variety of instances the happy reformations effected by the gospel; beginning from the first century, and proceeding chronologically to the nineteenth.

A collection of anecdotes related by different writers, offers many, though not all equally striking, pictures of the human race; sometimes of individuals only, sometimes of nations. There is in the untutored intellects of some whom we call savage, a strength and acuteness, which cannot be beheld with indifference by the truly *civilized* mind;—when we add—nor by the truly *Christianized* mind; we do no more than acknowledge the better feelings of the best of men. What would those intellects be capable of, could they obtain instruction which too many among us disdain? let those judge, who can despise the soul that conceived the following reasonings.

A missionary being once in company with some baptized Greenlanders, expressed his wonder how they could formerly lead such a senseless life, void of all reflection. Upon this, one of them answered as follows: "It is true, we were ignorant heathens, and knew nothing of a God or a Saviour; and indeed who should tell us of him till you came? But thou must

not imagine that no Greenlander thinks about these things. I myself have often thought, a kajah (a canoe or boat), with all its tackle and implements, does not grow into existence of itself, but must be made by the labour and ingenuity of man; and one that does not understand it, would directly spoil it. Now, the meanest bird has far more skill displayed in its structure than the best kajah, and no man can make a bird. But there is still far greater art shown in the formation of a man, than of any other creature. Who was it that made him? I bethought me, he proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents; whence did they come? Common report informs me they grew out of the earth. But if so, why does it not still happen that men grow out of the earth? And from whence did this same earth itself, the sea, the sun, the moon, and stars arise into existence? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things; a Being that always was, and can never cease to be. He must be inexpressibly more mighty, knowing, and wise, than the wisest man. He must be very good too, for every thing that he has made is good, useful, and necessary for us. Ah, did I but know him, how would I love him, and honour him! But who has seen him? Who has ever conversed with him? None of us poor men. Yet there may be men too, who know something of him. Oh, could I but speak with such? Therefore (said he), as soon as ever I heard you speak of this great Being, I believed it directly with all my heart, because I had so long desired to hear it."

This testimony was confirmed by the others, with more or fewer attendant circumstances. As, for instance, they super-added: "A man is made quite different from the beasts. The brutes have no understanding, but they serve for food to each other, and all for the use of man. But man has an intelligent soul, is subject to no creature in the world, and yet man is afraid of the future state. Who is it that he is afraid of there? There must be a great Spirit, that has the dominion over us. Oh, did we but know Him! Oh, had we but Him for our friend!"

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

We are pleased that we have an opportunity of gratifying our readers by the insertion of an interesting "JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO LISBON," which we have lately perused in the "Monthly Anthology and Boston Review."—It is the production of a scholar and a man of observation, and merits a republication in every journal in our country. We could not peruse it without regretting that such a tourist had not visited the United States, and published the result of his observation.—*Editor.*

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS

From the journal of a gentleman on a visit to Lisbon.

On board ship, September 10th.

AFTER a long passage we have arrived safely in the Tagus. The first part of our voyage proved very disagreeable, as we encountered a constant succession of calms or contrary winds. When off cape Clear we met with a most violent storm. During three days of its continuance, the weather was more tempestuous than I ever before experienced; and we were obliged to lay to, until it abated. Our captain was himself in very considerable apprehension, and not being a man of remarkable strong nerves, was unable to disguise his fears. He tried however to gather as much courage as he could from his brandy bottle, to which he applied so often and so diligently that he became in a very short time completely drunk. This was, as may be supposed, a very agreeable circumstance to us.

To add to the comfort of our situation, on the third night, while the tempest was at its height, we were fired at by a French privateer. I was at the time taking the only peep I had ventured at for forty-eight

hours on deck, but on hearing the ball whiz by my ears, I prudently beat a retreat to my old quarters, which I did not immediately feel very anxious to quit. The privateer was prevented from coming along side of us by the violence of the storm. In the morning she was not in sight.

The weather at this time beginning to clear up, we determined to take vengeance on our drunken commander, and to give him a lesson which he might recollect on a similar occasion. We accordingly gave a preparation to the steward, directing him to infuse it in the captain's brandy bottle which stood in the cupboard, which orders he punctually put in execution. Soon after we saw the above-mentioned gentleman descend into the cabin for the purpose of taking a morning draught, to keep, as I suppose, the cold off his stomach. He first, however, as if he was unwilling to have any one witness to what he was about, cast his eyes round the cabin to see if we were asleep. Being satisfied in that particular, he applied the bottle to his lips, where he

held it so long that I began to think they would never again be parted. At length he reluctantly took it away, but not until the contents were entirely exhausted. I thought from a kind of cough he gave when swallowing the last drops, that he was not perfectly satisfied with the flavour. The medicine was not long in taking effect. The poor Irishman was soon put under a double evacuation, which lasted till the following day. During the operation he appeared to think himself no longer a man for this world. On his recovery, he seemed to have some little suspicion of the trick we had played him. It answered a very good purpose, and he never afterwards got fuddled.

In the bay of Biscay another privateer chased us. This we outsailed. Early on the morning of the fifth of September we heard the sailors cry out "land." We were roused by the cheerful sound, and on deck in a moment. The land first seen was cape Ortegal, and soon after the promontory of cape Finisterre opened to our view. Those who have never been at sea can with difficulty conceive the sensations produced by the first sight of the shore. From shore the eye can perhaps dwell on no object in nature more sublime than a view of the vast and trackless ocean: but I know no prospect so delightful as that of land when dimly discovered at sea, which seems at first hanging in the horizon like a distant cloud, and grows gradually distinct. The coast of Galicia had, as we drew nearer, a wild and desolate appearance. A huge chain of rude mountains rose one above another, without a shrub to shelter their bleak and barren sides. The waves broke with such prodigious violence over the rocks at their base, that for many leagues we heard the roar, and saw the white spray glittering in the sunbeams. The sun shone over the tops of the mountains, which were half obscured by the morning mists, and gave to the scene an evanescent beau-

ty. During the whole day we continued sailing along the coast, to which we approached so near as clearly to distinguish every object. In the afternoon we saw large columns of smoke ascending, and heard an incessant roar of cannon, which gave rise to various conjectures. We sagaciously concluded it to proceed from the retreating armies of the French, whom we presumed to be flying towards the Pyrenees in every direction. What was really the occasion we have never yet learned.

On the following morning we made the mountains of Vianna, at the northern extremity of Portugal. Close in shore we discovered a ship that showed Spanish colours, and an innumerable collection of fishing boats and feluccas. A few leagues to the southward of these mountains, after our eyes had been gratified by a constant and ever-varying succession of beautiful objects, appeared the *Villa do Conde*. The view of the shore was here most picturesque and enchanting. The day was remarkably fine; a light and almost imperceptible breeze wafted us along. The minutest object was clearly distinguishable by the naked eye. We saw at the *Villa do Conde* the magnificent remains of an ancient aqueduct, consisting of a series of lofty arches upwards of three hundred in number. The neighbouring country was extremely interesting, abounding in varied and novel charms. Hills rose one above another in graceful confusion, the summits of which were hidden in groves of fir, and their bases were clothed with the rich verdure of the cork-tree. The intermediate vallies were laid out in olive plantations, lemon gardens, and vineyards.

About noon we reached the mouth of the Duero, and came in full view of the beautiful city of Oporto, which stands on its northern bank. Here we were hailed and brought to by the Talbot sloop of war, from which we received a visit that was not very

agreeable. An officer came on board for the purpose of easing us of part of our crew. He took three of the men, one of whom was Cesar the cook. The poor fellow seemed very reluctant at going, and his face turned almost white. The mate, an idle, useless rascal, he took at my recommendation. In return for the men he took away, he brought us three others, foreigners, who had been pressed a few days previous from a Swedish ship. These fellows had cunningly pretended to be ignorant of English, and whenever they were addressed by an officer, replied in their own gibberish. When they had remained three or four days on board the *Talbot*, it was thought advisable, as nothing could be made of them, to exchange them for others who were able to speak. They found their tongues as soon as they thought themselves clear of danger. One of these ingenious gentlemen was a Prussian, another a Swede, and the third an old Dutch carpenter, who brought with him sundry pots and kettles, and a chest of tools large enough to supply the uses of a seventy-four gun ship. The officers of the *Talbot* could give us but little intelligence concerning the state of Lisbon. They had heard nothing for several days. They however told us that on arriving at the Tagus, should we not see the fleet off the mouth of the river, we might safely go in, as that would be a certain signal of the city being in possession of the British. While we remained off the bar of Oporto an eight oared barge came along side to bring us a pilot, supposing us bound up the Duero. The crew exhibited a most motley assemblage of black and white ragamuffins. Several other boats also came to us with fruit and wine, with which we supplied ourselves in abundance. The sailors, in return for their old clothes, rags, the offer of which an English beggar would deem an insult, salt pork, potatoes, &c. got as much wine and fruit

as they could consume. The people in the boats asked eagerly for bread, and seemed to consider themselves exceedingly happy in obtaining the mouldy and worm-eaten biscuit of the sailors. We also disposed of our empty bottles to them, which they very gladly accepted. Most of the boats we saw were shaped like canoes, with triangular sails. What struck me as most peculiar, the men stand in them as they row.

The southern bank of the Duero is agreeably diversified with villas, which produce a very gay and lively appearance. This river is the largest in Portugal, except the Tagus. It rises near Soria in Old Castile, and traverses an extent of one hundred and twenty leagues. Oporto is situated on the northern bank, about a league from the sea. The city stands on the declivity of a hill. Houses, convents, churches, and spires rise above each other like the seats of an amphitheatre. Among them the cathedral stands eminently conspicuous. The beauty of the prospect can seldom be exceeded. We could not refrain from impatience at not being ashore.

During the night we continued our course, and on the following day enjoyed the same beauty of scene and the same serenity of air. Towards evening we discovered the rock of Lisbon, and came abreast of the cluster of rocky islands called *as Berlingas*. They are situated near cape *Fiserao*, and are six in number. Their forms are very curious and grotesque. We received a pilot on board early in the morning, and arrived at noon, on the ninth, safely in the Tagus.

We passed by Fort St. Julien and came to anchor a little below the castle at Belem. We lie in the midst of transports and men of war. The river is crowded with ships. Above the castle we see a forest of masts. The Russian fleet lies very high up, almost above the city. Imagination can scarcely form any thing more

beautiful than the gay scene around us. The banks of the river are studied with villas, orchards, gardens, vineyards and palaces. In our rear the vast and "sterile promontory" of *Cabo da Rocca* stretches into the ocean. Before us stands the fine old gothick castle of Belem, beyond which rise the white turrets and spires of Lisbon. The tricoloured flag is waving on the forts. On our left is the English camp, where we see the bayonets of the centinels glittering in the sun. Around us, riding at anchor, are many of the largest ships in the British navy.

In the afternoon Mr. T—— went on board the admiral (Sir Charles Cotton,) where he met among the captains of the fleet several of his old acquaintances, and where he had also the honor of an introduction to Mynheer Breakbackhenhoff, the Russian admiral. He received permission for us to go ashore on the following day.

The terms of the convention have excited much disgust among the officers both of army and navy. The French are to remain in possession, until they can be embarked, of the town and forts. It is supposed that three weeks will elapse before their embarkation can be effected. In the mean time the Portuguese troops are not allowed to enter, and the English go in only by permission.

Our Portuguese Palinurus continues on board until our ship can go above the castle. This gentleman is quite an extraordinary character. He wears a vast *chapeau bras*, adorned with a patriotic cockade, under which his head is encased in a red worsted night cap. Though the weather is exceedingly warm, he carries a large cloak wrapped constantly round his shoulders, which he appears to think adds no small degree of dignity to the rest of his person. Whatever may be his motive for wearing it, it is not altogether useless, as it in some measure affords concealment to the ravages which

time has made in his galligaskins, as well as divers openings and rents in other parts of his apparel. His lower extremities being unencumbered with shoes or stockings, his skin in that quarter has got the same tinge as his face, which has very much the complexion of a smoked salmon. Antonio, or, as my respect for his character induced me to style him, Don Antonio, is moreover a most zealous patriot, and an outrageous abuser of the French. He also takes upon himself to censure, in very high terms of displeasure, the conduct of the English generals at the recent convention. He describes the victory at *Vimeira* as having been gained solely by the valour of his own countrymen, and you would not suppose that the English had had any concern whatever in the affair. Antonio is also very loquacious, extremely communicative, and vain of his knowledge of English, in which he affects to converse. His acquaintance with that language extends as far as six or eight phrases which he has picked up from those eminent linguists and rhetoricians with whom he has been accustomed to associate in the exercise of his professional duties. With far less pretensions to knowledge I have seen others infinitely more assuming. I asked him his reason for hating the French so very violently. "Ah senhor," he said, "*malditos sean*." "I have not piloted one vessel before this since the villains arrived." This it seems is the chief cause of his animosity. The motive from which it springs is similar to that which gave rise to the jacobitism of the sagacious puppet-show-man recorded in Tom Jones, who observed, "that as for his part he did not care what religion they had, provided the presbyterians were not uppermost, as they were enemies to puppet-shows."

September 12.

We went ashore for the first time yesterday, which was Sunday. The eagerness which is felt after a tedious

voyage, to set foot on dry land, can with difficulty be imagined by such as have not experienced the same sensations. Our impatience was especially increased by having been so long obliged to remain in the situation of Tantalus. Antonio went with us in the boat. I pointed to a very beautiful seat on the banks of the river, as we approached the shore, and asked him if he knew to whom it belonged. "*Si senhor,*" he replied, "*muito bene.*" But on inquiring of him farther, whose it was, he said it was "*O palacio de algum Fidalgo.*" With this satisfactory answer I was under the necessity of remaining contented. *Fidalgo*, which is the appellation given generally to a nobleman, or man of family, signifies *the son of somebody*. A person whose birth is not illustrious being looked upon in this country as a sort of *nul-tius filius*, the son of nobody at all; and it is considered a matter of doubt whether he ever had any ancestors.

We landed about six miles below the town, purposing to walk to it. This I soon found likely to prove a more arduous undertaking than I had at first imagined. The day was very warm, and as ill fate would have it, I had put on for the first time a pair of new boots, which I did not discover to be too small until we had proceeded nearly a third of the distance. Being unwilling to turn back without seeing the town, I could not resolve "to go bootless home;" though in Hotspur's interpretation of the phrase, "home without boots," I would most gladly have gone. I therefore heroically proceeded, suffering all the way the miseries of purgatory. Job wished his enemy had written a book. The severest punishment I wish mine, is, that he may take as long a walk as I did in as hot a day, and in a new pair of boots that fit him as well.

We stopped to look at the monastery of St. Jeronymo at Belem, a noble old pile. Here we saw a few women at confession. One of the

monks complained to us bitterly of the ill usage they had received from the French, who it seems had levied several very heavy contributions on their exchequer. They had put in requisition the massy ornaments of the altars, together with the candlesticks of gold and silver, which were immediately converted into coin. Junot observed to them in his last communication, that he thought plated candlesticks would be equally serviceable, and not so liable to be stolen.

At Belem we passed through a French encampment. The appearance of the soldiers is in general extremely youthful. Many of them are mere boys. We saw afterwards several other of their camps in the squares of Lisbon, which are all occupied by troops. Most of them wore Polish caps. Their aspect is very martial, and among them are some fine looking fellows. Belem is united so closely with Lisbon, that though it is called a suburb, you cannot distinguish where one commences or the other terminates. They may indeed be considered as one city. Yesterday was the first time that the English had entered the town since the convention took place. Of course it was a novel sight to the inhabitants. The women particularly seemed very glad to see us. I heard one say that "muslin would now be cheaper." As we passed they shouted from the balconies. "*Vivao os Yngleses,*" quite as enthusiastically as they had done a few days before to their good friends the French. As the troops marched through the country previous to the battle of Vimeira, the people greeted them with acclamations, manifesting on their approach every symptom of joy. The sight however of the rifle regiments, that afterwards passed, struck them with confusion, as they conceived them from their green dress to be French, having hitherto seen only such British troops as wore the scarlet uniform. They had been shouting patriotically, *Vivao os Yn-*

glasses, but they now sung out most lustily *Vivao os Franceses*, which they continued until the mistake was discovered. They then immediately resumed the most popular cry. This is a specimen of Portuguese patriotism. Their politics are not the most consistent, but like those of the vicar of Bray, they are much the safest.

Cities of such magnitude generally attract the eye of a stranger. In this respect Lisbon has a double advantage. It immediately seizes his attention by the nose. Much as I had heard of its filth, my expectations fell infinitely short of reality. Yet they say it is very much cleaner since the French have possessed it. If so, what must it have been! My ideas of nastiness can reach no farther than even its present state. Any addition seems impossible. Dead dogs and cats lie everywhere rotting in the sun, denied by this unchristian people the rites of burial. We could with difficulty avoid treading continually on their carcases. They throw every thing into the streets. Heaps of old rags, stinking fish, putrid vegetables, offals and departed animals, you see exposed at every turn in a state of fermentation. I am told that the Portuguese are fond of such nosegays.

From the physiognomies of the people we met, I could not help thinking I had got among a nation of Israelites. They have all a most Judaick aspect. I never beheld a more ill looking race. The little boys wear monkey tails. We did not meet many young women. Those whom we saw might very securely be trusted abroad. They wanted no other safeguard than their faces. As for the old ones—never before did I know what ugliness was. Macbeth's witches among them would have looked like angels. Could Fuseli see them, he would immediately commit to the flames his painting of the *Wied Sisters*, and get three old ladies of Lisbon to sit for their pictures.

Having desired the boat to wait for us, we returned as soon as we had rested and refreshed ourselves. The sailors were in attendance on our arrival at the place where we landed, but Amonio was not to be found. He had come on shore under pretext of going to mass. After a long search, he was discovered seated among a parcel of his countrymen in a dram shop, haranguing them on the state of the nation. It was nearly dark before we reached the ship. I was heartily rejoiced to get on board again, in order to rid myself of my new boots, for by this time I was so crippled that I was scarcely able to stand. It was our intention to have gone into town again today had not the weather been unfavourable. Luckily for me, as I have not yet recovered the use of my toes. Tomorrow we shall go in order to look for lodgings.

Lisbon, September 19.

On Tuesday we went on shore for the second time. Not being able to get back early enough to go on board, we determined to remain in town for the night, and trust to fortune for a lodging. We found it, however, a more difficult matter than we had supposed to procure one. The coffee-house, for so it was called, where we dined, was unable to furnish a hole to put our heads in. As for beds, I question much whether they ever had such an article of furniture in the house. Indeed we dined there only by compulsion; for we could discover in the course of our inquiries no other place which seemed to promise any thing eatable; that is to say, any thing which our stomachs could swallow. Here they gave us soup and bouillè. The soup appeared to be the scourgings of the kettle. The second course was an omelet mixed with *tomates* and garlic, fried in such villainous oil that I was nearly poisoned. We had afterwards a cat that weighed eight pounds; the landlord said it was a fricaseed rabbit.

We were about to give up the idea of a resting place in despair, when it was resolved as a dernier resort to make trial of a low-lived-looking sort of a wine-house, decorated with the sign of General Washington, hung out, I suppose, as a lure for such unfortunate Americans as may chance to pass by, whose patriotism is of a sufficiently substantial nature to supply the deficiency of other food. Even this house, uninviting as it appeared, was filled with English officers, in a similar predicament with ourselves. Such a miserable want is there in this vast city of anything like a hotel. Mine host, whose tongue bespoke him a German, though he called himself an American, told us that it was out of his power to furnish us with beds, the only two he possessed being already bespoken. All the apartments in the house, except the billiard room, were also occupied. After a good deal of deliberation he said that provided we would consent to sleep on the billiard table, he would endeavour to provide us a couple of mattresses. Finding that there would be no possibility of bettering ourselves, we e'en thought best to take up with his proposal.

It was with no little difficulty that he was enabled to fulfil his promise. He succeeded at last in procuring two mattresses, but of such an appearance, that, unless I had been exceedingly weary, I should infinitely have preferred sitting up all night to reposing on them. Mine possessed every variety of hill and dale. In some parts its thickness was about an inch, and the materials with which it was stuffed were of so solid a nature, that it seemed to be filled with potatoes. Compared to it, Damien's couch of steel was a *thrice driven bed of down*. I passed

Such a miserable night,
 "That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of easy
 days."

My couch possessed an infinity of

nooks and corners, where its inhabitants lay in ambush, and from whence they sallied out by thousands to attack whoever was rash enough to trespass on their territories. Never before was martyr so *flooded*.

Yet this was but one of the miseries. The house was part of a convent of barefooted friars, and the chapel belonging to it was contiguous to our *bed-chamber*; the rooms over head being wholly occupied by the reverend brothers. Thus during my intervals of rest from the work of destruction and bloodshed in which I was occupied, my ears were most agreeably entertained by the sonorous music of our neighbours, who were chanting without ceasing a moment the whole night. I suppose they were singing anthems on their deliverance from the French. A certain convocation of politic dogs, of which the number here is incredible, likewise assembled before the house. These animals belong to nobody, but they prowl in herds about the streets at night, annoying everybody. They were probably attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from the convent, and accordingly planted themselves under our windows, where they did all in their power to render the serenade more musical. The softness of the concert was moreover increased by a company of cats, that were courting in an adjacent lobby, and saying tender things to each other in most vile Portuguese.

Through the assistance of an English gentleman, who is one of the factory here, we have succeeded to our satisfaction in procuring lodgings, and are already established in our new quarters. Our house, which consists of eleven stories, is one of the highest in Lisbon. It is built on the declivity of a hill, and looks on the south toward the Tagus. We are lodged in the upper story, and occupy a suite of six apartments, so that there is a view from the balconies and windows on each side the house, and most beautiful indeed is

the prospect. To be sure, it is something of a labour to climb up so high, and would not be very pleasant in case of an earthquake.

Our hostess is an Irish lady who has lived here many years. One of her countrymen not long since became enamoured of her charms, and persuaded her, *nothing loth*, to enter into the matrimonial state. No sooner, however, had the false-hearted swain got possession of the only treasures he was in love with, than he made off without saying adieu to his bride, leaving her to *pine in secret*, in which melancholy condition she has since continued. Her figure is not very striking, nor is her face remarkably prepossessing; though among Portuguese women she will pass for handsome. She is moreover *somewhat declined into the vale of years*, and has an unfortunate cast in one of her eyes, which induced me the first time I saw her to imagine, while she was speaking to me, that she was looking out of the window. The other, like Polonius's, *purges continually thick amber and glumb-tree gum*. Yet, to counterbalance any want of personal charms, she is a good house-wife, and withal very pious. We have that rare luxury here, clean rooms and good beds, to know the value of which it is necessary to pass such a night as I did on the billiard table.

My landlady, as I intimated, is a zealous catholic, and the walls of our apartments are decorated accordingly, with a profusion of saints. At the head of my bed hangs a picture of *nossa senhora dos dolores*, (our lady of sorrows,) representing the Virgin Mary holding the head of Christ in her lap, while six long swords are sticking through her body. The subject of another is the miraculous removal of the holy house from Jerusalem to Loretto. The Virgin Mary is seen flying through the air with a two story house of red brick under her arm. His holiness the Pope is standing at

the water side with his hands elevated in the act of catching it, accompanied by an elderly gentleman in a pea-green coat and tye-perriwig.

From morning till midnight a posse of beggars lay regular siege to the doors, which open immediately into the street, and if the waiter, (of whom there is seldom more than one,) chances to turn his back, you will find in a twinkling two or three tatterdemalions at your elbow. Let you be sitting in the most distant part of the room, they will come without ceremony up to the table. It is by no means a very pleasant accompaniment to a breakfast to have these gentry shaking their rags in your face, independent of the risque you run of receiving a colony of the live stock which they generally carry about them. Never did I behold objects so horrible as some of the beggars here. It is indeed a most melancholy and disgusting sight to see such an immense assemblage of miserable wretches, made monstrous by nature and their own vices, as infest the streets.

(Of this multitude, many rove about from place to place, while others have their fixed and regular stations. Here they remain crying out continually in the most doleful cadence, wearying you to death as you pass, with everlasting supplications for the love of God, the most holy virgin *Maria santissima dos dolores*, and St. Antonio. They most faithfully promise, if you will bestow your charity, to mention your name to *nossa senhora* in their prayers. Some of them practise artifices to excite compassion. A friend of mine told me that one of them fell down before him, as he was walking along the other day, pretending to be expiring through hunger, by which means he obtained a considerable present. He afterwards saw the fellow in another part of the town rehearse the same theatrical feat, though not so successfully as before. Many of the beggars whom you meet,

are, according to the order of the day, decorated like the rest of their fellow citizens, with that patriotic badge, the Portuguese cockade. They are also strict observers of the national costume. They are wrapped up in cloaks, have their hair queued; and wear a *chapeau bras* of vast circumference. The politeness of these gentlemen to each other when they meet, is also a remarkable trait in their character. They take off their hats with the most courtly ceremony, bow down to the ground, embrace, and reciprocally present their snuff-boxes; which last is considered by a Portuguese as the highest mark of civility which one human being can pay to another. No one is ever so rude as to refuse taking a pinch.

The number of female mendicants is equally great. The multitude of both sexes is inconceivable. Many of the women are exceedingly well clad. You will often see them with white muslin handkerchiefs on their heads, and the rest of their apparel comparatively neat. Those of this description do not so much annoy you. Their supplications are more silent, and of course frequently more effectual. This last sort of beggars, I am told, do not belong to the regular established fraternity. Their appearance is comparatively very respectable, and they are by no means so insufferably troublesome as the others. Many among them are reduced servants, persons who have been thrown out of employment by the emigration of the court, or the invasion of the French. Their number is however lamentable. I was solicited the other evening by a whole family, a man, his wife, and five daughters, all of whom appeared to have been accustomed to better days.

There is another branch of begging here, in every respect as annoying as the first, and which is carried on with considerably more success; that is for souls in purgatory. The Portuguese consider that whatever they bestow for this object, is so much gained by themselves, as an account

current is said to be kept, by which they receive credit when their own souls are in purgatory; and for every penny which they give for the souls of others, a certain deduction will be made from the period of their own duration. Self-interest of course operates as a very powerful incentive to this species of charity; and this class of beggars is in a very flourishing condition. The employment is farmed out by different religious societies to certain individuals, who pay annually for their privilege a regular stipend, or sometimes a per centum, on the profits of the year. These persons post themselves in the neighbourhood of the church or convent in whose employ they are, and in their begging are quite as vociferous as the less successful members of the profession. These religious beggars frequently gain a very comfortable subsistence. Their solicitations are made, *pelo amor de Deus & pelas almas*. For the love of God and suffering souls. This class of charity is considered much the most meritorious, and those persons, whose limited means do not allow them to give much away, bestow all that they do give on the purchase of masses for the souls of such unfortunate wights as have died without leaving *sixpence to save themselves from the flames*. They think it is their duty, having little to give, to take especial care that this little should be applied to the most useful purpose. Of how much less importance is it to save a fellow-creature from the trifling inconvenience of starvation in this world, than to rescue his soul from ages of fire and brimstone? Such convents as do not employ agents to beg for them have boxes at the doors with most piteous inscriptions, imploring the charitable for the love of all the saints in heaven, to drop a little money into them. In order more effectually to awaken compunction in the hard hearted and unfeeling, divers views taken from the regions of purgatory are painted on the boxes in the most fiery colours. These

miserable wretches are seen in all the agonies which hell flames can communicate, lifting up their imploring eyes in anguish and indignation to those of their relatives and friends who are so stingy and niggardly, that they will suffer their souls to remain in these abodes of torment, sooner than put a few farthings into the box. How any one can be so unfeeling as to grudge a little money to secure a tolerable reception for an acquaintance, in the other world, or to allow a neighbour's soul to continue in torture when these pictures salute his eyes, I cannot for my part possibly conceive. Everything in this country is done for the love of God and for souls. The convents send out the fruits, which their gardens produce to be sold, in order, as they say, to perform masses with the money, though the proceeds of their sales are generally appropriated in a much more substantial manner. The fruit, which is most usually grapes or figs, is hawked by little boys about the streets, vociferating with all their might, *uvas pelas almas ! figos pelas almas ! grapes for the souls ! figs for the souls !* and intreating all good Christians to buy some of their cargo. They are by far the most successful traders in Lisbon, and very speedily dispose of their load, as a Portuguese will much more readily purchase of them than of the *lay* fruit seller. He thinks it is in a certain degree cheating the devil ; and it is also, as it were, killing two birds with one stone, as he fills his belly and stands an additional chance of saving his soul. Cigarrs *for the souls*, made by nuns, are likewise cried through the town by little bandy-legged urchins, who run about with lighted oakum.

September 24.

The Portuguese are great lovers of bell-ringing. Immediately opposite to our lodgings is a convent of Franciscans, which to those who are partial to this sort of music is another strong recommendation. As for myself, I must confess that I am

so much of a heretic as not to be remarkably fond of it. However agreeable the sound may be to the people here, it is to me an insufferable annoyance. At first I supposed it to proceed from the present occasion of rejoicing, and comforted myself that it would soon be over. But alas ! I have been miserably mistaken. All days I find are alike. The noise never ceases. The discord is everlasting. From dawn till midnight, and indeed all night, there is an eternal ding dong of great bells and small. We can sometimes scarcely hear one another speak. Of all the monks in Lisbon our neighbours are most particularly attached to the amusement. It appears to be their only employment. It is the first sound which salutes my ears when I wake, and the last which rings in my ears at night. Twenty times an hour I wish the monks and the bells at the devil. By the way, it is well understood that Satan is afraid of bells, or at least that he has a singular antipathy to the sound. Indeed, in this respect, I much approve the taste of his infernal majesty, in which I have the honour most fully to coincide. This I believe is one reason of the incessant ringing, for so long as he bears the sound, it is supposed that he will fear to approach. By this means they are always enabled to defy the devil, and keep him at bay.

It is utterly impossible for one who has not been here to have an adequate idea of the filth of this city. Such things as pipes and common sewers are unknown. The streets are the receptacle of every species of uncleanness and corruption, and there can be no greater proof of the excellence of the climate than the absence of a perpetual plague. In order that the balconies in rainy weather may be preserved against the wet, the spouts for conveying water from the roofs of the houses are made to project very far into the street. Here the water lies stagnant in the middle of the street, and mixing with the heaps of accumulated

filth forms puddles, that are frequently impossible to pass, and which continue until dried by the sun, or swept away by the wind. It consequently requires no small share of skill and knowledge of geography in walking the streets to avoid foundering in some of these bogs, or running foul of a dunghill, especially in those narrow streets where the dirt is never washed away by the rain. In many of those which are most frequented, there is only a narrow path winding near the sides of the way, where there is any possibility of walking. It may easily be conceived how agreeable it must be between such a Scylla and Charybdis to encounter carriages, carts, horses and mules, and to jostle with a multitude of people all equally anxious with yourself to avoid being thrust against one of the neighbouring mountains of dung. With the utmost care you can seldom escape being splashed and bespattered from top to toe. When there is no moon, the streets at night are in a state of Egyptian darkness. The lamps are never lighted. The city is illuminated only by the dim tapers which are placed here and there at long and unequal intervals before the image of some saint. The feeble rays which they emit serve only to heighten the surrounding gloom, and to make the darkness visible. The city is badly paved with small sharp stones that cut your feet, and the streets are so steep that many of them you are actually obliged to climb up. These circumstances render walking at noon-day exceedingly disagreeable, but when added to the obscurity of the night, and the facility which is thereby afforded to the perpetration of murder, you cannot walk abroad at unseasonable hours without danger.

Lisbon has ever been infamous for the frequency of assassinations, and for the boldness of its assassins; and there is perhaps no city in Europe, where deeds of darkness can be committed with such impunity. But at

the present moment these perils are infinitely increased. Not a night passes but we hear of a dozen murders: of French sentinels who have been stabbed by parties of the populace, and of numbers of the latter who have been killed in retaliation by the French soldiers. Only two evenings since there were three murders before my door. Walking at night is thus rendered unsafe as well as highly disagreeable. You are also, if you would go any considerable distance, under the necessity of passing through a French camp, which is by no means a pleasant affair. I have several times found myself among them before I was aware of the circumstance, and have only been apprised of my proximity by the hoarse voice of the sentinel, exclaiming *Qui vive? Ne boulez là*, and not seldom by finding his bayonet at my breast. The frequency of assassination was, however, always such as to render it perilous to walk alone at night. In the most peaceable times, every night was marked by bloodshed. The most audacious robberies were constantly committed; and robbery was ever accompanied by murder. The punishment of death was very seldom inflicted for the offence, no severer sentence being passed on the culprit than transportation to Angola, or the Indies. To this cause must be attributed the frequency of the crime. To such a pitch of boldness had they risen that murders were often committed even at noon day. The inhabitants, instead of endeavoring to arrest the criminal in his flight, by a kind of infatuation seem willing and eager by every means in their power to facilitate his escape. They exclaim when they see him pursued *Coutadinho! alas, poor fellow*, and do whatever they are able to assist him in his flight. The usual price of a bravo is not more than a moidore, and should he be discovered in the execution of his villainy, he has only to take refuge in a convent. In the sanctuary he is safe

(To be continued.)

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some account of the late Dr. Rose, the Father of the Monthly Review.

O thou, whom, borne on Fancy's eager wing,
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,
 I pleas'd remember; and, while Mem'ry yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget.
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and
 simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest
 smile;
 Witty and well employ'd, and, like thy
 Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word.

Cropper.

THE late Dr. William Rose, an elegant and learned scholar, and many years master of the academy in Chiswick, was born and bred in the north of Scotland. By the care and direction of some eminent and worthy men, who interested themselves in his education, he discovered a predilection for classical learning much above his years. He was early smitten with that enthusiasm which the classics so generally infuse in ardent minds. And he soon evinced how well he mastered their meaning, and imbibed their spirit. Having completed his university studies rapidly and successfully, he came to England, where he found abundance of associates of manners and dispositions more liberal and consonant to his own. Here he made his entrance into life, and persevered, with laudable industry, for several years, in the humble and laborious capacity of an usher to some of the principal academies about town. The translation of Sallust, which so long went under the name of Gordon's Sallust, fell from his pen, with various other anonymous pieces known to be his, while others claimed and enjoyed the credit of them. No one ever understood better the genius of youth, or the mode of best expediting their acquisition of science and literature. In teaching, he was cautious, collected, cool, correct, and

indefatigable; in the conduct of his school, minutely regular and methodical; discipline, severe but placable; in tasking, rigid and inexorable; but conversation, liberal, gentle, affable, and witty. And he adopted it as a common adage, that a mild and conciliating master made, for the most part, diligent, docile, and accomplished pupils.

Dr. Rose now took unto himself a wife, Miss Clark, daughter of a worthy dissenting clergyman; and with that denomination of Christians continued ever after; though always on liberal terms, without a single tincture of bigotry or schismatic prejudice. He was against the American insurgents, whose cause the whole body of the dissenters so warmly espoused; and firmly opposed the ferment created by Wilkes and his faction, though many of his friends were the dupes of it.

His high classical attainments, and well-cultivated taste, secured him a ready acquaintance and free communication with all the wits and men of letters in his time. Cadell and Strahan were then at the head of their respective pursuits; the one the first bookseller, and the other the first printer, in town. Of course, the English press was almost, if not altogether, at their direction. They nearly monopolized, at least, the whole book and paper trade in the kingdom. Their literary property became insensibly immense: and they were too shrewd not to perceive the advantage of cultivating an intimacy with Dr. Rose. His knowledge of books, his intercourse with men of genius and learning, the influence he began to acquire with the upper ranks of society, his urbanity, his liberal decorum and spirit, his frank and facetious manners, procured him, at least, a decided ascendancy over all their opinions of men and

books, authors and manuscripts: inso-much, that he generally appeared not so like a gentleman visitor in a bookseller's shop, as a partner and chief conductor of their business. It was about this time that Scotch literature burst forth in all the splendour it assumed under the auspices of a Kaims, a Robertson, and a Hume. The MSS. of these great incomparable writers were originally submitted to the cognizance and appreciation of Dr. Rose; and such was his credit with both parties, that both were in the habit of relying implicitly on his decision. And much of the facility with which these works, so honourable to the literary character of the country, were received by the English public, was owing to the ministry of Dr. Rose. He often enough diverted his friends with anecdotes of the celebrated, but whimsical, John James Rousseau and David Hume, who were frequently his guests, and drew pretty liberally both on his credit and hospitality. Their quarrels and reconciliations, like those of school-boys, he was wont to detail with infinite humour. He, one day, surprised them in the attitude of sparring with cudgels, another with Rousseau on Hume's knee blubbering like a child, and another time at loggheads about a passage in Sallust, the Roman Historian, which neither understood.

The Monthly Review, a literary journal still in high celebrity, originated solely with Dr. Rose. And he may be properly said to have been the father of one of the most voluminous and useful works that ever did honour to the literary world, in this or any other country. And this draft or plan of his, is to this day the invariable model of all the Critiques, Reviews, and publications of a similar description, that have since been obtruded on the public. It was in consequence of a pique at the dogmatism of Johnson, whom Rose had recommended as a coadjutor to the work, that Dr. Smollet seceded from the monthly club, withdrew his assistance, and set up

the Critical Review in competition. The Monthly however bore down all opposition. And with Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Jenkinson, Burke, Campbell, Hawkesworth, and all the literary phalanx of the day, united, what efforts or combinations, of literati not in league or friendship with, could withstand it. Mr. Griffith was the publisher, and by marrying the Doctor's sister-in-law brought all the men of genius and learning to rally round his standard. Liberty in politics, tolerance in religion, refinement in morals, and purity of taste, became the order of the day in the literary world, which ultimately rendered all the articles in this Review as popular as they were well-written. Of this masterly and highly favoured production, the Doctor was naturally fond, and always regarded it with the partiality of an affectionate parent, and continued to cultivate and improve it while he lived. It therefore established his reputation, brought him pupils and admirers from every quarter, enhanced his interest with booksellers, and gave him free access to the most elevated characters in church and state.

The Rev. Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, whose sermons have been of late years so well received, had brought a certain quantity of them to London, and tendered them to the booksellers, but without success. A few years subsequent to this he put a volume to the press at his own risk. It was afterwards transmigrated to Cadell and Strahan as a specimen, and by them put into the hands of Dr. Rose, whose opinion of it was given in language of unqualified approbation. He not only advised the purchase of it, at almost any price, but puffed it so successfully among all his friends and acquaintance, that the first earl of Mansfield immediately sent for it: and is said to have read such passages of it especially from the Sermon on Candour, to their Majesties, that the whole impression was expended in a few days, the preacher pensioned,

and the character of the work established. Nor ought it here to be forgotten, that notwithstanding the Doctor's preference of liberty, and all the prerogatives of democracy, he was always a decided enemy, as hinted already, to the American rebellion, from first to last. This created much shyness between him and the Price and Priestly faction, then so extravagant and licentious. Priestly had just attacked the philosophy of the celebrated Dr. Reid, so zealously and ably espoused by his cotemporaries Osward and Beattie, both signally noted for talent and worth. This virulent censure of friends and countrymen, Dr. Rose coolly and solemnly condemned as wanton, unprovoked, and unsubstantiated: equally unworthy a philosopher and a Christian. Priestly attempted to remonstrate; but finding Rose could laugh, and he not, and that his dogmatism was no match for the ridicule of his facetious antagonist, the controversy dropped.

Many years before this, the learned Bishop Warburton had differed with the father of Bishop Louth, afterwards Bishop of London, on some passage of holy writ. This the latter resented, in a style of peculiar bitterness and asperity. No species of pugilism could occasion more noise in the Jockey Club, than this spirited contest, in all the literary and clerical circles. Rose had the weakness and temerity to espouse the part of Dr. Louth and eagerly fought his battles with all his characteristic adroitness and vivacity. Whatever credit he otherwise derived from this silly affair, Dr. Louth was ever after his fast friend. And it is well known to the writer of this article, that while the Bishop lived, there was little within his lordship's patronage that Dr. Rose might not have commanded.

The life of Dr. Rose embraces all the literature and scholia of his time. But the hints of him here given are wholly from memory, without order, dates, or other avouchments than the writer's own conviction and recollec-

tion; they may serve however to stimulate others better qualified to do him the justice, which want of suitable materials, and free communications with his friends, put altogether out of his power. But to give his history in detail were to produce a picture of the whole biography of the period and place in which he lived. Few, however, in his station and capacity, were more generally known, more courted, or more respected.

What persons of talent, consideration in science or learning, he turned out during his long residence in Chiswick, is uncertain. It may well be presumed however, from his personal accomplishments, his acceptability with people of rank, his address and his industry, that his labours were not without success. And I well remember his occasionally mentioning to me several who had distinguished themselves, and done credit to his institution, in all the learned professions; but their names have now escaped me. His lady survived him some years. By her he had several children. Two sons and two daughters arrived at a state of puberty. One of his boys died, when turned of age, suddenly. The other, much esteemed by the poet Cowper, lived but a short time after his marriage. His eldest daughter was respectably disposed of in marriage to an eminent attorney, and the youngest to the Rev. Dr. Burney of Greenwich, one of the first Greek scholars in Europe: who has but lately entered into the church, and already adorned the profession by a masterly abridgment of Bishop Pearson on the Creed; and who promises by his industry, talents, attainments and interest, to be one of our most distinguished ecclesiastics.

The following lines were occasioned by his death; the first accounts of which only reached me some time after it happened, at a considerable distance from town:

Accept, O Rose, my plighted vow
To weave a chaplet for thy brow,

When thou shouldst breath thy last;
Much to thy care the Muses owe,
And to thy merits homage do,
For all thy favours past.

Thy manners easy, frank, polite,
Embellish'd with true attic wit,
And rul'd by common sense;
Thou could'st all false pretence detect,
Chaste composition well correct,
And never give offence.

Thy mind, with stores of science fraught,
To public use such talents brought,
As spread abroad thy name;
Which gain'd thee pupils high and low,
Whose little hearts soon learn'd to glow,
And emulate thy fame!

It kept the rays of genius clear,
Confin'd them to their proper sphere,
And useful knowledge taught;
Corrected diction, polish'd wit,

And by example form'd to write,
As all in common thought.

It laugh'd at Priestly, Wilkes and Price,
And scouted ev'ry low device,
Against or church or state;
Approv'd the filial warmth of Louth,
Sought not for victory but truth,
Which sanctifies debate.

The school, by English talents rear'd
In Scotia, had just appear'd,

Led on by Hume and Kaims;
Nor least among th' enlight'ned few
Thy *Monthly Critique*, or *Review*,
Its due distinction claims.

See Genius round thy hallow'd urn
Hang down her sapient head and mourn,
And Dulness flee away,
To where the deadly nightshade grows,
And Styx in streams oblivious flows,
Beyond the reach of day.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Essay on the origin and progress of Novel-Writing.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.*

In justice to the Fair Editor, as well as to the proprietors of "THE BRITISH NOVELISTS," lately published, we have to state, that to that work, which does the highest credit to the taste and judgment of Mrs. BARBAULD, whose literary talents are too well known to need any eulogy from us, we are indebted for the following elegant and judicious remarks on Novel-Writing: they are extracted from the Introductory Essay to that lady's collection of the best works of our most eminent authors in this department of literature; which has been farther enriched by Mrs. Bar-

bauld, with a valuable series of biographical and critical prefaces.

A COLLECTION of novels has a better chance of giving pleasure than of commanding respect. Books of this description are condemned by the grave, and despised by the fastidious; but their leaves are seldom found unopened, and they occupy the parlour and the dressing-room, while productions of higher name are often gathering dust upon the shelf. It

* We are happy to insert this essay, as, we think, its author has, in it, made an admirable *apology* for the writers of *novels*: an *apology* which, by-the-bye, they in some degree wanted; for it has been the fashion among the *small critics of the times*, and their *echoes*, to decry works of genius and imagination, for which it is impossible that they can have any other reason than because they have neither, in the *first* instance, *talents* to write them, nor, in the second, *taste* and *judgment* to distinguish their merit, or appreciate, as Mrs. Barbauld has done, their importance.

The *NOVEL*, properly so called (and many works the authors of which now think themselves secure in their *gravity* might be drawn into this class of literature), is a species of composition that has always been admired by men of real genius. Of this predilection we could, had we time, quote many instances, and also much enlarge the history of its objects; but our author has so happily seized on the principal points which we had in contemplation, and, in general, so well observed upon them, that we shall not weaken her sentiments and opinions by an unnecessary exhibition of our own.

EDITOR.

might not, perhaps, be difficult to show, that this species of composition is entitled to a higher rank than has been generally assigned to it. Fictitious adventures, in one form or other, have made a part of the polite literature of every age and nation. These have been grafted upon the actions of their heroes; they have been interwoven with their mythology; they have been moulded upon the manners of the age; and, in return, have influenced the manners of the succeeding generation by the sentiments they have infused, and the sensibilities they have excited.

Adorned with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic; more concentrated in the story, and exchanging narrative for action, they become dramatic. When allied with some great moral end, as in the *TELEMAQUE* of *Fenelon* and *Marmontel's BELISAIRE*, they may be termed didactic. They are often made the vehicles of satire, as in *Swift's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS*, and the *CANDIDE* of *Voltaire*. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are made use of successfully to attack or recommend the prevailing systems of the day. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive, and its effects so great, it seems evident that it ought to hold a respectable place among the productions of genius; nor is it easy to say, why the poet, who deals in one kind of fiction, should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance-writer so low a one in the general estimation he is confined to. To measure the dignity of a writer by the pleasure he affords his readers, is not, perhaps, using an accurate criterion; but the invention of a story, the choice of proper incident, the ordinance of the plan, occasional beauties of description, and, above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart, by filling it with the successive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport, or indignation, together with the grave im-

pressive moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to be appreciated accordingly. A good novel is an epic in prose, with more of character, and less (indeed in modern novels nothing, of the supernatural machinery.

If we look for the origin of fictitious tales and adventures, we shall be obliged to go to the earliest accounts of the literature of every age and country.

Rude times are fruitful of striking adventures; polished times must render them pleasing.—The ponderous volumes of the romance writers being laid upon the shelf, a closer imitation of nature began to be called for; not but that, from the earliest times, there had been stories taken from, or imitating, real life. The *Decameron* of Boccaccio (a store-house of tales, and a standard of the language in which it is written), the *Cent Nouvelles* of the queen of Navarre, *Contes et Fabliaux* without number may be considered as novels of a lighter texture: they abounded with adventure, generally of the humorous, often of the licentious kind, and, indeed, were mostly founded on intrigue, but the nobler passions were seldom touched. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind. Its subject is the adventures of a set of strolling players. Comic humour it certainly possesses; but the humour is very coarse, and the incidents mostly low. Smollet seems to have formed himself very much upon this model. But the *Zaide* and the *Princesse de Cleves* of Madame de la Fayette are esteemed to be the first which approach the modern novel of the serious kind, the latter especially. Voltaire says of them, that they were "*les premiers romans où l'on vit les mœurs des honnêtes gens, et des aventures naturelles décrites avec grace. Avant elle, on écrivait d'un stile empoûlé des choses peu vraisemblables.*" They were the first novels which gave the manners of cultivated life and natural incidents related with elegance. Before

the time of this lady, the style of these productions was effectually turgid, and the adventures out of nature." The modesty of Madame de la Fayette led her to shelter her productions, on their first publication, under the name of Segrais, her friend, under whose revision they had passed. Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, a work of infinite entertainment though of dubious morality, has given us pictures of more familiar life, abounding in character and incident. The scene is laid in Spain in which country he had travelled, and great part of it is imitated from the adventures of *Don Gusman d'Alvarache*; for Spain, though her energies have so long lain torpid, was earlier visited by polite literature than any country of Europe, Italy excepted. Her authors abounded in invention; so that the plots of plays and ground-work of novels were very frequently drawn from their productions. Cervantes himself, besides his *Don Quixote*, which has been translated and imitated in every country, wrote several little tales and novels, some of which he introduced into that work, for he only banished one species of fiction to introduce another. The French improved upon their masters. There is not, perhaps a more amusing book than *Gil Blas*; it abounds in traits of exquisite humour, and lessons of life which, though not always pure, are many of them useful. In this work of Le Sage, like some of Smollet's, the hero of the piece excites little interest; and it rather exhibits a series of separate adventures, slightly linked together, than a chain of events concurring in one plan to the production of the catastrophe, like the *Tom Jones* of Fielding. The scenes of his *Diable Boiteux* are still more slightly linked together. That, and his *Bachelier de Salamanque*, are of the same stamp with *Gil Blas*, though inferior to it.

At the head of writers of this class stands the seductive, the passionate Rousseau—the most eloquent writer in the most eloquent modern lan-

guage; whether his glowing pencil paints the strong emotion of passion, or the enchanting scenery of nature in his own romantic country, or his peculiar cast of moral sentiment—a charm is spread over every part of the work, which scarcely leaves the judgment free to condemn what in it is dangerous or reprehensible. His are truly the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." He has hardly any thing of story; he has but few figures upon his canvass; he wants them not; his characters are drawn more from a creative imagination than from real life; and we wonder that what has so little to do with nature should have so much to do with the heart. Our censure of the tendency of this work will be softened, if we reflect that Rousseau's aim, as far as he had a moral aim, seems to have been to give a striking example of fidelity in the married state, which, it is well known, is little thought of by the French; though they would judge with the greatest severity the more pardonable failure of an unmarried woman. But Rousseau has not reflected that *Julie* ought to have considered herself as indissolubly united to *St. Preux*; her marriage with another was the infidelity. Rousseau's great rival in fame, Voltaire, has written many light pieces of fiction which can scarcely be called novels. They abound in wit and shrewdness, but they are all composed to subserve his particular views, and to attack systems which he assailed in every kind of way. His *Candide* has much strong painting of the miseries and vices which abound in this world, and is levelled against the only system which can console the mind under the view of them. In *L'Ingénu*, beside the wit, he has shown that he could also be pathetic. *Les Lettres Peruvienues*, by Mad. Grafiny, is a most ingenuous and charming little piece. *Paul et Virginie*, by that friend of humanity St. Pierre, with the purest sentiment and most beautiful description, is pathetic to a de-

gree that even distresses the feelings. *La Chaumiere Indienne*, also his, breathes the spirit of universal philanthropy. *Caroline de Litchfield* is justly a favourite; but it were impossible to enumerate all the elegant compositions of this class which latter times have poured forth. For the expression of sentiment in all its various shades, for the most delicate tact, and a refinement and polish, the fruit of high cultivation, the French writers are superior to those of every other nation.

There is one species of this composition which may be called the *Didactic Romance*, which they have particularly made use of as a vehicle for moral sentiment, and philosophical or political systems and opinions. Of this nature is the beautiful fiction of *Télémaque*, if it be not rather an Epic in prose; the high merit of which cannot be sufficiently appreciated, unless the reader bears in mind when and to whom it was written; that it dared to attack the fondness for war and the disposition to ostentatious profusion, under a monarch the most vain and ambitious of his age, and to draw, expressly as a pattern for his successor, the picture of a prince, the reverse of him in almost everything. *Les Voyages de Cyrus*, by Ramsay, and *Sethos*, by the Abbé Terrason, are of the same kind; the former is rather dry, and somewhat mystical: it enters pretty deeply into the mythology of the ancients, and aims at showing, that the leading truths of religion—an original state of happiness, a fall from that state, and the final recovery and happiness, of all sentient beings—are to be found in the mythological systems of all nations. Ramsay was a Scotchman by birth, but had lived long enough in France to write the language like a native; a rare acquisition! The latter, *Sethos*, contains, interwoven in its story, all that we know concerning the customs and manners of the ancient Egyptians; the trial of the dead before they are received to the hon-

ours of sepulture, and the various ordeals of the initiation, are very striking. A high and very severe tone of morals reigns through the whole; and indeed, both this and the last-mentioned are much too grave for the readers of romances in general. That is not the case with the *Belisaire*, and *Les Incas*, of Marmontel, in which the incidents meant to strike the feelings and the fancy are executed with equal happiness with the preceptive part.

Among the authors of preceptive novels, Mad. Genlis stands very high. Her *Adèle et Theodore* is a system of education, the whole of which is given in action; there is infinite ingenuity in the various illustrative incidents: the whole has an air of the world, and of good company: to an English reader it is also interesting, as exhibiting traits of Parisian manners and modern manners, from one who was admitted into the first societies. A number of characters are delineated, and sustained with truth and spirit; and the stories of Cecile and the Duchesse de C. are uncommonly interesting and well told; while the sublime benevolence of M. and Mad. Lagaraye presents a cure for sorrow worthy of a Howard. From the system of Mad. Genlis many useful hints may be gathered; though the English reader will, probably, find much that differs from his own ideas. A good bishop, as Huet relates, conceiving of love as a most formidable enemy to virtue, entertained the singular project of writing, or procuring to be written, a number of novels, framed in such a manner as to inspire an antipathy to this profane passion. Mad. Genlis seems to have had the same idea, and in this manual of education, love is represented as a passion totally unfit to enter the breast of a young female; and in this, and in all her other works, she invariably represents as ending in misery every connexion which is begun by a mutual inclination.

The Germans, formerly remark-

able for the laborious heaviness and patient research of their literary efforts, have, within this last century, cultivated, with great success, the field of polite literature. Plays, tales, novels of all kinds, many of them by their most celebrated authors, were at first received with avidity in this country, and even made the study of their language popular. The tide is turned, and they are now as much depreciated. *The Sorrows of Werter*, by Goethe, was the first of these with which we were familiarized. We received it through the medium of a French translation. It is highly pathetic, but its tendency has been severely, perhaps justly, censured; yet the author might plead, that he has given warning of the probable consequences of illicit and uncontrolled passions by the awful catastrophe. It is certain, however, that the impression made is of more importance than the moral deduced; and if Schiller's fine play of *The Robbers* has had, as we are assured it has, the effect of leading some well-educated young gentleman to commit depredations on the public, allured by the splendid character, we may well suppose that Werter's delirium of passion will not be less seducing. Goethe has written another novel, much esteemed, it is said, by the Germans, which contains, amongst other things, criticisms on the drama. The celebrated Wieland has composed a great number of works of fiction; the scene of most of them is laid in ancient Greece.

His powers are great, his invention fertile, but his designs insidious. He, and some others of the German writers of philosophical romances, have used them as a frame, to attack received opinions, both in religion and morals. Two, at least, of his performances have been translated, *Agathon* and *Peregrine Proteus*: the former is beautifully written, but its tendency is seductive: the latter has

taken for its basis an historical character; its tendency is also obvious. *Klinger* is an author who deals in the horrid. He subsists on murders and atrocities of all sorts, and introduces devils and evil spirits among his personages; he is said to have powers, but to labour under a total want of taste. In contrast to this writer, and those of his class, may be mentioned *The Ghost Seer*, by Schiller, and *The Sorcerer*, by another hand. These were written to expose the artifices of the Italian adepts of the school of Cagliostro. It is well known, that these were spreading superstition and enthusiasm on the German part of the continent to an alarming degree; and had so worked upon the mind of the late king of Prussia, that he was made to believe he possessed the power of rendering himself invisible, and was wonderfully pleased when one of his courtiers (who, by-the-bye, understood his trade) ran against and jostled him, pretending not to see his majesty.* These have been translated; as also a pleasant and lively satire on Lavater's system of physiognomy, written by Museum, author of *Popular Tales of the Germans*. The Germans abound in materials for works of the imagination; for they are rich in tales and legends of an impressive kind, which have, perhaps, amused generation after generation as nursery stories, and lain, like ore in the mine, ready for the hand of taste to separate the dross and polish the material: for it is infinitely easier, when a nation has gained cultivation, to polish and methodize, than to invent. A very pleasing writer of novels, in the more common acceptation of the term, is Augustus la Fontaine; at least, he has written some for which he merits that character, though, perhaps, more that are but indifferent. His *Tableaux de Famille* contain many sweet domestic pictures and touches of nature. It is imitated

* This is an incident in "*A Bold Stroke for a Wife*," which produces much amusement.—EDITOR.

from *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The Germans are a very book-making people. It is calculated, that twenty thousand authors of that nation live by the exercise of the pen; and in the article of novels, it is computed that seven thousand, either original or translated, have been printed by them within the last five-and-twenty years. One Chinese novel has been translated. It is called, *The pleasing History or, the Adventures of Haw Kiow Choam*. It is said to be much esteemed; but can only be interesting to an European, as exhibiting something of the manners of that remote and singular country.

In England, most of the earlier romances, from the days of Chaucer to James the first, were translations from the Spanish or French. One of the most celebrated of our own growth is Sir Phillip Sidney's *Arcadia* dedicated to his sister the countess of Pembroke. It is a kind of pastoral romance, mingled with adventures of the heroic and chivalrous kind. It has great beauties, particularly in poetic imagery. It is a book which all have heard of, which some few possess, but which nobody reads. The taste of the times seems to have been for ponderous performances. The dutchess of Newcastle was an indefatigable writer in this way. Roger Boyle, earl of Orrery, published in 1664, a romance called *Parthenissa*. It was in three volumes folio, and unfinished, to which circumstance alone his biographer, Mr Walpole, attributes its being but little read. He must have had a capacious idea of the appetite of the readers of those days. There

is a romance of later date, in one small volume, by the hon. Robert Boyle—*The Martyrdom of Dydimus and Theodora*, a Christian heroic tale. We had pretty early some celebrated political romances.* Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, Barclay's *Argenis*, and Harrington's *Oceana*, are of this kind: the two former are written in Latin. The *Utopia*,† which is meant as a model of a perfect form of civil polity, is chiefly preserved in remembrance at present, by having had the same singular fortune with the *Quixotte* of Cervantes, of furnishing a new word, which has been adopted into the language as a permanent part of it; for we speak familiarly of a Utopian scheme and a Quixottish expedition. Barclay was a Scotchman by birth; he was introduced at the court of James the first, and was afterwards professor of civil law at Angers: he died at Rome. His *Argenis* is a political allegory, which displays the revolutions and vices of courts; it is not destitute of imagery and elevated sentiment, and displays much learning; and while the allusions it is full of were understood, it was much read, and was translated into various languages, but is at present sunk into oblivion, though a new translation was made not many years since by Mrs. Clara Reeves. Harrington's *Oceana* is meant as a model of a perfect republic, the constant idol of his imagination. All these, though works of fiction, would greatly disappoint those who should look into them for amusement. Of the lighter species of this kind of writing, the novel, till within half a century, we had scarcely any.

* In the reigns of the first James and Charles, the studying of *Pembroke's Arcadia* was considered as a part of polite education; and in our own, we mean near half a century since, it was considered as a painter's novel; many of its scenes were depicted by *Hayman*; such as *Palena* and *Musidorus*, and *Philoclea*, upon which a tragedy was formed on the plan of *Shirley*, by Mr. *Namara Morgan*.—EDIT.

† In the *Utopia* of Sir THOMAS MORE, the mind of the author is to be discerned in a greater degree than in any other of his works; short as the treatise is, he frequently seems encumbered with his subject. His ideas urged him to say a great deal, but his sensibility determined him to repress the ardour of composition; yet even in this hesitating manner he has gone too far. His description of *Ananret (London)* is the best part of the work.—EDIT.

The *Atalantis** of Mrs. Manley, lives only in that line of Pope, which seems to promise it immortality :

"As long as *Atalantis* shall be read."

It was, like *Astrea*, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious ; they are also fallen ; but it ought not to be forgotten, that Southern borrowed from her his affecting story of *Oronoko*.† Mrs. Haywood was a very prolific genius : her earlier novels are in the style of Mrs. Behn's, and Pope has chastised her in his *Dunciad* without mercy or delicacy ; but her later works are by no means void of merit. She wrote *The Invisible Spy* and *Betsey Thoughtless*, and was the author of the *Female Spectator*. But till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a far greater part of polite reading than novels, which had attained neither to elegance nor discrimination of character. Some adventures and a love story were all they aimed at. The ladies' library in the *Spectator*, contains "*The grand Cyrus*, with a pin stuck in one of the leaves," and "*Clelia*, which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower:" but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of one English novel, the *Atalantis* only excepted ; though plays are often mentioned as a favourite and dangerous part of ladies' reading ; and certainly the plays of those times were worse than any novels of the present. The first author amongst us who distinguished himself by natural painting, was that truly original genius De Foe. His *Robinson Crusoe* is to this day unique in its kind ; and he has made it very interesting, without applying to the common resource of love. At length, in the reign of George the second, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, appeared in quick

succession ; and their success raised such a demand for this kind of entertainment, that it has been ever since furnished from the press, rather as a regular and necessary supply, than as an occasional gratification. The history of *Gaudenzio di Lucca*, published in 1725, is the effusion of a fine fancy and a refined understanding ; it is attributed to Bishop Berkley. It gives an account of imaginary people in the heart of Africa, their manners and customs : they are supposed to be descended from the ancient Egyptians, and to be concealed from all the world by impenetrable deserts. The description of crossing the sands is very striking, and shows much information as well as fancy. It is not written to favour any particular system ; the whole is the play of a fine imagination delighting itself with the images of perfection and happiness which it cannot find in any existing form of things. The frame is very well managed ; the whole is supposed to be read in a manuscript to the fathers of the inquisition, and the remarks of the holy office are very much in character. A highly romantic air runs through the whole, but the language is far from elegant. Another singular publication which appeared in 1756, was *The Memoirs of several Ladies*, by John Bunce, followed the next year by the *Life of Bunce*. These volumes are very whimsical, but contain entertainment. The ladies, whose memoirs he professes to give, are all highly beautiful and deeply learned ; good *Hebrew scholars* ; and above all zealous *unitarians*. The author generally finds them in some sequestered dell, among the fells and mountains of Westmoreland, where, after a narrow escape of breaking his neck amongst rocks and precipices, he meets, like a true knight-errant, with one of these adventures. He marries

* The *Atalantis*, we have been informed, was, soon after the period of its publication, productive of much mischief.—EDIT.

† Which certainly he did not improve. Those scenes which would have rendered his piece perfect are so obvious in the novel, that we wonder he could miss them.

in succession four or five of these prodigies, and the intervals between description and adventures are filled up with learned conversations on abstruse points of divinity. Many of the descriptions are taken from nature; and, as the book was much read, have possibly contributed to spread that taste for lake and mountain scenery which has since been so prevalent. The author was a clergyman. A novel universally read at the time was *Chrysal*, or *The Adventures of a Guinea*. It described real characters and transactions, mostly in high life, under fictitious names; and certainly if a knowledge of the vicious part of the world be a desirable acquisition, *Chrysal* will amply supply it; but many of the scenes are too coarse not to offend a delicate mind, and the generation it describes has passed away. *Pompey the Little*, with a similar frame, has less of personality, and is a lively pleasant satire. Its author is unknown. About fifty years ago, a very singular work appeared in the guise of a novel, which gave a new impulse to writings of this stamp; namely, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, followed by *The Sentimental Journey*, by the Rev. Mr. Sterne, a clergyman of York. They exhibit much originality, wit, and beautiful strokes of pathos, but a total want of plan or adventure, being made up of conversations and detached incidents. It is the peculiar characteristic of this writer, that he affects the heart, not by long drawn tales of distress, but by light electric touches which thrill the nerves of the readers who possess a correspondent sensibility of frame. His characters, in like manner, are struck out by a few masterly touches. He resembles those painters who can give expression to a figure by two or three strokes of bold outline, leaving the imagination to fill up the sketch; the feelings are awakened as really by the

story of *Le Fleuve*, as by the narrative of *Clarissa*. The indelicacies of these volumes are reprehensible, and indeed in a clergyman, scandalous, particularly in the first publication, which, however, has the richest vein of humour. The two *Shandys*, *Trim*, *Dr. Slope*, are all drawn with a masterly hand. It is one of the merits of Sterne that he has awakened the attention of his readers to the wrongs of the poor negroes; and certainly a great spirit of tenderness and humanity breathes throughout the work. It is rather mortifying to reflect how little the power of expressing these feelings is connected with moral worth; for Sterne was a man by no means attentive to the happiness of those connected with him;* and we are forced to confess, that an author may conceive the idea of "brushing away flies without killing them," and yet behave ill in every relation of life.

It has lately been said, that Sterne has been indebted for much of his wit to *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. He certainly exhibits a good deal of reading in that and many other books, out of the common way; but the wit is in the application, and that is his own. This work gave rise to the rapid effusions of a crowd of sentimentalists, many of whom thought they had seized the spirit of Sterne, because they could copy him in his breaks and asterisks. The taste spread, and for a while from the pulpit to the play-house, the reign of sentiment was established. Among the more respectable imitators of Sterne may be reckoned Mr. Mackenzie, in his *Man of Feeling* and his *Julia de Roubigné*, and Mr Pratt in his *Emma Gorbett*.

An interesting and singular novel, *The Pool of Quality*, was written by Henry Brooke, a man of genius, the author of *Gustavus Vasa*, and many other productions. Many beautiful and pathetic episodic stories might

* Vide Richardson's Letters.

† The wit of Sterne, for we will not dispute about the term, is in a considerable degree artificial; and if we may be allowed a pun, his wit arises from catches.

be selected from it; but the story runs out into a strain romantic and improbable, beyond the common allowed measure of this kind of writing;* so that as a whole it cannot be greatly recommended: but it ought not to be forgotten that the very popular work of *Sandford and Merton* is taken from it. It has not merely given the hint for that publication; but the plan, the contrasted character of the two boys, and many particular incidents are so closely copied, that it will hardly be thought, by one who peruses them both together, that Mr. Day has made quite sufficient acknowledgment in his preface. Rousseau had about this time awakened the public attention to the preference of natural manners in children, in opposition to the artificial usages of fashionable life; and much of the spirit of *Emile* is seen in this part of the work. The present generation have been much obliged to Mr. Day for separating this portion of the novel from the mass of improbable adventure in which it is involved, clothing it in more elegant language, and giving those additions which have made it so deservedly a favourite in the juvenile library. The religious feelings are often awakened in the *Pool of Quality*, not indeed without a strong tincture of enthusiasm, to which the author was inclined. Indeed his imagination had at times prevailed over his reason before he wrote it. A number of novels might be mentioned which are or have been popular, though not of high celebrity. Sarah Fielding,

sister to the author of *Tom Jones*, composed several, among which *David Simple* is the most esteemed. She was a woman of good sense and cultivation; and if she did not equal her brother in talent, she did not like him lay herself open to moral censure. She translated Xenophon's *Socrates*, and wrote a very pretty book for children, the *Governess*, or *Female Academy*.† Many tears have been shed by the young and tender-hearted over *Sidney Bidulph*, the production of Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of Mr. Thomas Sheridan the lecturer, an ingenious and amiable woman: the sentiments of this work are pure and virtuous: but the author seems to have taken pleasure in heaping distress upon virtue and innocence, merely to prove, what no one will deny, that the best dispositions are not always sufficient to ward off the evils of life. *Calistus* or the *Man of Fashion*, by Mr. Mulso, is a pathetic story; but it is entirely written, for moral effect, and affords little of entertainment.

Mr. Graves, an author of a very different cast, is known in this walk by *Columella*‡ and his *Spiritual Quixote*. The latter is a popular work, and possesses some humour; but the humour is coarse, and the satire much too indiscriminately levelled against a society, whose doctrine, operating with strong effect upon a large body of the most ignorant and vicious class, must necessarily include in their sweeping net much vice and folly, as well as much of sincere piety and corresponding morals.§ The design

* The first two vols. of this work, by much the best, are indeed truly ingenious; there is a singularity of character in the hero that stamps originality upon the production of which he forms so conspicuous a part; but as if to show that the boundary of genius cannot be passed with impunity, the ideas of the reader, like those of his author, become bewildered, and his avidity to peruse ends in disappointment.—EDIT.

† So pretty, that we wonder it is not more known; the character of Miss Jenny Peace is worthy of imitation.—EDIT.

‡ The extremely exquisite sensibility arising from seclusion are in this work well depicted and contrasted with the happy tone of mind, which a judicious mixture of business and relaxation produces.—EDIT.

§ However it may appear to our author, we are certain that Mr. G. had no intention of offending any class of people; no man possessed a more liberal mind; he had besides, within a few miles of his dwelling, seen the reformation which had, by them, been effected among the colliers of Kingswood, &c.—EDIT.

of his *Calumella* is less exceptionable. It presents a man educated in polite learning and manners, who, from a fastidious rejection of the common active pursuits of life, rusticates in a country solitude, grows morose and peevish, and concludes with marrying his maid: no unusual consequence of a whimsical and morose singularity; the secret springs of which are more commonly a tincture of indolence and pride, than superiority of genius.

Mr. Graves was brought up originally for physic, but took orders and became rector of *Claverton*, near Bath. He was the author of several publications, both translations and original: he was fond of writing and published what he entitled his *Semilitics*, when at the age of near ninety. He died in 1804. But it is not necessary to rest the credit of these works on amusement alone; it is certain they have had a very strong effect in infusing principles and moral feelings. It is impossible to deny that the most glowing and impressive sentiments of virtue are to be found in many of these compositions, and have been deeply imbibed by their youthful readers. They awaken a sense of finer feelings than the commerce of ordinary life inspires. Many a young woman has caught from such works as *Clarissa* or *Cecilia*, ideas of delicacy and refinement, which were not, perhaps, to be gained in any society she could have access to. Many a maxim of prudence is laid up in the memory from these stores, ready to operate when occasion offers.

The passion of love, the most seductive of all the passions, they certainly paint too high, and represent its influence beyond what it will be found to be in real life; but if they soften the heart they also refine it. They mix with the natural passions of our nature all that is tender in virtuous affection; all that is estimable in high principle and unshaken constancy; all that grace, delicacy, and sentiment can bestow of touching and

attractive. Benevolence, and sensibility to distress, are almost always insisted on in modern works of this kind; and perhaps it is not too much to say, that much of the softness of the present manners, much of that tincture of humanity so conspicuous amidst all our vices, is owing to the bias given by our dramatic writings and fictitious stories. A high regard to female honour, generosity, and a spirit of self sacrifice, are strongly inculcated. It costs nothing, it is true, to an author to make his hero generous, and very often he is extravagantly so; still sentiments of this kind serve in some measure to counteract the spirit of the world, where selfish considerations have always more than their due weight. In what discourse from the pulpit are religious feelings more strongly raised than in the prison sermon of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or some parts of the *Fool of Quality*?

But not only those splendid sentiments with which, when properly presented, our feelings readily take part, and kindle as we read; the more severe and homely virtue of prudence and economy have been enforced in the writings of a Burney and an Edgeworth. Writers of their good sense have observed; that while the compositions cherished even a romantic degree of sensibility, the duties that have less brilliancy to recommend them were neglected. Some knowledge of the world is also gained by these writings, imperfect, indeed, but attained with more ease, and attended with less danger, than by mixing in real life. If the stage is a mirror of life, so is the novel, and perhaps a more accurate one, as less is sacrificed to effect and representation. There are many descriptions of characters in the busy world, which a young woman in the retired scenes of life hardly meets with at all, and many whom it is safer to read of than to meet; and to either sex it must be desirable that the first impressions of fraud, selfishness, profligacy, and per-

fy, should be connected, as in good novels they always will be, with infamy and ruin. At any rate, it is safer to meet with a bad character in the pages of a fictitious story, than in the polluted walks of life; but an author, solicitous for the morals of his readers, will be sparing in the introduction of such characters. It is an aphorism of Pope:—

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
"As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But he adds,

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Indeed the former assertion is not true without considerable modification. If presented in its naked deformity, vice will indeed give disgust; but it may be so surrounded with splendid and engaging qualities, that the disgust is lost in admiration. After all, the effect of novel reading must depend, as in every other kind of reading, on the choice which is made. If the looser compositions of this sort are excluded, and the sentimental ones chiefly perused, perhaps the danger lies more in fixing the standard of virtue and delicacy too high for real use, than in debasing it. The most generous man living, the most affectionate friend, the most dutiful child, would find his character fall far short of the perfection exhibited in a highly-wrought novel. In short, the reader of a novel forms his expectations from what he supposes passes in the mind of the author, and guesses rightly at his intentions, but would often guess wrong if he were considering the real course of nature. It was very probable at some periods of his history, that Gil Blas, if a real character, would come to be hanged; but the practiced novel-reader knows well that no such event can await the hero of the tale. Let us suppose a person speculating on the character of Tom Jones as the production of an author, whose business it is pleasingly to interest his readers. He has no doubt but that, in spite of his irregularities and distresses, his history will come

to an agreeable termination. He has no doubt but that his parents will be discovered in due time; he has no doubt but that his love for *Sophia* will be rewarded sooner or later with her hand; he has no doubt of the constancy of that young lady, or of their entire happiness after marriage. And why does he foresee all this? Not from the real tendency of things, but from what he has discovered of the author's intentions. But what would have been the probability in real life? why, that the parents would either never have been found, or have proved to be persons of no consequence—that *Jones* would pass from one vicious indulgence to another, till his natural good disposition was quite smothered under his irregularities—that *Sophia* would either have married her lover clandestinely, and have been poor and unhappy, or she would have conquered her passion and married some country gentleman, with whom she would have lived in moderate happiness, according to the usual routine of married life. But the author would have done very ill so to have constructed his story. If *Booth* had been a real character, it is probable his *Amelia* and her family would not only have been brought to poverty, but left in it; but to the reader it is much more probable that by some means or other they will be rescued from it, and left in possession of all the comforts of life.

It is probable in *Zeluco*, that the detestable husband will some way or other be got rid of; but woe to the young lady who, when married, should be led, by contemplating the possibility of such an event, to cherish a passion which ought to be entirely relinquished!

Though a great deal of trash is every season poured out upon the public from the English presses, yet in general our novels are not vicious; the food has neither flavour nor nourishment, but at least it is not poisoned. Our national taste and habits are still towards domestic life and matrimonial happiness; and the

chief harm done by a circulating library is occasioned by the frivolity of its furniture, and the loss of time incurred. Now and then a girl, perhaps may be led by them to elope with a cockcomb; or if she is handsome to expect the homage of a *Sir Harry* or *My Lord*, instead of the plain tradesman suitable to her situation in life; but she will not have her mind contaminated with such scenes and ideas as Crebillon, Louvet, and others of that class, have published in France.

And, indeed, notwithstanding the many paltry books of this kind published in the course of every year, it may safely be affirmed that we have more good writers in this walk, living at the present time, than at any period since the days of Richardson and Fielding. A very great proportion of these ladies: and surely it will not be said, that either taste or morals have been losers by their taking the pen in hand. The names of D'Arblay, Edgeworth, Inchbald, Radcliffe and a number more, will vindicate this assertion. No small proportion of modern novels have been devoted to recommend, or to mark with reprobation, those systems of philosophy or politics which have raised so much ferment of late years. Mr. Holcroft's *Anna St. Ives* is of this number:—its beauties, and beauties it certainly has, do not make amends for its absurdities. What can be more absurd than to represent a young lady gravely considering, in the disposal of her hand, how she shall promote the greatest possible good of the system? Mr. Holcroft was a man of strong powers, and his novels are by no means without merit, but his satire is often partial, and his representation of life unfair. (On the other side may be reckoned *The Modern Philosopher*, and the novels of Mrs. West. In the war of systems these light skirmishing troops have been often employed with great effect; and so long as they are content with general warfare, without taking aim at individuals, are perfectly allowable.

We have lately seen the gravest theological discussions presented to the world under the attractive form of a novel, and with a success which seems to show that the interest even of the generality of readers is most strongly excited when some serious end is kept in view. It is not the intention of these slight remarks to enumerate those of the present day who have successfully entertained the public; otherwise Mr. Cumberland might be mentioned, that veteran in every field of literature; otherwise a tribute ought to be paid to the peculiarly pathetic powers of Mrs. Opie; nor would it be possible to forget the very striking and original novel of *Caleb Williams*, in which the author, without the assistance of any of the common events or feelings on which these stories generally turn, has kept up the curiosity and interest of the reader in the most lively manner; nor his *St. Leon*, the ingenious speculation of a philosophical mind, which is also much out of the common track. It will bear an advantageous comparison with Swift's picture of the *Strulbrugs* in his *Voyage to Laputa*, the tendency of which seems to be to repress the wish of never-ending life in this world: but in fact it does not bear at all upon the question; for no one ever did wish for immortal life without immortal youth to accompany it, the one wish being as easily formed as the other, but *St. Leon* shows, from a variety of striking circumstances, that both together would pall, and that an immortal human creature would grow an insulated, unhappy being.

Some perhaps may think, that too much importance has been already given to a subject so frivolous; but a discriminating taste is no where more called for than with regard to a species of books which every body reads. It was said by Fletcher of Saltoun: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." Might it not be said, with as much propriety, let me make the novels of a country, and let who will make the systems?

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

EXTRAORDINARY TREE.

THE FOUNTAIN TREE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

We have at different times presented our readers with trees of various surprising properties—but should we describe to them a tree which from its leaves discharged a supply of water so copious as to furnish the population of a whole island, with the cattle, large and small, we should be suspected of dealing in the more than marvellous. Should we add, that the streams flowing from the leaves of this tree filled two large tanks, into which they poured their contributions, and that these deep receptacles were attended by a keeper who daily distributed their contents, the phenomenon would appear the more surprising, and, perhaps, perplexing: we shall therefore adduce the facts of the case, and endeavour to explain them by the aid of natural philosophy.

In the midst of the island of Hierro, one of the Canaries, says Mandelslo, is a tree which is the only one of its kind, inasmuch as it has no resemblance to any other known in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue in a constant verdure, winter and summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled, but resolved into a moisture, which causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance, that the cisterns, which are placed at the foot of the tree to receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to supply both men and beasts.

There are, says Glas, in his history of the Canary Islands, only three fountains of water in the whole island, one of them is called *Acof*, which in the language of the ancient inhabitants, signifies *a river*; a name, however, which does not seem to have been given it on account of its yielding much water, for in that respect it hardly deserves the name of a fountain. More to the northward is another called *Hapio*; and in the middle of the island is a spring, yielding a

stream about the thickness of a man's finger. This last was discovered in the year 1565 and is called the fountain of Antonio Hernandez. On account of the scarcity of water, the sheep, goats, and swine here do not drink in the summer, but are taught to dig up the roots of fern, and chew them, to quench their thirst. The great cattle are watered at those fountains, and a place where water distils from the leaves of a tree.

Of this tree the author of the discovery and conquest has given a particular account: he says—

“The district in which this tree stands is called Tigulahe; near to which, and in the cliff, or steep rocky ascent that surrounds the whole island, is a narrow gutter or gulley, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called, in the ancient language of the inhabitants, *Gued*, i. e. sacred, or holy tree, which for many years, has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water, as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called *Til*. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself; the circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height, from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans: the circumference of all the branches together, is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine nut, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider and more curved, they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it grows a thorn, which fastens on many of

its branches, and interweaves with them; and at a small distance from the *Garse*, are some beech trees, bresos and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist rises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff; so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide spreading branches of the tree; from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the *Garse* or *Til*, for the bresos which grow near it likewise drop water; but their leaves being few and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that, though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distils from the *Til*; which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their flocks. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant, or easterly winds, have prevailed for a continuance; for by these winds only, the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, who is appointed by the council to take care of it and its water, and is allowed a house to live in with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island."

It is probable that this tree is of the

Tilia, or Linden kind: the peculiarity of its situation affords an opportunity for the powerful action of those natural principles which are general and constant elsewhere, though not so striking. All trees attract moisture from the atmosphere: it is indeed one mean of their support. When moisture is more than ordinarily abundant the leaves condense it, it stands on them in the form of drops, and in no great length of time, unless a wind arise, or some cause promote evaporation, these drops coalesce and fall on the earth. The earth below the trees receives this shower, and exhibits the effects of it; while a dry pathway, gravel road, &c. contiguous, shows no sign of wet. To this may sometimes contribute the position, and power, of the tree to check the rising exhalations by its form, and to attract them to itself. They float as it were, or settle among the branches, so that these parts are saturated by their surfaces and imbibe no more. It may, and does happen, in our own country, that rows of trees being encountered by mists floating in the air, already in motion, or attracting those stationary around them, or condensing those which in the driest weather are extant, though insensible to us (as a cold bottle of wine, brought from an under ground cellar, in the hottest day soon condenses vapours which form drops, and at length trickle down it)—may become conductors of the fluid which they have attracted, and may let it fall from off their leaves in showers, though not in rivers or streams like the *Garse* of the island of Hierro.

AUSTRIA.

Luxemburgh Palace.—Vienna, Feb. 2d. The beautiful country seat of Luxemburgh, in which is the palace that is occupied by the emperor during the summer, with most magnificent gardens, has long been regarded as a personal and patrimonial property. An occasion has lately presented itself, in which it was necessary to examine, whether this domain did really belong to the imperial house. The commission appointed to determine this affair, has pronounced that Luxemburgh is a property of the state, not of the emperor. The monarch has immediately relinquished the estate of Luxemburgh to the administrators of the property of the nation; and has sold off the valuable flocks raised there and tended at his expense.

AFRICA.

Projected Travels in the Interior.—A German of the name of Routgen a scholar of the celebrated Blumenbach, in Gottingen, has announced his intention to endeavour to penetrate into the interior of Africa, almost in the track pursued by Mr. Horneman, who, as he has not been heard of for nearly ten years, is thought to have perished in the enterprise. This young man is about twenty years of age, and seems to have obtained all that kind of knowledge which is particularly necessary for his purpose. He understands the Arabic language, is remarkably abstemious, and has accustomed himself to make raw flesh and insects his food. At Gottingen he submitted to circumcision, that he might appear to be a true believer in the Koran, and in the character of a physician, travel through those countries where the name of a Christian would infallibly lead to slavery or death. In his peregrinations on foot through Germany and Switzerland, he always chose the worst lodgings and accommodations, to inure himself to hardships. In Germany and Paris, he has collected a

number of questions proposed by the literati, relative to the unknown regions which he intends to visit. He means to endeavour to accompany a mercantile caravan from Mogador to Timbuctoo.—*Hamburg Correspondent*, April 17.

FRANCE.

Scarcity of Priests.—Paris, April 5.—Cardinal Maury, acting archbishop of Paris, has recently issued an ordinance prohibiting preaching, confession, and the administration of the Sacraments, in *private chapels*: on pain of interdict *ipso facto*, in regard to the chapels; and of suspension, *ipso facto*, in regard to the priests. The motives to this ordinance are stated in the preamble, to be, "The scarcity of priests, the urgent necessities of the parishes, the number of domestic chapels, which is now greatly increased; the serious inconveniencies which arise from the longer toleration in private houses of domestic preachings, the restriction of the holy Sacrament and the administration of the Sacraments to persons who *can*, and who *ought* to frequent the churches, &c. &c."

Bible of Mary Queen of Scots, &c.—Paris, April 9.—There is now for sale, in the sale room of M. Sylvestre, a Latin bible, printed at Paris in 1497 in quarto. The curious copy belonging to *Mary queen of Scots*, whose name is written in the title page, with her cypher M. S and the two following verses:

*Meieux ne me peult advenir
Qu'à mon dieu toujours me tenir.*

On the same title page is the date 1571, with the signature of the famous *Besme*, who, the year following assassinated the Admiral Coligny. He has also written five lines with his own hand, in which he entreats God, to grant him grace to derive the profit resulting from perusal, &c. of this holy book.

Bed chamber ornaments.—Paris, Feb. 20.—A whim is lately prevalent among the young fellows of the *better classes*, which shows itself in ornamenting their bed-chambers, and particularly their bed's head with arms and armour of all kind, insomuch that the famous armoury of Don Quixote is completely outdone. Some are so particular as to group with great diligence on every pannel of the wainscot, helmets and corselets. Arms offensive and defensive of every country display themselves with the most grotesque effect. The Moorish poniard, and the Turkish sabre; the *chanjars* [hangers] of the Arabs, with the carbine of the Cossacks: the *creeses* of the Malays, the *sagayes* of Madagascar; even the clubs and tomahawks of the South Sea Islanders, and North American Indians. This eccentricity has been of the greatest benefit to the dealers in battered antiquities: and they have been beyond themselves at their good fortune in obtaining five or six *louis d'or* for such articles of other days as not long ago they would have sold for as many *livres*.

La Péruque Indépendente.—Independent Wig.—One of the French papers lately received, the *Courier François*, in making an extract from the Independent Whig, terms it *Péruque L'Indépendente*. A similar mistake was lately made in the *Moniteur*: in translating from some English papers that "an *overland packet* had arrived from India." They write "Le paquebot dit *l'Overland*" (the packet-boat called the Overland) had arrived from India!

PRUSSIA.

Art of Flying. Berlin, March 29. M. Claudius has lately made a promising experiment on his machine for flying: he raised himself several times to the height of 14 feet in 30 seconds of time by means of 23 strokes of his wing; carrying a weight of 33lbs. He afterwards let himself down from the same height, by means

of 25 strokes of his wing; in 25 seconds, having a force of ascension of 22lbs. The wings of M. Claudius are furnished with pipes, which close when the air is struck, and open by their own weight when the air is allowed to pass freely. There are powers of different action in the machine for rising, and for descending. The motive powers for descent are smaller than those for elevation; that for elevation has a surface of 160 square feet. This machine applied to a balloon which has but feeble powers of rising, permits the *aéronaut* who conducts the balloon to rise to a certain height, to remain at that height, stationary, and to descend at his pleasure, without emitting, and thereby losing, any *gas*. But the author does not pretend to work it *against the wind*, as has been reported by a number of ill-informed persons.

A sure method of removing the shining quality of Indian ink, which otherwise destroys the effects in drawing: Break the ink into a phial with warm water, and if in a sufficient quantity, the mucilage will be so weakened as to be no longer capable of suspending the colouring matter, which will be precipitated to the bottom: the colourless liquor may be poured off, and the remainder is fit for use, divested of its shining quality.

Andrew Olsen Dun, an inhabitant of Overhalden, in Denmark, has been completely successful in an attempt to make cloth with the hair of cattle; but he mixes the hair with wool before it is wrought.

The Emperor Napoleon has settled an annual pension of 3000 francs upon the celebrated printer, Bodoni, of Parma, and has enjoined the minister of the interior to give him directions for printing a superb edition of Homer's *Odyssey*, as companion to the *Iliad*.

A subscription has been opened at Brussels, to defray the expense of erecting a monument to Jean Baptist Rousseau, who died in 1740.

POETRY.

FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

By John Poole, Esq.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE I.

A Room of State in the Palace.

KING, QUEEN, HAMLET POLONIUS, LAERTES, GENTLEMEN, and LADIES discovered.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

King.

THO' by our dismal phizzes plain 'tis seen
The mem'ry of our brother's death is
green;

Yet, as he's laid in peace upon the shelf,
'Tis time we think upon our royal self;
We, therefore, to dispel our royal spleen,
Have ta'en his widow Gertrude for our
queen.—

How now, Laertes, what's the news with
you?

You told us of some suit.—

Laertes.

My Lord, that's true.
I have a mighty wish to learn to dance,
And crave your royal leave to go to France.

King.

Your suit is granted.

Laertes.

Sirc, I'm much your debtor.

King.

Then brush! the sooner you are off the
better.

Exit Laertes.

(To Hamlet) Cheer up, my son, and cousin,
never mind—

Hamlet.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King.

Why hang the clouds still on you? Come,
have done.

Hamlet.

You're out, my lord: I'm too much in the
sun.—

Queen.

Come, Hamlet, leave off crying; 'tis in
vain,
Since crying will not bring him back
again.

Besides, 'tis common: all that live must
die—

So blow your nose, my dear, and do not
cry.

Hamlet.

Aye, Madam, it is common,

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems there such a mighty fuss with
thee?

Hamlet.

Talk not to me of seems—when husbands
die,

'Twere well if some folks seem'd the same
as I.

But I have that within you can't take
from me—

As for black clothes,—that's all in my eye
and Tommy.

King.

Cheer up, my hearty: tho' you've lost your
dad,

Consider that your case is not so bad:
Your father lost a father; and 'tis certain
Death o'er your great-grandfather drew
the curtain.

You've mourn'd enough: 'tis time your
grief to smother;

Don't cry; you shall be king some time or
other.

Queen.

Go not to Wittenberg, my love, I pray you.

Hamlet.

Mamma, I shall in all my best obey you.

King.

Well said, my lad! Cheer up! no more foul
weather:—

We'll meet anon, and all get drunk together.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.

SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—"Derry Down.")

A ducat I'd give if a sure way I knew
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh
into dew!

How happy were I if no sin were self-
slaughter,

For I'd then throw myself and my cares in
the water!

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

How weary, how profitless, stale, and how
flat,

Seem to me all life's uses, its joys,—and
all that:
This world is a garden unweeded; and
clearly
Not worth living for—things rank and
gross hold it merely.

Derry down, &c.

Two months have scarce pass'd since dad's
death, and my mother,
Like a brute as she is, has just married
his brother.—
To wed such a bore!—but 'tis all too late
now:
We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a
sow.

Derry down, &c.

So fondly he lov'd her, I've oft heard him
tell her,
"If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take
my umbrella."
When too roughly the winds have beset
her, he's said,
"My dear, take my belcher to tie round
your head."

Derry down, &c.

Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much
as to say,
"The longer I love you, the longer I
may!"—
Yet before one could whistle, as I am a
true man,
I e's forgotten!—Oh! frailty, thy name
sure is woman!

Derry down, &c.

To marry my uncle! my father's own
brother!—
I'm as much like a lion as one's like the
other.
It will not, by jingo, it can't come to
good—
But break, my poor heart:—I'd say more
if I could.

Derry down, &c.

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BER-
NARDO.*
Hamlet.

My lads, I'm glad to see you. I implore
You'll tell me what brought you to Elsi-
nore.

Horatio.

To see dad's funeral I popp'd my head in.
Hamlet.
No quizzing—'twas to see my mother's
wedding.

Horatio.

Indeed, my lord, one follow'd hard on
t'other—
I never should have thought it of your
mother.

Hamlet.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! Denmark's cooks
were able
With funeral meats to cheer the marriage-
table,—
Methinks I have my father in my sight.

Horatio.

My lord, I'll swear I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet.

Saw! Who?

Horatio.

The king, your father.

Hamlet.

Much I doubt it.

Marcellus.

'Tis true, my lord.

Horatio.

I'll tell you all about it.

Hamlet.

Perchance 'twill walk again;—I'll watch
to-night,
And beg a conversation with the sprite:
If in my father's form it come to scare me,
I'll speak to it, should e'en Old Harry dare
me.

(*To Hor. and Mar.*) Don't let the cat out
of the bag, I prythee.

Horatio.

Never fear me.

Marcellus.

Nor me.

Hamlet.

Then I'll be with ye

Soon after supper.

Horatio.

Honour!

Hamlet.

Poz.—Adieu!

Exeunt Hor. Mar. and Ber.

No doubt some dirty work, if this be true.
Would it were supper-time, this tale so
wheedles,
Till then I'm sitting upon pins and nee-
dles,
[*Exit.*]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Communications for this head from authors and booksellers *post paid*, will be inserted free of expense. Articles of Literary Intelligence inserted by the booksellers in the United States' Gazette, or in the Freeman's Journal, will be copied in this magazine without further orders.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Anthony Finley, Philadelphia,

Published—A new and interesting work, entitled "Travels in various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L. D. Part I, [complete in itself,] Russia, Tartary, and Turkey."

By Charles Williams, Boston,

Published—the first number of The Scourge. The Scourge is to appear once a week.

By D. Mallory & Co., Boston, and Edward J. Coale Baltimore.

Published—The Study of the Law, in one vol. 12mo., with directions for the choice of books, addressed to attorneys' clerks, with additional notes for the American student.

By Munroe & Francis, Boston,

Published—Practical Piety, or the Influence of the religion of the heart, upon the conduct of the life. By Hannah More.

By J. Belcher,

Published—Advice to Shepherds and owners of Flocks; on the care and management of sheep, especially the Merino breed. Translated from the original French of M. Daubenion, by a gentleman of Boston; in 1 vol. 8vo.

Published—The Botanist, being the botanical part of a course of lectures on natural history, delivered in the university of Cambridge: together with a Discourse on the Principle of Vitality: by Benjamin Waterhouse, professor of the theory and practice of physic, in the university at Cambridge.

By T. & J. Swords, and P. A. Mesier, New York,

Published—The Integrity of Christian Doctrine, and the Sanctity of Christian Practice, united in Christian Preaching, in a sermon delivered in Trinity Church, in the city of New Haven, on Wednesday, May 22, 1811, at the opening of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America. To which is annexed, a Concluding Address, delivered in Trinity Church, in the city of New York, on Wednesday, May 29, 1811, at the consecration of two Presbyters to the Episcopal office. By William White,

D. D. bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Pennsylvania.

Also a Pastoral Address to the clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, from the house of bishops of said church, assembled in general convention at New Haven, Connecticut, May, 1811.

By J. L. Fernagus, Philadelphia,

Published—La Independencia de la Costa Firme, justificada por Thomas Paine, triente anos ha.—Extracto de sus obras, traducido del Ingles al Espanol, por Don Manuel Garcia de Sena.

It contains, besides, Las Constituciones de los Estados Unidos de America y la Declaration de su Independencia.—The whole in one 8vo. vol.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

From the Medical and Philosophical Register.

AMERICAN EDITION OF THE EDINBURGH ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Proposals have been issued by Messrs. Parker & Delaplaine, of Philadelphia, for publishing by subscription, in 12 vols. large 4to., a new and augmented edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; conducted by David Brewster, L.L. D. fellow of the royal society of Edinburgh, and the society of the antiquaries of Scotland, with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen."

It is with uncommon satisfaction we announce to the American people the republication of this truly valuable and splendid work. We shall not at present enter into any detail relative to its peculiar excellence; but content ourselves with observing, that, though but very recently projected by its learned editor and his able associates, such has been the general conviction of its superior merit, by the British nation, that it has surpassed in patronage every production of a similar kind. It appears to be the particular design of the present publishers not merely to offer a transcript of the English copy, but to adapt the work to the American public by rectifying such errors and supplying such omissions as must unavoidably occur res-

pecting this country and its concerns. For this purpose they have obtained the co-operation of a number of American gentlemen eminent in the various departments of science and literature, and we rejoice that it is their determined purpose not in the least to interfere with the integrity of the British text: that the improvements of the work are to be made solely by additional matter. May we be permitted to suggest to the enterprising individuals engaged in this great undertaking, wholly to abstain from factious politics, and polemical divinity. Let the original articles be devoted chiefly to an exhibition of our numerous inventions and discoveries in philosophy and the arts; to an illustration of the physical geography and history of our country; let them bring forward its neglected biography; and let every line be written in the sententious manner and true spirit of the original. The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, thus executed (and we know this to be the object of the publishers) will prove a magnificent repository of human knowledge, honourable to those concerned in its execution, and eminently worthy of the liberal support it will doubtless receive from the American nation.

In a few days will be published, an Address to the eight Deacons, "*The Spiritual Directors*" of the first Baptist Church in Gold-street, viz.

Roswell Graves, Clerk in the Street Commissioners' Office.—Nicholas B. Lyon, Cooper, near Crane-wharf.—John Tiebout, Lottery Office Keeper, Water-street.—William Willis, Hatter, Maiden-lane.—John Bedient, Retail Grocer, John-street.—James Duffie, do. Water-street, near the Battery.—Lamuel Randolph, do Little George-street.—Peter Conry, Lumber Measurer, Oak-street, with some free and suitable remarks on their conduct, and on the evidence delivered at the trial of William Parkinson, Pastor of the said Church, for assault and Battery on the person of Mrs. Wintringham.

By William Greer, Lancaster,

To publish the History of America, By William Robertson, D. D. Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his majesty for Scotland.

By Patterson & Hopkins, Pittsburgh,

To publish by subscription a new work, entitled *Observations on "The Two Sons Oil."* By William Findley, Esq. Member of Congress.

By D. H. Reins, Woodworth, and I. Hitt, New York.

To publish by subscription.—A new Satirical Poem, *Zoologian Jurisprudence, or Beasts at Law. Capra vs. Canis.* Translated from the Arabic of Samfilius Philocerin z y x. Whose fables have made so much noise in the East, and whose fame has eclipsed that of *Æsop*.

Ezra Sargent, New York.

Proposes to republish—"Biographie Evangelica" or an historical account of the Lives and Deaths of the most eminent and Evangelical Authors or Preachers, both British and Foreign. By the Rev. Erasmus Middleton, to be continued from the year 1786, (when the author left off) down to the present period.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Anne Radcliffe, in familiar letters to her female friends, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Tracts, Political, Geographical, and Commercial, on the Dominions of Ava, and the North-western parts of Hindoostan. By William Franklin, Major in the Service in the Hon East-India Company, and author of a Tour to Persia, the History of Shahau um, and the Memoirs of George Thomas, &c. 8vo. 7s.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Translator of the Life of Fénelon, archbishop of Cambray, has in the press a Translation of the Memoirs of prince Eugene, of Savoy, in one vol. 8vo. which will appear soon.

E. A. Kendall, Esq. has the following works nearly ready for publication:—*Travels in the Northern Parts of the United States, in 1807 to 1810.*—*Travels in the Provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada, 1808.*—*Remarks of the Calumet, or Sacred Pipe.*—*An Essay on the Worship of Stones of Power.* All of them illustrated by plates.

Mr. James Montgomery, author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, has a poem in the press, entitled the *World before the Flood*.

A new and complete edition of *Richardson's Works*, with a sketch of his life by the Rev. E. Mangin, an eulogium by Diderot, and an original portrait, in nineteen volumes crown octavo, is nearly ready for publication.

A new edition of *Professor Porson's Preface to the Hecuba*, from the corrected copy left by him ready for the press, will appear in the course of the month; and new editions of the *Plays* are in the press.

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Life of Arthur Murphy, Esq. by Jesse Foote, Esq. his executor. Qto. p. 464, Faulder. 1811.

WE knew Mr. Arthur Murphy twenty years before Mr. Foote's acquaintance with him commenced : in the days of the Grecian Daughter, and Alzuma, when theatrical squabbles and political parties ran so high that between the one and the other a dramatic author was almost sure in avoiding Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. Mr. Foote's volume affords proof of the truth of this ; but nothing equal to what the facts of the time would justify. We are however, glad to see so much disclosed and discussed as appears in it, of the management behind the curtain, since it contributes to explain the reasons for that absence of dramatic talent which at present disgraces the English stage, and that distance which competent writers maintain from managerial and histrionic intrigue.

Whoever wishes to preserve that peace of mind without which life has no enjoyment, must be extremely cautious of forming connexions with the stage. Appearances are the traffic of the theatre and its company : they

produce their effect on mere spectators ; but those who have been allowed the privilege of the house, as to its interior, have seen as neat devices practised in private, as ever excited wonder in public—but they have, too often, terminated rather in sardonic than in hearty laughter.

From the severity of Churchill to Murphy, in the *Rosciad*, which Mr. F. wisely keeps out of sight ;—from the severity of Murphy to Churchill in various poems, to some of which Mr. F. has given circulation ;—from the *periodical* squabbles of Murphy with Garrick, which Mr. F. does not attempt to vindicate ;—from the “ alternate laughings and cryings” of the disappointed Mrs. Abington, with the interference of Hugh Kelly, and the patchwork of Isaac Bickerstaff, [men whom we well remember]—and from other incidental illusions, the reader of this life of Murphy, may gather something of the involved mysteries of theatrical oppositions ; as from the condemnation of two plays of Murphy, (and others, not mentioned, of Dr.

Kenrick, Kelly, &c.) from *political* motives merely, he may conjecture the violence of party, and the *mean-nesses* to which the *soi-disant* Town could *then* condescend, for the purpose of mortifying and even injuring an opponent in politics. Hard indeed, was the fate of a writer who presumed to think he could afford instruction to the public in a manner different from that which the public affected to call *popular*, and to which it was endeavoured to affix the epithet *national*, when not only his pamphlets continued unread,—against which he could say nothing; but his intentions to amuse were scouted, as if infected with the poison supposed to lurk in his more argumentative lucubrations.

Mr. Murphy wrote in favour of lord Holland, and in consequence was acquainted with Charles Fox, his son: strange surely, was his fate, who in early life endured the obloquy of writing in favour of "old Reynard," yet lived to see the "young cub" hallooed and complimented—is it credible!—as "the man of the people."

Mr. Foote has given us an amusing volume in this work. At the same time that it records the memorabilia in the life of Mr. Murphy, it presents an animated sketch of part of the literary history of his times; comprising the dramatic and poetical departments of British literature. Mr. Murphy had a very numerous acquaintance, most of whom were men who figured in society with no small éclat, from the middle of the last century till 1805, the year of his death. The numerous anecdotes of the statesmen, orators, authors, and actors, with whom he was familiar, must give an interest to the book which records his life. Mr. Foote writes unfettered by any rules. He digresses frequently; but his digressions make ample amends for what short interruptions they occasion to the story.

Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of Arthur Murphy; he speaks, in

one of his *Ramblers*, in terms of praise respecting the 78th number of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, on the character of king Lear; (this was in 1754;) he continued attached to this writer as long as he lived, and he counted him one of the best bred men, and, to use his own expression, "one of the finest gentlemen he had ever known." Murphy's introduction to Johnson was owing to a singular circumstance:

'Being at Foote's house in the country, and not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, he determined to supply his bookseller with some unstudied essay for the *Gray's-Inn Journal*. He therefore had recourse to the *French Journal Littéraire*; and translating something that he liked, despatched it to the press. It was, however, soon after pointed out to him, that he had actually translated a *Rambler*, which had been inserted in the foreign publication without acknowledgment. Mr. Murphy accordingly waited upon Doctor Johnson, to explain this curious incident; and a friendship was then commenced, which continued without interruption till the death of the latter.'

Mr. Foote, in compiling his book, had a very good chart to steer by. Late in life, Mr. Murphy committed to paper a compendious history of himself. This is given at length; and as Mr. M. was singularly exact with regard to dates, it was of great use to his biographer. The book contains some plates—a portrait of Mr. M. aged 50 years, this is the frontispiece, (which when at Dance's we remember thinking a good likeness) an engraving of a bust of him at the age of 72; four *fac simile* letters written by him at different periods of his life; and a portrait of Miss Elliot, the actress, for whom he wrote the lively character of Maria in *The Citizen*.

Mr. Murphy may be regarded, 1st, as a man of general literature, exemplified in his *Gray's-Inn Journal*: 2d, as a dramatic author; 3d, as a lawyer; and 4th, as the translator of Tacitus.

1. No. 1. of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

Appeared on the twenty-first day of October, 1762, before Mr. Murphy had entered his twenty-fifth year. This must be considered as an arduous undertaking, especially at a period when the Spectator, the Tatler, the Guardian, and the Rambler, were in the highest state of popularity and impression, and while the Adventurer was in its progressive state of publication.

It was an attempt admirably adapted to display talent and obtain reputation; and as every week was to give birth to a new theme, this plan generalized his reason, awakened his imagination, and incited his industry in quest of variety. This was the first fruit of his observations upon men and manners, and the accumulated stock of his knowledge.

The cause of dropping this publication was owing to another circumstance of whimsical notoriety in its day. It is not, however, mentioned by Mr. Foote. Mr. Murphy arrived at his chambers one evening, and not feeling himself in the humour to write an essay, he published one found in his letter-box, which had been written by some wag; and contained an account of a most valuable discovery made of immense quantities of peat in Florida. This, it was gravely asserted, was of prodigious importance to the West India Islands, which were always (it was said) distressed for fuel, whether for boiling of sugar, or for culinary purposes. Murphy, in an unguarded moment, sent this precious morsel to press. A laugh was raised against him; and the Gray's Inn Journalist soon ceased from his labours.

We meet with a list of Murphy's dramatic productions, rendered curious by recording the prices given by the booksellers for them. But, before we introduce this record, we ought to mention that Sir Richard Steele, in the meridian of his reputation, could get for *The Conscious Lovers* no more than 40l.: and that the comedy of *The Drummer*, written by Addison, himself, was sold to Tonson for 50l. only.

For the farce of *The Apprentice*, Mr. Paul Vaillant gave, in January 1756, the sum of forty pounds. For the farce of

The Upholterer, he gave, in March 1759, the sum of forty guineas. For the tragedy of *The Orphan of China*, he gave in February 1760, the sum of one hundred guineas. For the comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, in three acts, he gave, in February 1760, the sum of fifty guineas. For the dramatic poem, in three acts, *The Desert Island*, he gave, in February 1760, the sum of fifty guineas. For the comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, enlarged to five acts in January 1761, he gave an additional sum of fifty guineas. For the comedy of *All in the Wrong*, in November 1761, he gave the sum of one hundred guineas. For the farce of *The Old Maid*, in November 1761, he gave the sum of forty guineas. No price of sale is mentioned for the farce of *The Citizen*, nor is there any account given of it. The two pieces entitled, *No one's Enemy but his own*, a comedy, in three acts, and *What we must all come to*, a comedy, in two acts, were published and sold by Mr. Vaillant, upon Mr. Murphy's account. The tragedy of *Zenobia* was sold to Mr. Griffin, in 1768, for one hundred guineas, which were paid by two instalments of fifty guineas each. The tragedy of *The Grecian Daughter* was also sold to Mr. Griffin in 1772, for one hundred guineas; and that sum was also paid by two instalments of fifty guineas each. The tragedy of *Alzuma* was sold to Mr. Lowndes, in Fleet-street, in 1773, for one hundred guineas, and in the year 1776, the plays that were published by Mr. Vaillant were all turned over to Mr. Lowndes.

'The comedy of *Know your own Mind*, as I thought, was sold to Mr. Becket; but he denies the circumstance. The bottom of the title-page says, "Printed for T. Becket, Adolphus, Strand, 1778.'

Many, perhaps most, of Mr. Murphy's characters were drawn from living personages, though not always such as might be properly called public characters. We could have been glad that Mr. F. had pointed them out, on good authority. But to render a character perfect in representation, it must be studied from nature by the actor equally, or even more, closely, than by the writer. Mr. F. applauds Woodward, who possessed, he says, a manner peculiar to himself:

'In his Barber, in *The Upholterer*, when he opens his casement and calls out; his tottering trot when he advances on the stage shaking the loose locks of his

old gray wig; his morbid countenance, his glee, his chuckle, his bason, his working up his soapbuds; his transport at the thought of having, for the good of his country, lighted up a *farthing* candle; his having left a gentleman *half* shaved, and his replies, when impatiently called for to finish the gentleman, were all examples of the truest farce, and of the best acting.*

This barber was a portrait: his name was Douthwaite; he lived in Brownlow-street, Holborn; and in order to *take him off* accurately, Woodward shaved with him, for a considerable time. He wrote, and we believe, published, two volumes of poems, for which his customers among the gentlemen of Gray's-Inn subscribed. Often have we admired the tottering gait of the thin, tremulous, smirking, talkative, inconsiderate old man: Woodward's personification of him was correctness itself.

We have always been advocates for the morality of the drama. We have ever nauseated the double entendre, and the obscenity, which disgrace some plays: we have never failed to hold up to derision the poor substitutes for wit and humour which are foisted into others; and we have branded, as they ought to be branded, the flagrant profaneness which flows from the lips of our actors, and the false ethics with which the German school has inundated the stage. It is with genuine approbation that we print the following passages, which truly characterize Mr. Murphy as a chaste dramatic writer. Mr. Foot says,

'As I am now about to close the account of Mr. Murphy's Dramatic life, I have chosen rather to conclude it in his own words, with the apology he has made for

himself; which is indeed referable to all his productions in the various branches of literature whereto he successively applied his admirable talents. But, although I am always most at my ease whenever I can avail myself of giving his own explanation upon the occurrences of every part of his life; yet I cannot, in honour to his fame, permit this opportunity to escape, without bearing my testimony to one general truth, that throughout all his dramatic works, there is not one vicious sentence, nor one indelicate allusion. He has applied all the force of his dramatic mind to correct, with a playful and a light hand, the foibles of human nature. He has sought "the gayest, happiest attitude of things." The study of the female character seems to have been his particular choice, and his darling dramatic passion: in all his scenes, women are delicately corrected, studiously cautioned, and constantly befriended. He has never lost sight of the purpose of plays, as defined by that liberal moralist and friend to virtue, Archbishop Tillotson: "Plays," says he, "may be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some follies and vices out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov'd, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, any other way"—I shall now, as becomes me, let Mr. Murphy speak for himself.

"Pleasing as it is to find myself at the end of my labours, I am far from suffering my imagination to be deluded with ideas of fancied success. One point there is, upon which I can, with truth, receive the congratulations of my own heart: I look back through the whole of my work; and from *The Gray's Inn Journal* and the farce of *The Apprentice*, to the conclusion of the present volume, there is not, I believe, a single passage that can justly bring reproach upon the author. Even in the lightest and most sportful sallies of fancy, I persuade myself, that I need not blush for one indecent or immoral expression. For the wit that offends against good manners, I have had no relish.† I can, with

* He did not seduce Diana and her Nymphs from their native woods, where they lay concealed, to expose them upon a London Theatre, as emblems of innocence in the scenes of comedy; nor did he meretriciously throw a veil of gauze over them, on purpose to raise a stronger effervescence from wanton sensuality. This he left to the dancers of an opera stage.

† The late veteran Cumberland joined in these sentiments. The last comedy though it failed had much merit in it. Compare *Panorama*, vol. 8. p. 477. The two last advocates of polished manners and elegant society, as writers for the stage belonging to the old school, have now left us, and as Mr. Sheridan will not write, we may safely say the field is left open to the witless authors of the day; those *marchands de galimé-*

pleasure, add, that my pen was never employed in the base and malevolent office of detracting from the merit of contemporary writers."

Mr. Murphy stepped upon the stage, and performed as an actor for two seasons; and this circumstance proved an obstacle to his being admitted a law-student. He shall speak for himself.

"In the beginning of 1757, I offered to enter myself a student of the Middle Temple; but the benchers of that society thought fit to object to me, assigning as their reason, that I had appeared in the profession of an actor. This kindled in my breast a degree of indignation, and I was free enough to speak my mind on the occasion. I was obliged, however, to sit down under the affront; and being at the time employed in a *weekly paper*, called *The Test*, my thoughts were fixed entirely on that work. It was an undertaking in favour of Mr. Fox, afterwards lord Holland. The Newcastle administration was overturned by the resignation of Mr. Fox, then secretary of state; and an interval of four or five months ensued without any regular ministry;—When the *duke of Devonshire*, to fill a post absolutely necessary, agreed to be, during that time, first lord of the treasury. The contention for fixing a ministry lay between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; and, during that time, *The Test* went on in favour of the latter; but, at length, the city of London declared, in a most open manner, in favour of Pitt and Legge, made them both free of the city, and invited them to a sumptuous entertainment at Guildhall. From this time, the contest between the rivals ceased:—Mr. Legge was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Pitt secretary of state, and Mr. Fox paymaster of the forces. My weekly lucubrations of course terminated; nor during their publication had I ever seen Mr. Fox: at length, in August 1757, I was invited to dine at *Holland House*. The company were, Horace Walpole, Mr. Calcraft, and Peter Taylor, who was soon after made deputy paymaster of the forces, and went to the army then commanded by prince Ferdinand. Mr. Fox was a consummate master of polite manners, and pos-

sessed a brilliant share of wit. It happened, after dinner, that the present Charles Fox, then about 13 years old, came home from Eton School. His father was delighted to see him; and, "Well, Charles," said he, "do you bring any news from Eton?"—News. None at all! Hold! I have some news. I went up to *Windsor* to pay a *fruit woman* seven shillings that I owed her: the woman stared: and said, 'Are you son to that there Fox that is member for our town? Yes, I am his son. Po, I don't believe it; if you were his son, I never should receive this money.'" Mr. Fox laughed heartily; "And, here Charles; here's a glass of wine for your story." Mr. Charles Fox seemed, on that day, to promise those great abilities which have since blazed out with so much lustre.

"The contemptuous treatment I had met with at the Temple occurred to Mr. Fox, and he spoke of it in terms of strong disapprobation. In about a week after, he desired to see me at Holland House, and then told me, that he had seen Lord Mansfield, who expressed his disapprobation of the Benchers of the Temple, in a style of liberality and elegant sentiment which was peculiar to that refined genius. Lord Mansfield accordingly desired me to offer myself as a student to the society of Lincoln's-Inn, where I might be sure of a genteel reception. I obeyed this direction without delay; and I now feel, with gratitude, the polite behaviour I met with from that society." This was in the year 1757.

Our readers know, that we have but lately witnessed a resolution adopted by the benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, though afterwards retracted, which formed pretty nearly a *case in point*. So do times change! The same society which admitted an actor, proposed to exclude reporters of the deliberations of our legislature. It must however be acknowledged that the study of the law is very little promoted by the study of the drama; and Mr. F. is much in the right when he says that "had Lloyd Kenyon written plays, though serious as the old *moralities*, he would not perhaps, have been the chief justice."

nas, of whose ribaldry and miserable punning in lieu of wit our DIDASCALIA is a continual and lamentable memento. On this subject see an anecdote of Murphy, in our fourth volume, p. 694, exemplifying his opinion of modern dramatic literature.—*Edis.*

* We have heard him dwell with singular pleasure, on the many happy days he had spent in company with the Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn in the long room at the Baptist's Head, Chancery-Lane, where a select society used to frequent half a century ago.—*Edis.*

The politician of our corps desires us to add a remark on the influence of popular opinion in free governments, on the governours themselves. The city of London spoke the sentiments of the nation when it decided in favour of Mr. Pitt against Mr. Fox, and we have here the frank confession of a Foxite writer, that this popular decision decided the Cabinet. In fact, the opinion of the city was long adverse to the pretensions and family of lord Holland; and the "defaulter in unaccounted millions," in spite of his letter to Beckford desiring to know by what means he might account for them faster, was an object of jealousy, of aspersions, of contempt, and in some degree of hatred, among the "true patriots" of that day. Can we wonder that the spirit of rivalry descended to their sons, or that Pitt and Fox had their partisans years afterwards?

Mr. Murphy took a very active part in the great questions respecting literary property, the law of which he thoroughly understood; he was also always retained in theatrical causes.

4. With regard to Mr. Murphy's translation of Tacitus (he translated also Sallust, and Cicero's oration against Cataline), dedicated to Mr. Burke; from Mr. Foote's history of it we find that it occupied many years of Mr. Murphy's life. In fact, it was not a performance to be executed in a hurry. It was esteemed very creditable to his powers, though he after-

wards sold the copy-right for half the copy money that had been at first offered him. Mr. F. inserts an admirable letter of Mr. Burke to Murphy, in which the character of Tacitus as a writer, with remarks on the English style of the day, are worthy of the author.

Mr. Murphy received a pension at an advanced period of life. It came suddenly on him; and he appears to have felt the honour very strongly. We should be glad to insert the letters on this occasion did our limits permit. The anecdotes recorded of Mr. Dunning (afterwards lord Ashburton,) of col. Barré, and of lord North (political opponents, once, and of contentious memory) all blind, at the same time, by decay of natural powers; of W. Wallace, the attorney general, of rough serj. Davy, and of the eccentric and profligate Sam. Foote, add much to the amusement of the volume; especially to those who knew the parties. As executor to Mr. Murphy, our author is commendable for contemplating the subject of his history in the most favourable point of view; and he leads his reader to find a gratification in taking the same view of his subject as he does himself.

A very interesting and masterly account of Mr. Murphy's last illness; with several pleasing fragments of comedies, and other memoranda, conclude the volume.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Narrative of the operations of a detachment in an expedition to Candy, in the island of Ceylon, in the year 1804; with some observations on the previous campaign; and on the nature of Candian warfare, &c. By major Johnston, of the 3d Ceylon regiment, then captain commandant of the detachment. 8vo. p. 138. 6s. Boards, Baldwin. 1810.

THE public have of late years been presented with two descriptions of the island of Ceylon, both of considerable

length; we mean those of captain Perceval, and of the reverend James Cordiner*. These, however, may

* See M. R. vol. 42. N. S. p. 113, 243. and vol. 58. p. 113.

properly be termed geographical and statistical accounts of the island, while the object of the present volume is entirely military. Its author, confining himself to that department, and writing with the benefit of twelve years' residence in Ceylon, will be found to convey much information which had escaped his predecessors, and to be particularly happy in the delineation of the peculiar character of Candian warfare. The specific event, which gave rise to the present publication, took place in the autumn of 1804, at a time when major Johnston was commandant of the remote position of Baticolo, and was led, by his interpretation of orders from headquarters, to advance into the heart of the enemy's territory. A plan had indeed been formed to penetrate from the coast, with our whole force, to the hostile capital, and to take signal vengeance for the infamous massacre of our countrymen in the preceding year under the command of major Davie. Our troops were to set out from six different positions, and to proceed to Candy in as many distinct columns. All were eager for the enterprize; and the general, on visiting the several stations, made the most explicit and spirited arrangements with the respective commanding officers. On his return, however, to head quarters, it was found advisable, to desist from the execution of the plan as at first proposed, and to confine the march of the columns to partial incursions into the enemy's territory. Unfortunately, the quarter of the island through which major Johnston was to march being little known to Europeans, the definition of limits in the general's despatches was necessarily inexplicit; and the major's mind being wholly impressed with the much desired enterprize against Candy, the new orders never appeared to him in the light of a renunciation of that

project. He considered them merely as a modification of his former instructions, in respect to a change of rout and day of march; and not having time for asking, and receiving explanations, he advanced at once into the interior, where he had the mortification of finding himself at the head of an unsupported detachment, in the midst of enemies. Literal copies of the orders are given; (p. 39. and 43.) and we leave it to those among major Johnston's readers who consider the discussion as of importance, to decide between him and the general: feeling, on our own part, no desire to scrutinize a point in which so much zeal was displayed by both, and which is a military, not literary question*.

Before he enters on the details of the expedition, major Johnston offers a series of observations on the national habits of the Candians, and on the character of their warfare. He appears to be so much master of the subject, and the information conveyed seems to us of so much importance, that we shall extract as copiously from this part of the book as our limits will permit. After having remarked that the part of Ceylon which is subject to Europeans comprehends the whole sea-coast, and encircles the king of Candy's territories like a belt, varying in breadth from ten to thirty miles, he thus proceeds:

* Our knowledge of the interior of Ceylon is still extremely imperfect. The ruggedness of the country, and the insalubrity of the climate at any distance from the coast, have hitherto prevented our obtaining an accurate survey even of those parts in the interior under our own immediate control. Of those in possession of the Candians, consisting principally of steep and lofty mountains, in many places covered with impenetrable forests, still less is known. Well aware that our ignorance of their passes and defiles forms one of the best safeguards of their independence,

* The result is thus stated by the author himself: 'It appeared necessary that an affair attended with such serious consequences should undergo investigation, and I was ordered round to Colombo, where a court of Inquiry was held upon my conduct. The decision of the court was, that I had not disobeyed my orders in going to Candy.'

the rulers of the Candian nation take all possible care to prevent our acquiring information on this subject. They watch the ingress and egress of their territory with unremitting vigilance. This is the less difficult, as the access is by paths along which two men can seldom go abreast. In these paths gates are fixed, and guards stationed to prevent the entrance of strangers, and to examine all passengers. Few Europeans, even in time of peace, venture to approach these barriers; and the continued detention of major Davie, since the unfortunate fate of his detachment, notwithstanding the unwearied exertions of governor North and general Maitland to effect his liberation, is an example of the extreme difficulty of escape.

It does not appear that the Portuguese and Dutch armies, which at different times penetrated the interior, were accompanied by men of science capable of taking topographical surveys of the country. The accounts which remain on their campaigns abound, indeed, in details of battles and marches, describing the sufferings and privations of their troops; but convey no topographical information.

The government of Candy, like most eastern governments, is purely despotic. The standing army consists of a few hundred men, chiefly mercenaries, who are generally stationed about the king's person. They are armed with muskets, taken at different times or purchased from their European invaders. Although they possess little, if any of what is considered discipline in Europe, yet the Candians have acquired, in their frequent conflicts with the Portuguese and Dutch, a considerable knowledge and dexterity in that species of warfare, which is best suited to the nature of the country, and the disposition of the inhabitants. Conscious of their inability to resist the regular attack of European troops, and aware of the advantages they possess in being familiar with the country, and inured to the climate, they avoid close combat, preferring an irregular and desultory warfare. They harass the enemy in his march, hanging on his flanks, cutting off his supplies, interrupting the communication between his divisions, and occupying the heights which command the passes, from whence they fire in perfect security from behind rocks or trees. They aim principally at the Coolies, who carry the ammunition and provisions, well knowing that, without these, a regular force can make but little progress. To dislodge them from these heights is a task of extreme difficulty, as the paths leading to them are mostly on

opposite sides of the mountains, and only known to the inhabitants.

They are accustomed to impede the march of hostile troops by felling, and placing as abattis, large trees across the defiles. In narrow passes, where they cannot be avoided, this contrivance presents a most serious obstacle to the march of troops; for cutting up and removing a large tree is not the business of a moment. One of their maxims is, seldom to press closely an enemy marching into their country; being certain that the diseases incident to Europeans in that climate, and the want of provisions, will soon oblige him to fall back; the farther he advances the better he promotes their scheme of defence, as they can thus throw more numerous impediments in the way of his return. In the mean time, they are busily employed in blocking up the roads through which they think it most probable that he will attempt to retreat; when encumbered by a long train of sick and wounded, exhausted by fatigue and want of provisions, and probably destitute of ammunition, (which frequently happens from desertion of the Coolies,) then it is, and then only, that they attack him, exerting all their energies and skill to harass and cut off his retreat. What makes the situation of the troops, under those circumstances, still more distressing, is, that every man who falls into the hands of the enemy is certain of immediate death. Nor does the inhuman practice arise from the thirst of blood, or the gratification of revenge: it is a consequence of the reward offered by the king of Candy for the heads of his enemies, and of the desire of affording proofs of personal courage. The Candians will even decapitate their own countrymen when killed in action, and carry the heads to their chiefs, as belonging to the enemy, in order to obtain this reward and distinction. I had frequent opportunities of ascertaining this fact. On surprising their posts at night, which we often effected without the loss of a man, and afterwards passing over the ground we invariably found their slain without heads.

The nobles hold their lands by tenure of service, and are obliged, when called upon, to join the king at the head of a third of their vassals, should that number be required. Each village has its chief, with several inferior officers in proportion to its size. The chief, on receiving an order from his *dessane*, or lord, summons every third, fourth, or fifth man, according to the nature of his instructions; and proceeds with his feudatory levies to the place of rendezvous. Each soldier is pro-

vided with a musket, and carries with him fifteen days' provisions, and a small cooking vessel. A few are armed with bows and arrows. A leaf of the talipot tree [forming] an extensive umbrella, serves to protect him from the heat of the sun during the day; and two men by placing the broad end of their leaves together, may form a tent that will completely defend them against the rains or dews, by night. The provisions of the Candian are equally portable with his tent. Although, in most parts of the continent in India, rice forms the principal article of food amongst all ranks of natives, in Ceylon, and particularly in the interior of the island, it is reserved for the higher classes, and is a luxury of which the lowest order of the people seldom partake. The chief food of the poorer sort is a grain that grows on the hills, with little cultivation, and without watering. This, together with a root dug from the bottom of the tanks, and a decoction of the bark of a tree found in abundance in the forests, constitutes their principal means of support. Men accustomed to such diet cannot be supposed to require many luxuries in the field. Two or three cocoa nuts, a few cakes, made of the grain I have just described, and a small quantity of rice, compose the whole of the soldier's stock for the campaign. His other wants he is certain of being always able to supply. Thus equipped, the Candian soldier follows his chief, to whom he is accustomed to pay the most implicit obedience. He crawls through the paths in the woods, for the purpose of commanding the roads through which the hostile troops must pass, or climbs the mountains, and places himself behind a rock, or a tree, patiently to await the enemy's approach. At the end of fifteen days he is relieved by a fresh requisition from the village; and thus the army is constantly supplied with fresh troops, totally unencumbered, the party relieved always carrying home their sick and wounded companions. Another great advantage attending this system of warfare is, that the soldier will more cheerfully encounter fatigues and privations, which he knows are to be of short continuance, and must terminate in a certain fixed period. He is also supported by the hope of shortly returning to his village, and recounting his exploits.

'Such a system could only answer in a country like that which I have been describing, where the theatre of war is almost always within certain limits, so that whatever be the fortune of the contest, the soldier is seldom removed above two, and

never more than four days march from his own abode. Nor is it necessary to furnish those returning home with escorts, as they have little to fear from the slow and unwieldy movements of their European enemies, whom they can at all times avoid by taking a circuitous route. A Candian army, thus unencumbered by sick and baggage, and being perfect masters of their intricate paths and passes, is enabled to move with much more rapidity than regular troops, strangers to the country, and encumbered as they usually are with artillery, ammunition, baggage, provisions, and frequently a long train of sick and wounded, can possibly do.'

The occupancy of the coast of Ceylon by the Portuguese commenced early in the sixteenth century, and continued during one hundred and forty years. Their power was shaken to its foundation by the loss of an army in consequence of the treachery of four Ceylonese officers, whom they had imprudently raised to the rank of general; a memorable lesson, adds Major Johnston, to all Europeans, never to repose unlimited confidence in the natives of Ceylon. It was in the year 1658 that the Portuguese were finally vanquished by the Dutch, whose dominion in the island lasted nearly as long as that of their predecessors. Both nations made reiterated attempts to subjugate the kingdom of Candy, but in vain; their armies being either slowly wasted by skirmishes, or cut off by the more rapid progress of disease. The Portuguese, however, had they been well governed, and supported from home, were the better fitted of the two to obtain success in this topical warfare. Born in a latitude of considerable heat, and accustomed to simple diet, their constitutions received less injury from fatigue under the rays of a vertical sun: but, on the other hand, the ample revenue of the Dutch East India Company enabled them to bring a larger force to bear against their Candian adversaries. This was particularly exemplified in the last great war which they waged, (1763,) in which they assembled an army of 8000 men, and obtained possession of the capital:

but, after having remained there during nine months, they found their numbers so dreadfully reduced by disease as to leave them no alternative but that of a precipitate retreat to the coast. Having noticed the surrender of the Dutch possessions in Ceylon to the English in 1796, Major Johnston gives an account of the possession of Candy by our army in 1803, and of the melancholy fate which befel the detachment left behind under the command of major Davie. These affecting details being sufficiently known, we pass over that part of the author's narrative which relates to particular occurrences, and prefer some selections from his general observations :

'The dangers and difficulties of war in Candy have by no means diminished since Ceylon fell into our hands. The want of supplies in the interior renders it indispensable for an invading army to carry provisions, as well as stores, along with it. The carriage of Coolies, or litters for the sick and wounded, and camp equipage also requires the addition of an almost incredible number of followers. It has been found that, at the lowest computation, a detachment properly equipped requires, even for the short period of fifteen days, at the rate of four Coolies for each soldier; so that, for a detachment of 600 men, the followers alone will amount to 2,400, requiring daily provisions for 3000 mouths. The Coolies have the utmost aversion to a Candian campaign; to collect any number of them is consequently attended with difficulties and delay, and it can only be done by pressing. The instant it is known in any of the districts that the native chief has received orders to *seize*, as they not improperly term it, a certain number of Coolies, the villages are deserted by the lower class of the inhabitants, who, to avoid the police officers, either conceal themselves in the forests, or take refuge in the Candian territories. After considerable delays the chief seldom succeeds in procuring above half the number required; and thus the advantages which we seem at first sight to enjoy over the enemy, of having always a considerable disciplined force, ready to march at a moment's notice, are completely lost from the impossibility of any prompt movement. By the flight of the Coolies, intimation of our design is soon conveyed to the Can-

dian government, and the necessary orders immediately issued for calling out the inhabitants, which orders are punctually complied with, as well from the dread of the punishment of disobedience, as from the people being interested in the defence of their country. Long before our detachments can be equipped, the enemy is arrayed in force ready to receive them.

'The aversion of the natives to serve as Coolies in our armies is founded on very obvious reasons. The burdens which they are obliged to carry are heavy, and their progress consequently slow. They are frequently exposed to a galling fire, doubtful of being taken care of, if wounded, and certain of being put to death if made prisoners; their post is more dangerous than that of the fighting part of the army; while they are not, like the soldiers, buoyed up by the prospect of any military advantage or preferment, or excited by the stimulus of fame. It cannot, therefore be surprising that the Congalese, naturally timid, and rendered indolent by their climate and mode of living, should use every effort in their power to avoid being impressed on such a service, or that they should, when forced into it, afterwards desert. This is a frequent occurrence, and is often attended with serious consequences. They are also apt, without any intention of escaping from the army, when unexpectedly attacked from the mere impulse of fear, to throw down their loads, and rush into the woods to conceal themselves. This is a practice which neither threats nor entreaties can check; but their design being simply to elude the danger of the moment, their head-man generally succeeds in rallying them as soon as the firing ceases. This dispersion of the Coolies for a time entirely stops the line of march, as it would be impossible to move forward without them, but by abandoning the sick, the wounded, and the stores to the enemy. These disasters happen mostly in defiles; and the enemy, well knowing the disposition of our Coolies, generally selects such places for attacking them.'

'Thus defended by their climate, their mountains, and their forests, the Candians by adhering steadily to the same mode of warfare, have been enabled to resist the incursions of their several European invaders for three centuries. Although successively attacked by the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, when in the zenith of their eastern conquests, and repeatedly driven from their capital, they are now in as complete possession of the interior of their country, and govern it as independently of any European influence, as at any

period of their history since the first invasion of their coast.

'The Candians flushed with their successes, and knowing that our forts on the coast were now weakly garrisoned, poured down from their mountains, in the months of August and September, in the hope of utterly expelling us from the island. And in this attempt they were joined by the native inhabitants of our own settlements, who rose, as of one accord, to accelerate our expulsion. This fact affords a strong and convincing proof that, when we lose the power of the sword, to entertain any hope of preserving India through the affection of the natives would be building on the most unstable foundation. So strong is their attachment to their ancient governments, laws, language and manners, and religious opinions, that three centuries of European domination have not diminished its force. But in leaving their fastnesses, the Candians relinquished those advantages which alone made them formidable; and reinforcements arriving most seasonably to our army from the Cape of Good Hope and Bengal, their efforts were completely defeated.'

The next part of major Johnston's publication consists of a journal of his expedition. He set out from Batticoloa on the 20th September, 1804, at the head of three hundred men, European and native troops, accompanied by nearly twice as many Ceylonese, in the capacity of pioneers and carriers. Their track lay through a wild and almost desolate part of the island, noted as the asylum of the kings of Candy when driven from their capital; and partly inhabited by the Bedas or Vedas, a singular and savage tribe, living nearly in a state of nature, and holding no intercourse with the other nations. At one time, the detachment marched sixty miles without seeing either a dwelling or a human being; and without discovering anything except the paths through the forests and round the bases of the mountains, to suggest a belief that the quarter had ever been peopled. The weather during the day was close and sultry, the circulation of the air being impeded by the forests; the nights on the contrary, were foggy and cold; which vicissitudes soon began to show their pernicious effects on the health of our

troops. As they advanced into the interior, they found the face of the country gradually improve, the slopes of the hills being cleared, and the vallies in general cultivated. The natives now began to collect in parties to oppose the detachment, and their stations on the sides of the mountains were rendered conspicuous at night by the fires which they kindled. Their hostility, however, was not formidable; since, though they ventured at times to hang on the flanks of the detachment, they regularly took to their heels when the troops fired at them. The great cause of delay and fatigue to our men consisted in the narrowness and ruggedness of the paths: but, in the course of a fortnight, by unwearied perseverance, the major made good his way to the neighbourhood of the capital.

By this time, the Candians had assembled in thousands, and discovered their confidence in cutting off our troops by nocturnal shouts, which were observed to begin among the bodies stationed nearest to our detachment, and to be re-echoed by more distant crowds on the adjoining hills. In this part of the expedition, an opportunity occurred for showing how much the success of Candian warfare is dependent on localities. The path for the troops running along the banks of the great river, and being commanded by a battery on the opposite side, which it was indispensably necessary to carry, a raft was prepared: but being made of iron wood, the only material within reach, it was found unserviceable. In the midst of the embarrassment produced by this disappointment, a sentinel called out that he saw a boat crossing the river about three quarters of a mile further up. Lieutenant Vincent, a spirited officer, was immediately despatched with the British part of the detachment to seize it at all hazards: but, on reaching the spot, they found that the Candians had conveyed it to the opposite bank. Immediately, two of our gallant soldiers swam over under

the protection of the fire of the party, and brought back the boat: after which the lieutenant and his men crossing the river, and marching rapidly towards the battery, the assembled multitude of the enemy fled at their approach. The Candians, formidable in their fastnesses, are so feeble in close combat, that, in a quarter of an hour, the whole of the mass which had lined the banks of the river were scattered by a handful of assailants, and the battery was seized, with the loss on our part of only two men wounded.

Major Johnston's detachment now entered the capital, and found it, as on a former occasion, entirely deserted. The natives, however, remained in great force in the immediate neighbourhood; and the major was exceedingly mortified to find none of our other columns on the spot which he considered as the point of junction for the various corps of our army. His situation was not such as to admit of protracting his stay in Candy without the most imminent danger, the troops being extremely fatigued by a march of two hundred miles, and the stock of provisions and ammunition being greatly reduced. The rains also were setting in with considerable violence, and the rivers were swelling rapidly. Under these circumstances, he ventured to remain forty-eight hours in Candy: but, at the expiration of that time, none of the expected divisions appearing, he felt that farther delay would be fatal, and began his retreat in the morning of the 9th of October. Aware that the road by which he advanced must have been rendered impracticable, he set out on the path leading to Trincomalè, a settlement distant from Candy above one hundred and forty miles. Things now wore a gloomy aspect; the sick and wounded were numerous; the men in health were obliged to carry their provisions on their backs; and the enemy, emboldened by our retrograde movement, had assembled in great numbers to blockade the passes

and lay trees across the paths. The safety of our troops was to be found only in assuming a bold countenance, and in hazarding attacks whenever they were able to reach the enemy. In these they were successful, but at the expense of a progressive diminution of their numbers, and a daily increase of the train of wounded among whom they now reckoned the gallant lieutenant Vincent. The weather likewise added its horrors to those of a vindictive enemy; our men being exposed without protection to a scorching sun during the morning till two o'clock, and in the afternoon and night to incessant rain. They passed the day in a continual skirmish, and at night were glad when they could get a stone or log of wood to support their heads from the ground. The natives, who acted as Coolies or carriers, became so fatigued that it was found necessary to relieve them from every other burden than that of the sick and wounded; the most reduced of whom were carried along on cloths fastened to poles, while others proceeded by leaning on their less exhausted comrades. On the fifth day of this disastrous march, the Candians attacked the line both in front and rear, the consequence was a separation of the van from the main body. Our troops had still strength to repulse them, and to cause them a signal loss: but the intricacy of the paths preventing for some days the junction of the van and centre, it was impossible to carry off all our wounded; and lieutenant Vincent was unhappily among the number who were abandoned to the merciless pursuers. At last, as the detachment began to extricate itself from the heart of the enemy's country, the molestation became less considerable; and on the 19th of October a friendly band in the vicinity of Trincomalè received their emancipated and debilitated fellow-soldiers.

Having brought his recital to a close major Johnston proceeds to the more cheering topic of laying down rules

for improvements in the management of our affairs in Ceylon. The first subject of his recommendation is the importance of acquiring the language of the natives. He shows at great length how much our affairs, both civil and military, may suffer from the pettidity of interpreters; and he advises the government should make two new regulations in regard to our troops in Ceylon: first, that the station should be permanent to the officers who enter on it, as is the case respectively in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay; and next, that a knowledge of the language should be an indispensable requisite to promotion. 'Under such a plan,' he says, no officer, could arrive at an important command without being thoroughly acquainted with the language and customs of the country: and the general would then find among his officers, in whose honour he could confide, every species of local knowledge, instead of being obliged to seek for it amongst Modihars, interpreters, and native orderlies.'

The next topic on which major Johnston enlarges is the necessity of altering the clothes of our troops in Ceylon. The great objects in their dress, after the care of health, should be celerity of movement, and facility of approaching the enemy unperceived so as to have a chance of taking him by surprize. The Candian soldier has no other covering than a cloth, wrapped round his loins, in the fold of which is deposited a cocoa-nut-shell containing his powder and ball. They may accordingly hover around our troops to the number of hundreds, without being distinguished among the trees; while the red jackets white belts, bright arms, and shining brass plates of our men, never fail to render them conspicuous from a distance. The change which the author recommends, in regard to arms, is to substitute for the common musket a light one, with a barrel stained like a rifle; and as to dress, he suggests the adoption of a green or gray jacket

and trousers, black belts, and a light brown hat.

Another important point is, the carriage of our baggage and stores; the difficulty of which has hitherto formed the great embarrassment of Candian warfare. Elephants, our great resource in other parts of India, are all fitted for the narrow passes of Ceylon: so that the alternative lies between bullocks and Coolies, or native carriers. In the case of a large detachment and a protracted expedition major Johnston recommends bullocks: but for rapid movements he thinks that recourse should always be had to Coolies, a class deserving, on the score both of humanity and policy, greater attention than they have hitherto received at our hands.—In a subsequent passage, in which he treats of 'guides,' the major shows himself an advocate for conducting war on the Candians by night-attacks, and very clearly proves how little fitted our present guides are for that difficult and hazardous kind of operation. Notwithstanding all his military ardour, he is disposed to acknowledge that it is much better to expend money for the maintenance of our influence at the court of Candy than to have recourse to the destructive alternative of hostilities; an opinion in which he will be joined by those who are aware of the miserable mortality, which the climate of the interior of Ceylon produces among our countrymen. With an extract illustrative of this melancholy truth, we shall close our review of major Johnston's valuable publication. It occurs in page 93:

'The following instances are convincing proofs of the insalubrity of the interior of Ceylon. On the 13th of March, 1803, the grenadier company of the 65th, under capt. Bullock, consisting of 3 officers and 75 men, marched from Columbo for Cattadinia, a small post in the interior. At the end of the month, without any loss by the enemy, the whole fell victims to the climate, excepting lieut. Hutchins and two privates. They were all robust young men, from 18 to 23 years of age, and had only landed from the Cape of Good Hope early in

November. On the 11th of April, 400 men of the 51st regiment appeared under arms at Columbo, on their arrival from Candy. In little more than two months, 300 of them were buried, having laid the foundation of disease in the interior.*

We have said that we decline to enter on a discussion of the propriety

of major Johnston's expedition, considered with reference to his orders; but we must observe that, being undertaken, the conduct of it seems to have been as creditable to him in a *military* as the account of it is in a *literary* point of view.

FROM THE EDINBURG REVIEW.

Travels in the south of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. * 4to. p. 464. Johnson. London, 1811.

In the Select Reviews for August 1811, we republished a review of Jacob's Travels in Spain. It was the best that could then be obtained, but it was brief and unsatisfactory. We now offer to our readers the following article, from the last EDINBURG REVIEW, from which we are confident they will derive equal gratification with that which the perusal has furnished to us.—*Ed. Sel. Rev.*

THIS book is another and a useful contribution to literature, from a quarter peculiarly deserving of respect, and toward which our grateful consideration has never failed to be directed, as some trifling encouragement to such exertions. It is the work of a mercantile gentleman, written during an excursion of business; and it is distinguished by much of the plain sense that belongs to the commercial character, with somewhat more of liberality upon general topics than usually falls to its share, and perhaps a little tincture of feelings in a degree foreign to the habits of that sober and solid class of men. It has given us both entertainment and information; and we venture to predict, that it will not disappoint those who may be disposed to judge for themselves, and

prefer the book to our account of it. Nevertheless, as all readers are not likely to be of this description, and as there may be some who can bear both, we shall, for their benefit, here set down what the work professes to do, and how it fulfils the promise of the '*contents*.'

As the first of all requisites in a narrator is accuracy respecting his statement of facts, and as this should be the more jealously looked after when his own exploits form the subject of the narrative, we began, as is our custom, with keeping a very sharp look-out for any slips which might qualify our judgment upon this author's correctness and fidelity; not that we could possibly suspect him of any intention wilfully to deceive, but merely because when the fancy is heat-

* We are not quite satisfied with our author's manner of setting forth his *additions*. We desiderate, in the first place, the civic title of the worthy alderman, and trust that this hint will be taken by Sir William Curtis, when he publishes *his* travels to Walcheren, performed about the same time. Furthermore, we should have been better pleased if Mr. Jacob had put his title as a member of the royal society before his parliamentary mark. We do not wish to make invidious comparisons, and have some fears of incurring a charge of contempt; but an *author* should be forward to proclaim his connexion with, and to stand up for the precedence of, so illustrious a body as the society founded by Newton; and one could even pardon, in a commander, the affection of science (as it might be termed) which made Buonaparte designate himself during his earlier campaigns, 'Member of the national institute, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy.'

ed, or enthusiasm is at work, or the egotism* of solitude is in full play, (a chapter omitted by Zimmerman, probably because it would have furnished an answer to half his book), we are aware, that *the thing which is not*, finds its way too frequently into a man's discourse, to the exclusion of much real good, and the manifest promotion of error. The first observations which we made, with the view of forming our estimate of the author's correctness in this particular, were rather unfavourable. The preface begins with announcing, that the following pages contain the substance of letters written to my family and friends, during *six* months which I passed in Spain. Now, as it turns out in the sequel, that he did not arrive in Cadiz before the 14th or 15th (it does not exactly appear which) of September, and as he left Spain about the middle of February following, (Feb. 14, see p. 396), the time which he passed in that country was *five* months, which would have been just as easily said as *six* months. One or two other particulars of a similar kind struck us as rather indicative of a disposition to speak in round numbers; but upon attentively examining the work as we went on, this unpleasant appearance, we must say, entirely ceased. We therefore are inclined to think, that it is accidental, where it does occur; and, upon the whole, we consider the narrative as entitled to the reader's implicit belief.—a comfortable circumstance, which they who read for their real instruction never fail to ascertain as speedily as possible, after opening a work of this description.

Mr Jacob left England, accompanied by a single friend. (Mr. Ridout), in the same vessel with the Spanish general Virues, and don Ramon and

don Pedro. The general is frequently lauded, and apparently with much justice: the two lesser dons are not much more commemorated than your brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus. The voyage proved tempestuous; and the surgeon of the vessel had his leg broke by being pitched against one of the guns. No communication with any other ship being practicable, he was obliged to have it set by giving directions to the attendants; which he did. it seems, with great coolness and presence of mind, and perfect success: insomuch, that our author might as well have mentioned this deserving young man's name, although he was not any don whatsoever.

Upon arriving off St. Lucar, they were alarmed by a false story of the progress of the French, told them by the proper officer, an American captain. In part, the fiction was, it must be confessed, not very ill contrived; for it represented the Spaniards as leaving the whole of the battle to the English.

The first subject of any consequence which our author handles after his landing, is the catastrophe of Solano, the governour of Cadiz, whose fate must be in the recollection of every reader. His crime was, doubting of the fortunes of his country, and underrating the talents and courage of its inhabitants. No man more detested the government, or deplored more sincerely the state of degradation into which Spain had fallen. But, as Mr. Jacob observes, he had no confidence in the spirit of his countrymen; he did not know that it contained the men who have since distinguished themselves at Baylen, Saragossa, Gerona, and no other place or places. He was not aware that there would rise up, in the general convulsions of revolution and intestine war, one par-

* The preposterous Gallicism of modern writers makes it necessary to state, that we here use egotism in the English (or, if you will the Latin) sense of the word, and not in the French acceptation. We take this opportunity of protesting against the innovation to which we are alluding. *Egoisme*, in French, means what, in the English tongue, is called *selfishness*, not egotism; which is rendered by '*amour propre*,' rather than by '*egotisme*.'

tisan of undoubted talents in that line—two general officers of dubious skill—and no others even of doubtful capacity for command. He could not descry, in the court and the municipalities of the peninsula, the seeds of one vigorous local administration, and a succession of drivelling, jobbing, talkative and treacherous central committees. Perhaps he knew the self-sufficient, unteachable, untractable character of his countrymen:—perhaps he doubted their courage—at least the courage of the upper orders;—perhaps he set down something to the account of a long period of bad government, and ascribed to its effects some influence over the character of all, but especially of the higher classes. But, from whatever cause, he mistook the thing; and, differing widely in opinion with the multitude he was proceeded against with a fury and a boldness, very usual among mobs when they are contending with a single unarmed individual, and of which, in the present instance, we shall say nothing, (out of respect for the worst species of mob, the venal writers of this country, and those under their control), except that we wish a little of it had been reserved for the battles of Talavera, Medellin and Barrosa. As our readers, from having those more recent events fresher in their recollection, may be inclined to doubt the efficiency of the Spaniards in the hour of action, we shall extract our author's account of their conduct in the *affair of Cadiz*, when they succeeded in carrying by assault a strong place into which the Marquis de Solano had thrown himself, and put the whole garrison to the sword.

'As soon as it was known at Seville, that Solano had fled to Cadiz, the revolution immediately broke forth, the inhabitants flew to arms, and the sympathetic feeling which pervaded all Spain was displayed, in that city, with irresistible force. A committee, called in Spain a *junta*, composed of the most zealous, intelligent, and virtuous of the citizens, assumed the government, directed the spirit of the inhabitants, and produced, what Spain had not

witnessed for many ages, a combination of order and energy. The feelings of Seville were communicated to Xeres, to Santa Maria, and even to Cadiz, though in the latter their effects were stifled by the efforts of Solano. Numbers of people, however, arrived from Seville, inspired with feelings of patriotism and vengeance; many entered the city disguised like peasants; and a sufficient number soon arrived to kindle the suppressed patriotism of the Gaditanos. Solano received intimations from his private friends that the plan of an insurrection was formed, and that he was to be its first victim; he was apprized of the intention to assassinate him, on his return from the theatre, and was entreated by his friends not to attend; but he had too much courage to be awed by the intimation; and either the firmness of his demeanour, or some alteration in the plans of his enemies, preserved him for that night from the threatened attack. A party of his friends, who adjourned from the theatre to his house, aware of the danger that impended, urged him to seek his safety by flight; he rejected their counsel, affected to treat their fears with contempt, and avowed his resolution not to part with his authority, but in obedience to the commands of the power from which he had received it. The supplications of his wife, the endearments of his children, and the anxiety of his friends, were all exerted in vain; and he resolutely determined to maintain his authority, or to perish in the attempt.

'Early on the ensuing morning, the whole city was in a state of tumult; the populace, irritated by the patriots from Seville, indignant at the treachery of France, and clamorous for the death of the governor, surrounded his habitation. Some parties attacked it with musquetry, while others dragged cannon from the ramparts and assailed his residence. In the midst of the firing he escaped by the roof of his house, and took refuge in an adjoining one, the lady of which, an intimate friend of the family, hid him in a small closet which had been secretly built some years before.

'When the insurgents gained possession of Solano's house, and discovered his flight, they pursued him to the house where he was concealed, which was searched with diligence but without success. After committing some atrocities, and even wounding the lady of the house with a musket ball, they were departing discontented with having missed the object of their vengeance; when the party was joined by an artificer, who had constructed

the secret closet, and who conducted them to the hiding place, where Solano was discovered, and delivered to the fury of the mob. 'The general cry of the populace was, "To the gallows! to the gallows!"' whether this veteran was conducted: but, such was the indignation of the people, that before he had quitted the house where he was discovered, he was lacerated with knives, and his clothes literally torn from his body. Naked and streaming with blood from numberless wounds, he preserved the firm step, and the manly dignity, of an officer. To the taunts of the multitude he appeared superior, but not insensible, and at every fresh stab that was inflicted, he fixed his eyes on the perpetrator with an expression of contempt; till a soldier, who had been long under his command, dreading the impending degradation of his old officer, plunged his sword in his heart, and terminated his sufferings.' p. 28, 30.

Now, be it remarked, we are very far from vindicating this unhappy man. Meanly as we may think of the Spaniards, in comparison of some enthusiasts, we hold, that they have done considerable things; and, that whatever may be the ultimate event of the contest, it is glorious for them that it should still be a matter of doubt whether they shall sink or swim. The struggle is at all events one which they were bound to commence and to persevere in; and we must view Solano not merely as having miscalculated, but as guilty of pusillanimous, if not of treacherous conduct. To have driven him from his charge, and cast him forth from the city, therefore, would have been quite allowable; but the cowardly ferocity of the transaction which has been narrated, can meet with no advocate among the genuine friends of liberty, or the true admirers of patriotism.

During his stay at Cadiz, Mr. Jacob has an opportunity of giving some interesting remarks upon the state of the government; and he unfolds, in this part of his work, those opinions of his, respecting the Spaniards and their cause, which he pursues at various intervals through the rest of the volume, and in which, as they lead to very favourable prognostics in the

final result, we should be exceedingly happy if we could entirely agree with him. The character of the Junta, then on its decline after a very mischievous reign, it is not necessary here to extract; as the change which was soon after affected, renders the imbecility and maladministration of that body now a matter of history. The following passage, however, is of a more practical and permanent complexion, we greatly fear.

'I am sorry to observe, that there does not appear to be any leader in the government, nor any one man, of talents sufficiently eminent, to give him the necessary preponderance; there is no unity in the operations of government; and unless some man of powerful mind should arise and be elevated to a commanding station, I see no chance of improvement in the affairs of Spain. Many accuse, and perhaps with justice, the most opulent and elevated members of the Junta, of disaffection to the cause of their country, and a disposition to aid the views of Buonaparte. Men in their situation, with large estates in that part of Spain occupied by the French, may very naturally wish to return to their homes and their ease, even though submission to the enemy should be the necessary consequence.

'Nothing can show in a stronger light the indolence and want of combination among the Spaniards, than the state of the manufactory for muskets in this city. The government can raise as many men for the army as it desires, and very little food is requisite to subsist them; but muskets are absolutely necessary, and the demand for them is considerable; for like most raw levies, the troops when defeated are too apt to insure their safety by throwing away their arms. This, in spite of the great assistance derived from England, has occasioned their present scarcity; and the establishment of manufactories of this important article has been in consequence most strenuously and frequently urged as indispensable; but it is now more than fourteen months since the commencement of the manufactory, and not a single musket has been produced. They are erecting a handsome building, when plenty of others might have been appropriated to the purpose; and the time lost in the new building would have enabled them to finish and send to their armies thousands of arms for the men enlisted and ready to use them.

'They have in this place a large train of

artillery, mostly brass battering twenty-four pounders, and they are the most beautiful I have ever seen. These, in the present state of Spain, are of little use; but of field ordnance, of which they particularly stand in need, there is a great scarcity.' p. 34—36.

Notwithstanding these and various other statements, which we shall presently notice, our author is of opinion, that the hatred of the French is so deep-rooted, and so universally spread among the Spaniards, as to make it impossible for the great enemy of national independence and all that looks like liberty, ever to fix his dominion in security and quiet in the peninsula. Now, this idea is become a great favourite amongst us; and not unnaturally;—it is unpleasant to despond; and some such thing as this seems all we have now left for it, to keep up our hopes of Spain. While there was such a thing as a Spanish army in the field, towards the centre of the country, to have built expectations upon the irregular warfare of the Guerillas, would not have been very popular perhaps, nor quite safe in this country. But as Spain is almost confined to Cadiz,—as the enemy are at least in military possession of nearly the whole country,—as we guess the most sanguine have ceased to expect much from Spanish armies,—and few are now so credulous as to believe any thing which they read in the Castilian tongue; we must be content to pick up the small remains of our once magnificent expectations,—and confess at last, that, but for the exertions of this country, the Spaniards can hope for nothing better, than that their country will be an uneasy, as it has been an expensive conquest;—for, in reality, the expectations entertained of irregular warfare, resolve themselves into this, however we may try to shut our eyes. Suppose there were no British troops either in Cadiz or Portugal,—every thing must depend on the continuance of the spirit which prevails among the peasantry, who occupy the more difficult parts of the country. Can any man count upon this lasting

for years? Who knows so little of men, as to believe that such scattered bodies,—insulated,—hemmed in, will continue a separate race, and hold out against the changes which the arts and the force of the conqueror shall have effected among the inhabitants of the plains? The Portuguese, indeed, have a better chance;—they have shown themselves more docile;—they have not disdained to follow English officers;—and those who follow such men, always march to victory. They have possession of their country; and if nothing untoward happen, it is possible that a large army of the best regular troops may have time to discipline a still greater number of Portuguese,—to arrange the government of the country, and to leave it in quiet possession of its inhabitants, with such moderate assistance as England can afford to give it, upon a permanent establishment. This is a possibility which we most willingly contemplate. At the same time, that no disappointment may arise, it is fit that the chance of new armies being sent into Portugal should be taken into the account;—a risk which, it is probable, that nothing but a change in the politics of the North will prevent our enemy from realizing. But suppose the best to happen in that part of the peninsula, and that Portugal is permanently saved,—it is rather expecting too much, to reckon upon the Portuguese commencing offensive operations for the liberation of Spain. Nor can we imagine any difficulty likely to prevent a large army of French from collecting and acting together on the defensive in that country, which would not equally prevent a British and Portuguese force of equal amount from assembling and attacking them. If we had at present forty or fifty thousand men to send towards the Ebro, then, to be sure, the liberation of Spain might be effected. But it is as easy, when we are treating the matter with *ifs*, and amusing ourselves with building castles in Spain, to wish and suppose the

destruction of Buonaparte and his power at once;—it is a shorter and surer road to what we would be at. Unless, therefore, some very unforeseen accident befalls the enemy in the North of Europe—(and after the immortal valour and discipline which was displayed on the Marchfield, in vain for Europe and for Spain, who shall venture to hope?)—unless Buonaparte should die, and his successors fall out among themselves,—or some great disaster should compel him to withdraw his troops from Spain—and his whole troops—(a bare possibility scarcely deserving to be stated),—it does not appear that the liberation of Portugal, and the possession of Cadiz, have any immediate connexion with the recovery of Spain. The siege of Cadiz may be raised,—the French army may repass the Sierra Morena,—but they are still in force in the heart of the country, and out of it they never can be driven, excepting by sending against them a nearly equal number of disciplined troops,—of soldiers who can fight in the field, as well as behind stone walls,—under officers who can bring them into action,—and will not be satisfied with vapouring, and then making a case for themselves when they are called to account. England can do much;—she has done a great deal already;—but she cannot perform miracles:—And, without such a control over the Spaniards as she possesses in Portugal, it is quite unreasonable to expect that she can raise such a regular force in the peninsula as is necessary to restore it. Why we expect less from the Spaniards than has been made out of the Portuguese, we have already stated. A single word comprises our reason—self-sufficiency. Unless the patriots will put off the old man, and become as little children, we really see no chance of regenerating, and no means of saving them. Perhaps the particulars which will occur in the sequel, may damp the hopes which some of our readers entertain, and in which we should be most willing to share, that such a change may

yet take place. For we now return to our author, whom we left on the eve of his departure from Cadiz, on an excursion to Xeres.

He arrives there after an agreeable journey, and is hospitably entertained by the old and respectable house of the Gordons, well known as established in Xeres. The following particulars respecting the place and the Spaniards deserve attention.

‘Xeres contains about 40,000 inhabitants, including the Pueblo, or township, which is very extensive, though thinly inhabited, and consists chiefly of scattered farms and vineyards, upon which some few of the owners reside, though far the greater part live within the city. The Pueblo extends over a tract of country 45 miles in length and 18 in breadth, and is consequently as large as some of our English counties; yet, exclusively of the city the whole consists of no more than 101 large farm houses, 77 smaller ones, 555 houses attached to the vineyards, 23 houses situated in olive grounds, and 55 houses in fruit and vegetable gardens. Such is the state of population in one of the best peopled districts of Andalusia, and perhaps in the finest climate and the richest soil in Europe: every thing has been done by nature; but the institutions of the government, and the indolence of the inhabitants, have effected nothing to improve the advantages she has bestowed.

‘The inhabitants boast of their patriotism and zeal in the cause of their country, and express their detestation of the French on all occasions. This detestation has been evinced in the most inhuman manner, by the murders committed upon several of the prisoners; nor would even those who are on their parole, and occupied in the labour of the fields be exempt from apprehension, if they ventured to mix with the inhabitants, or neglected the precaution of working in parties separate from the Spaniards. I was informed that Xeres had furnished 7000 recruits for the armies; a tale which I cannot believe, though asserted confidently by every one who has the means of information. It does not appear probable that 7000 men could be taken from a population computed at 40,000 souls, when all the married men, the only sons, and the numerous ecclesiastics, are exempt from the conscription: besides, had the whole of Spain furnished recruits in the same proportion, their armies would have amounted to at least two millions of men; but it is well known that they never

exceeded one tenth of that number.' p. 42, 43.

This doubt as to the falsehood of the story told him by these true Spaniards, is rather more civil than was necessary. The following description is short but lively and correct.

'This evening is delightful; the twilight in this climate tinges the sky with a variety of beautiful colours, much resembling the warm hues of Claude, but of which no one can form an adequate idea who has not visited the south of Europe. The "moon walking in brightness," the refreshing coolness of the breeze, and the soothing tranquillity of the scene, are truly enchanting; nor are the feelings rendered less agreeable by the occasional tinkling of the bells attached to the numerous strings of mules that pass under our windows.' p. 44.

From Xeres our author continued his tour by Lebrixa, where he visited the convent; and his account of the interior deserves our attention. We may here, once for all, protest against being understood to apply any of the censures which some passages in the history of the Spanish revolution necessarily call forth, to the bulk of the people, even where they happen to be the immediate actors. The higher orders are in general to blame; it is to their apathy and listlessness, their regard for their property and their ease, that the greater part of the enemy's progress may be ascribed. It is their misgovernment of the country that has corrupted and debauched the public mind;—through their neglect and indifference, the multitude have often gone astray, left, as they almost always have been, to themselves; and, above all, to them alone can be imputed the perpetual blunders, and not unfrequent want of patriotism, which has marked all the revolutionary administrations, except the government of the first Junto of Seville. Among these errors, to give them the softest name, we certainly must place in the very foremost rank, that jealousy of England, flowing partly from interested motives, partly from arrogance and paltry Spanish conceit, which we would fain hope

has not yet tainted the bulk of the people, but which has hitherto prevented them from profiting by their alliance with us, and, more than any thing else, has palsied their efforts against the common enemy. With this warning against misconstruction, we shall now introduce our readers into the parlour of the convent of Lebrixa.

'We visited the convent, which is built within the ancient castle. The President, when he found we were Englishmen, treated us with civility and attention; he pressed us to take our dinner with him; which, however, we declined; and he piously expressed his gratitude to God, for having inspired the King of England with the resolution to support the cause of the Spaniards; declaring his confidence of success, because the holy Virgin was on our side. I was curious to see the library of the convent, as well as the private collections in the cells of the different monks. From inspecting a man's books, it is as easy to judge of the turn of his mind, as from knowing his associates: To a monk, indeed, his books must be his most valuable associates; and a greater impression is likely to be produced by them upon a recluse, than on one, who, by his intercourse with the world, feels their influence frequently counteracted. The library of this institution, however, contains little that can expand the mind or enlarge its views, and consists principally of sermons, homilies, and lives of saints; histories of particular churches, monasteries, and processions; a few classical books, and some French ecclesiastical histories: the Bible, indeed translated into Spanish from the Vulgate, and very handsomely printed in twelve volumes, is conspicuous, but, I fear, is less read than any in the collection. I examined the list of forbidden books, and certainly was not surprised to see Gibbon's Roman History, Priestley's Lectures on History, and Helen Maria Williams's Letters from France, among the proscribed; but I should not before have supposed that Blair's Sermons, or Pinkerton's Geography contained any heretical doctrines that could possibly have shocked the feelings of the most orthodox Catholic; they were, however, inserted in the prohibited list.

'The venerable President, notwithstanding his sanctity and his pious reliance on the assistance of the Virgin, related a tale with exultation, which must raise a blush for the depravity of human nature. A number of French under Dupont, taken

prisoners at Baylen, were sent to this town for security; but the inhabitants fearing, or pretending to fear, a conspiracy among them, rose, and in cold blood massacred the whole party, amounting to upwards of eighty men. No inquiry was made respecting the conspiracy previously to the massacre, nor has any subsequent investigation of the conduct of those who perpetrated the deed been attempted. That eighty unarmed men should project an insurrection in a town containing five or six thousand inhabitants, in the heart of an enemy's country, whence they could have no hope of escaping, is too improbable to be readily believed; yet on this wretched pretence were these unhappy victims sacrificed, by the indolent wretches whom I at this moment see loitering in the market place, in a state of the most despicable apathy; a set of beings too idle to labour, but who, when their vengeful passions are roused, are capable of the most horrible deeds of cruelty.' p. 47—49.

The miscellaneous nature of an article like the present carries us next to a very different subject. Our author has given an interesting account of Alonzo Cano, a Spanish artist, whose merits are rated very high in his own country; and probably over-rated there, as indeed they seem to be by Mr Jacob: for he ranks him, even as a painter, with the most eminent of the Spanish masters. Now, we must be understood to speak with much deference, when we call in question the opinion of Mr. Jacob upon this subject; for he has both seen the performances of this master, which has certainly happened to nobody who has never been in the peninsula; and he has shown himself to be very well acquainted with the art, as far at least as this can be done by the publication of his drawings. Moreover, we do not feel warranted in pronouncing that Cano's fame has never reached beyond his own country, merely because the common books on the subject, or the *Encyclopædias*, or even Du Fresnoy and his commentators, make no mention of his name: For every one knows,

that these *Encyclopædias*—abounding in the painful and accurate biography of all the reverend obscure—filled with elaborate accounts of every small doctor who ever published a sermon*—carefully omit under each head a large proportion of the most eminent men who have flourished in each country—and, strange as it may appear, neither Du Fresnoy, nor Dryden, nor Graham, (to the best of our recollection), have taken any notice even of Velasquez, who was Du Fresnoy's contemporary; nor of the exquisite Murillo, who adorned the same age. However, there is little doubt that Alonzo Cano, now, for the first time, appears before the English reader; and we cannot help regarding the confined sphere in which his reputation has hitherto been moving, as affording a presumption against the solidity of its foundations. The following is our author's account of this artist.

'Alonzo Cano was born at Grenada in the year 1601: his father was an architect of some celebrity, and instructed him in the rudiments of his art in that city. From Grenada the family removed to Seville, where he studied painting under Francisco Pacheco, and afterwards under Juan de Castillo. He acquired a knowledge of sculpture under Juan Martinez Montanes: but, were we to judge from his works, which are distinguished by their simplicity, excellent taste, and grandeur of form, we should attribute his progress rather to his diligently studying the specimens of Grecian sculpture which the palace of the Duke of Alcala afforded him, than to any assistance he could derive from cotemporary artists.

'The best of his early works are found in Seville, and consist of three paintings in the College of St. Alberto, and two in the Monastery of St. Paul; the architecture, sculpture and paintings of which institutions were all executed by this artist before he had attained his thirtieth year. He fled from Seville in consequence of a duel, and repaired to Madrid, where he met with his fellow student Velasquez, who recommended him to the protection

* It needs scarcely to be added here, that we allude to any thing rather than the labours of the venerable and enlightened Dr. Rees, for whom all who prize learning, worth and liberty, civil and religious, must feel a true respect.

and patronage of the Duke de Olivares, through whose influence he obtained an employment upon the royal establishment, as designer and director of several public works: nor were his talents as a painter unemployed; for at this period he painted many of those pictures which are scattered over different parts of the kingdom; he also erected a triumphal arch at the gate of Guadalajara, in Madrid, to commemorate the marriage of the King with the Archduchess Mary of Austria.

‘Cano removed to Toledo in 1643; and, upon suspicion of having caused the death of his wife, was confined in the prison of the Inquisition, and suffered torture before that tribunal; but no confession being extorted from him he was liberated, and, resuming his profession, enriched the cathedral of that city with his works. Between this period and 1650 he painted in Valencia, and at the monastery of the Carthusians at Porta-celi whence he returned to his native city, and was appointed a prebend in the cathedral of that place. This dignity was bestowed upon him more with a view of employing his talents as an artist, than from the expectation of his performing any religious duties; and he was, in consequence, allowed one year before he entered into holy orders: This time, at the expiration of the first period, was extended to a second year, when, feeling no inclination for sacred duties, and refusing to be ordained, the Cabildo applied to the King, and his stall was declared vacant.

‘Cano, deprived of his benefice, repaired to court to make known his complaints; but finding he could obtain no redress without undergoing the ceremony of ordination, he was induced by the Bishop of Salamanca, who esteemed his talents more than his piety, to enter privately into deacon’s orders: The bishop then exerted his influence, and obtained the restitution of his benefice in Granada, with the profits which had accumulated during his suspension. He continued in that city till his death, in 1667; and enriched the cathedral and other churches with his productions in painting and sculpture. This artist literally appears to have felt “the ruling passion strong in death;” for when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed; but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

‘Alonzo Cano was one of the best painters ever educated in Spain, and was still more celebrated as a sculptor: Though the former appears to have been his favour-

rite art, he more eminently excelled in the latter, which he seemed to regard as a relaxation from the severer study of his principal pursuit. He appears, with all his faults, to have been humane and charitable; for it is related, that when he had no money, he would give his sketches and paintings to the poor to relieve their necessities. I hope you will not be tired with this digression on the biography of so celebrated a man. His name you probably have never before heard; but in Spain he has great celebrity; and I thought I could not better occupy the solitude of an obscure posada than by compressing into a letter some observations respecting an artist, from the sight of whose labours, in different parts of Spain, I expect to receive considerable gratification.’ p. 50—52.

Mr. Jacob’s arrival at Seville gives him an opportunity of describing, at greater length than before, the extreme imbecility of the government, and its jealousy of England; and at the same time he details some particulars of the cordial reception which Lord Wellesley met with from the people,—a symptom, among many others recorded in this volume, of the healthful state of the public mind in Spain upon this essential point, whatever may be the feelings of the privileged orders. Our author being of that safe class of politicians who build their opinions upon the most solid foundation, is very loud in the praise of Lord Wellesley; and omits in his account of that noble person’s reception, all mention of the triumph—we mean the stepping on shore upon a French flag, as an emblem of his having vanquished Buonaparte. We would fain hope that the story is unfounded; or at least that the pageant may have been got up by some Spaniards unknown to the Englishmen. Certain it is, that nothing could be fancied less consistent with the excellent sense, and indeed the various ability manifested in the marquis’s despatch on the state of Spain, so often extolled, and so deservedly; and very appropriately inserted by Mr. Jacob in his appendix. But, if all notice of this flag scene is suppressed by our author’s prudence; and if he is thus prone to

laud existing governments, and ministers for the time being, he is manifestly under the influence of no such feelings with respect to those administrations which have ceased to exist, and those eminent persons who are no longer on the right side of the question. It is evident that the reason here ceases; and there being no *indecorum* (we believe that is the term of art) in vituperating cabinets and ministers, who, having lost their official existence, are to all useful purposes, as it were, defunct, a reasonable latitude of abuse may be indulged in at their expense. We have already noticed our author's free way of dealing with the late government of Spain: This is his portrait of the President of the Junta.

'The Count Altimira, as president of the Junta, ought, from his rank perhaps, to have been first noticed. I have only seen him in the public streets. He has the physiognomy of a baboon, and is said to possess little more intellect than that mimic of man. He is escorted to the Alcazar by a party of the house guards, in a chariot of a most despicable appearance, drawn by two mules, while the populace sneeringly call him the king of Seville.' p. 65.

The following description of the Junta's government, we are much afraid, applies to those who have succeeded it in a very considerable degree; though, as we do not belong to the safe class of politicians, it may perhaps be somewhat dangerous for us to express such a suspicion. In giving this extract, it is scarcely necessary to stop for the purpose of expressing our abhorrence of the apt manner in which he is pleased to deride the fear of unlimited power, as not suited to the age we live in.

'The public mind, never having been turned to political subjects, extreme ignorance upon these topics has been the natural consequence; and their best writers have never ventured to discuss matters relating to the extent or limits of power necessary for the function of government; but have generally confined themselves to political economy, as adapted to the actual state of Spain, at the period, in which they wrote.

Those persons, who have paid any attention to political subjects, had borrowed the ideas of Montesquieu, who certainly impressed his readers with jealous fears of the danger of unlimited power; which, however calculated for the tranquil times of Europe in which he lived, are ill-adapted for the present day.

'In all my conversations with the Spaniards who clamour for the convocation of the Cortes, I have felt a persuasion that they are not looking at the proper means of salvation; that an executive, not a legislative power, is what the present state of their country demands: that a dictator, not a senate, is the great desideratum. Whatever the state of this government may be hereafter, nothing can be worse than it is at present; and no change can injure the people, except French subjugation, an evil which, I believe, will never befall them, in spite of all their blunders and consummate indolence. The present system unites the evils of the three forms into which governments are usually divided, without possessing the advantages of either; and, in one desolating view, presents the debility of a worn-out despotism, without its secrecy or its union; the insolence and intrigues of an aristocracy, without its wisdom or refinement; and the faction and indecision of a democracy, without the animated energy of popular feeling. Hence all is doubtful, wavering, and indecisive; the resolutions of one day contradicting those of the preceding, and the labours of one section interfering with those of another, in a manner that produces universal confusion.

'I shall dismiss this subject with observing, that the members are paid an annual salary of 4000 dollars; without which many of them, whose estates are situated in parts of the country occupied by the French, and from which they can draw no revenues, would be unable to subsist, even with all their parsimonious economy.' p. 69—70.

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from extracting the description of Seville, that eighth wonder of the world, according to all good Spaniards. According to Mr. Jacob, it deserves its character only from the magnificence of several of its public buildings. But the following remarks on the Catholic worship and religion, are evidently the production of one accustomed both to reflection and to composition; however much we may be disposed to think that they under-

rate the evils of auricular confession—and even omit altogether the mention of its worst effect, in getting rid of the restraints of conscience, training the mind to habits of casuistry, and enuring the feelings to base contemplations.

‘On Sunday I went to the Cathedral, to see the ceremony of high Mass. There is a pomp and splendour in the Catholic worship, when performed in a country where that religion is established, which, like any other pageant, dazzles for a moment, and confines the attention to the imposing spectacle; but it is so different from any of our feelings of religion, that the impression it makes upon us, differs little from that which the best scenes in a theatre produce. On those, however, who, from early and repeated association, have connected these ceremonies with religious ideas, and with the strong feelings of adoration and gratitude, the effect produced must be very great, though I should suspect very transient.

‘I have frequently visited this Church before, and every time with such increased admiration, that I am afraid to attempt a description of it, from a consciousness of the difficulty to do justice to my own impressions. From the climate, it is necessary to exclude the heat, and of course the light; there are consequently but few windows, and those painted glass, barely sufficient to give light enough to distinguish, on first entering, the various surrounding objects. This produces a solemn effect on the high altar, which is brilliantly illuminated with wax-tapers of an enormous size. The decorations of this altar are splendid and sumptuous beyond description; the quantity of gilding on the borders of the different compartments, filled with images and pictures; the massy silver and gold ornaments, and the rails of bronze, tastefully designed, compose a most impressive whole. The priests kneeling before the altar, and in silence offering up their devotions, the clouds of ascending incense, and the pious on their knees, in the most striking attitudes, altogether form a scene that at once captivates the imagination, and suspends the reasoning faculties; it is a scene to be felt, but not described: the sensations it produces may be indulged, but cannot long delude a reflecting mind.

‘My English ideas were not to be seduced by this imposing spectacle; and I could not refrain, after a few minutes, from calculating what a portion of all that is valuable in man, of moral rectitude, of

benevolent propensity, and of patience in adversity, is produced by all this costly machinery. That some parts of this machinery may be useful it would be unjust to doubt; and rash must that man be, who would hastily and inconsiderately level to the ground even these supports, feeble as they are, of the virtue and consolation of a whole people. The great distinction between the English Clergy and those of the Catholic Church, as well as some of our English sectaries, is, that the former, in all their public services, strive chiefly to enforce practical virtue, while the latter lay the greatest stress on the adherence to their peculiar rites and doctrines.

‘Religion in every country is calculated to produce an effect on manners as well as on morals. In England, among those who read but little or not at all, the effect is accomplished by public preaching; but in Spain, where preaching is by no means common, the knowledge of Religion is kept alive by sensible representations of the events of the Gospel history. These are exhibited in the Churches, or the Calvarios, on the days set apart for celebrating the leading facts of the Christian Religion, or on days consecrated to the memory of particular Saints. From these the people collect with tolerable accuracy the true accounts of the life and miracles of our Saviour and his Apostles; but they received with equal credit legends of Saints, which, from the manner in which they are taught, they cannot distinguish from authentic facts: But virtue, which ought to form the ultimate object of all true religion, which elevates man to the highest rank of which he is susceptible, and assimilates him to a superior order of beings, is left to the confessor to be impressed on the mind of the penitent.

‘Auricular confession is but a poor substitute for public preaching; or rather, public teaching, which the Reformation introduced, is an excellent substitute for auricular confession. The dignity of the pulpit makes reproof more severe, denunciations more alarming, advice more powerful, and consolation more soothing; while the intimacy, and sometimes the familiarity of auricular confession, makes the penitent feel but too forcibly that the spiritual guide has all the passions and weakness of those who rely on him.

‘I should, however, be sorry to see this practice abolished till some better were introduced in its stead; for though it is obvious that the profligacy of the higher classes is not corrected by their Religion, and whatever dominion they may allow their priests over their faith and their ri-

tials, they allow them very little over their morals; yet, with the middle and lower ranks of society, who form the most virtuous and moral class of the people, they have a beneficial influence. With the higher order, the great struggle of the confessor is to keep the mind free from doubts, to enforce submission to the dogmas and ceremonies of the Church, and prevent the inroads of heresy. With the other classes there is no such task; they never read books written by foreigners, nor ever converse with them; they have no doubts on points of faith, no scruples in matters of ceremony; and the task of the confessor is more directly addressed to the formation of the moral habits of sobriety, honesty, and veracity. On these points they have evidently been successful; for I have never been in any country where the mass of the people has approached the conduct of the Spaniards in these respects. In chastity, as far as I can judge, they have not been so successful. Whether the evil arise from the celibacy of the clergy, the voluptuous climate, or the remains of Moorish manners, I cannot determine; but there is, in this respect, a degree of profligacy extending to all ranks in this country, which I trust will ever remain unexampled in our own. A priest, with whom I was conversing on this subject a few days ago, assured me that, of the numerous females who came to him for absolution, he seldom found any who confessed the violation of any commandment but the seventh.' p. 84—88.

A variety of particulars are added, illustrative of the ceremonies of the Romish church in Spain, we believe, with sufficient accuracy, excepting one small slip. Mr. Jacob derides the Spanish custom of calling *the priest*, who carries the holy elements to perform extreme unction withal, 'his majesty.' If we mistake not, the expression of 'his majesty,' or 'their majesties,' is applied, not to the priest; but to the sacred elements themselves, and means nothing more absurd in Spanish, than our English expression of 'Lord' does, when employed to designate the highest of beings. It may be expected that something should be added touching the inquisition, and, from what our author states, it is pretty clear, that after all the sneers which have been cast on the enemies of intolerance, tyranny, and political abuses in general, by the pretended friends of

the Spaniards, and the true and well paid, and for the present faithful champions of every bad institution—the interested mortals, whose motto is, that '*whatever is, is right*'—this same inquisition, though it may have given over treating the public at stated times with an *Auto da fe*, is nevertheless in full force and activity—ready to intermeddle on every occasion—prepared to go just as far as the government can be bribed, or the people terrified or lulled to permit it; and always on the alert, by all such means, to extend the sphere of its activity and influence. Notwithstanding the disposition, our author says, which he found in society to treat the holy office as insignificant, during the short period of his stay at Seville, two instances occurred within his knowledge, which, as he remarks, evince 'its meddling disposition.' An Englishman having imported some handkerchiefs marked with patriotic emblems, among which the printer had unluckily introduced some religious figures, as crosiers, crosses and mitres; the inquisition soon had notice of the fact; and, under pretence that these goods might be used to bring religion into contempt (we suppose by the same process which was employed against the 'great statesman now no more,' by Mr. Wedgewood in his ingenious pots), the holy officers seized upon the whole assortment, and had it burnt. A Spanish merchant, however, had well nigh fared worse. He had prepared a cargo of wool for exportation, and by accident, the bales were marked with a cross. Immediate consultation was holden as to the proceedings fit to be instituted against the person who dared to prophane so sacred a symbol; but the delinquent being a good Catholic, some one gave him notice of his danger; and being also a man of ingenuity and resources, he saved himself by lengthening the upright line of the cross, and clapping two flukes on the short part of it: So that when the holy officers came to seize the bales, they appeared to be marked only with

a harmless anchor. Our author adds, that he had been informed, that, of late years, the victims of the inquisition have been, not spiritual delinquents, but persons guilty of *pumping*; a singular treatment for such an offence in a country so little noted for chastity. However, when he visited the building, and was shown a light and airy cell, in a small garden planted with orange and fig trees, and was told that the others were similar; he asked, naturally enough, if there were any prisoners in confinement, any subterraneous cells, or instruments of torture? But 'to these questions,' (says he, in *italics*) '*I could obtain no replies.*' The influence of the clergy is so great at Seville, that it seems no theatre nor any place of public amusement is permitted.

The process of tithing appears to be better known, and practised in a more masterly style in Spain, than in any other country. Perhaps those who attend to the following extract, may rather wonder at the influence of the clergy there being so great as it still is, than at its diminution; and may feel a greater degree of admiration, when they reflect on the struggles which the Spanish peasants have made for the benefit of such masters as they appear to live under.

'The tithes collected in Andalusia extend to every agricultural production, and are rigidly exacted, not, as with us, on the ground, but after it has gone through all the necessary processes to fit it for the use of man. Thus, wheat and barley must not only be cut, but thrashed and winnowed, before the tithes are taken. Olives, which form a most important article in this vicinity, when they are sold in the state in which they are grown, pay the tithe only on the quantity carried away; but if there be a mill, and oil-presses on the farm, one-tenth of the oil is taken by the collector. In the same manner, the tithe upon grapes when the grapes are sold, is paid in fruit; but when made into wine within the district, the church receives one-tenth of the liquor. The principle upon which this is founded seems to be, that the church may receive one-tenth of the produce in the first stage in which it becomes fit for use; for if wine be made into brandy, or vinegar, the church

receives its dues from the wine, and not from those articles into which it is afterwards converted. The more valuable productions of the field, such as liquorice and sumach, as well as the minuter articles of the garden, such as melons, pumpkins, onions, garlic, peas and beans, all contribute an equal proportion to the support of the ecclesiastical establishment. The right to tithes has been lately extended to such wild fruits as can be sold, even for the smallest sums: thus the tunas, or prickly pears,—the figs growing on the opuntia, a wild fruit with which the hedges abound, and consequently of little value, have lately been subjected to the tithing system. One-tenth also of all the domesticated animals is delivered to the tithe-collector, as well as the wool annually shorn from the sheep.

'Composition for tithes is a practice wholly unknown in Andalusia. The Cabildo annually sells the tithes by a species of auction; and where no person bids sufficiently high, the articles are taken into its own hands, and collected in storehouses within the district. In either case, the collectors of the tithes have no common interest with the farmers, who, from submission to the Church, frequently suffer the grossest impositions without an effort for redress, knowing that, in any appeal they might make, priests would be their judges. Before the revenues are collected, the Cabildo issues its billets of repartimiento to the different claimants on their fund, which entitle the bearer to a certain sum of money, or a specific quantity of produce, and, being easily transferred, are frequently sold by the necessitous clergy. Those who have billets for produce, receive it at the storehouses where it has been deposited by the collectors; but those who have billets for money, receive it from the treasurer of the Cabildo, as the purchasers of the tithes make their payments. There is no uniformity in this system which produces effects diametrically opposite to those which are felt in England. In Spain, it is the clergy who oppress, and the farmer who is defrauded; in England, it is the farmer who imposes, and the clergyman who is the sufferer.' p. 99—101.

Mr. Jacob's stay at Seville afforded him abundance of opportunities of indulging his taste for the fine arts, in the study of the various, admirable pictures with which that city abounds. He has mingled an account of many of these with his narrative; and we have derived great satisfaction from perusing his observations. Referring

to his work for a variety of other information respecting both the masters and the pictures themselves (particularly for notices of the works and life of Campaña, an artist whom we suspect he overpraises), we cannot avoid inserting the following very favourable specimen of our author's cognocenza. It is the description of one of the great Murillo's finest pieces.

"Moses striking the rock is a most wonderful production; the anxious countenances of the Israelites, all eagerly crowding to the water, are exact representations of what might be supposed the expressions of people in such a state. The figure of the mother with an infant, eagerly stretching out her hand to catch a few drops for her child; another lamenting the delay in obtaining a supply, and a boy mounted on a horse, stretching forward to the stream, are esteemed the best figures, while the countenances of all discover gratitude to God for this unexpected supply. I never felt so much pleasure from the contemplation of any work of art as from this picture; but, notwithstanding the admirable expressions of the countenances, I could not help admiring the shadow of the rock from which the water gushes out. A passage in the sacred writings mentions as a luxury "the shadow of a great rock in a desert wilderness;" it is here displayed most admirably; the rock is high and large; within its shade the people appear protected from the rays of the sun, which seem to diffuse a burning heat over every other part of the scene." p. 117.

The letters of Mr. Jacob are, indeed extremely creditable to his general information and activity. There are few subjects on which he does not touch; and in almost every one he seems to be at home. Trusting to this, it is true, he sometimes makes a dash out of his way, and then he is apt to lose his footing. We might point out several such false steps; but it would be invidious. We shall therefore only notice such as a Fellow of the Royal Society ought not to have made; and as a moderate temperance in the display of his gifts, would have saved our author from falling into. Thus, had he been content, at p. 330, to use the vulgar name of *black lead*, and at p. 333 to employ the still more common

name of *lead*, mankind, to the end of time, might have remained as ignorant of his mineralogical endowments, at he is of mineralogy. But, lest his readers should not understand what he meant by 'a vein of black lead,' and 'a mine of lead;' or, in case they might have any doubt as to the extent of his scientific acquirements, he must needs translate 'black lead' into '*mothydena*;' and, by a more singular alchemy still, transmute 'lead' into '*plumbago*.' Nor should a Fellow of the Royal Society speak of the degree of *longitude* which was measured in Peru (p. 143.) nay, we will not even permit such a dignitary to tell us that, the 'work of Almamon, published in 814, describes the mode of measuring a degree of the meridian, *the result of which* very nearly corresponds with the more recent experiments made in Peru and Lapland: First, (to omit all other objections), because the mode could have no result at all; and next, because no result could correspond with the 'experiments (measurements) made in Peru and Lapland,' unless it was wide of the truth. For the Lapland measurement, to which our author obviously alludes, is that of Maupertuis, now ascertained to be erroneous. In this instance, Mr. Jacob is betrayed, as before, by a little stretch of ambition; he must not only be familiar with Arabic authors, but with the history of science in the East; and so he discovers, what we venture to say no other man will ever find in those writers. Thus much it was incumbent on us to set down; but we cheerfully recur to the praise already bestowed on our author for the generality and correctness of his information.

From Seville Mr. Jacob returned to Cadiz;—as usual, hearing much about robbers, their force, their cruelty and their boldness;—as usual, seeing nothing of them, nor finding the smallest trace of their existence. We shall not stop to give any part of his account of the agriculture in the south of Spain, because it is rather

meagre and unsatisfactory; nor of the manufactures and royal monopolies, which are pretty fully described: Nor shall we extract the lively and shocking description of a bull feast which he inserts; both because the subject is sufficiently known, and because it is too odious to contemplate. After painfully getting through the disgusting details of it, still more painful and disgusting is it to meet with such a remark as closes it. 'However repugnant,' says he, 'this diversion may appear to every delicate and feeling mind, it is more frequented and admired by the ladies than by the gentlemen; they attend these exhibitions in their gayest dresses, applaud the address of the inhuman combatants, and feel the greatest solicitude at the different critical turns of the fight. Many of the young country gentlemen may trace their ruin to these spectacles, as decidedly as Englishmen of the same class may trace theirs to Newmarket. In fact, it is the great object which engages the attention of that description of men distinguished by the term *Majos*.' p. 175.

On his return to Cadiz, our author has occasion to make some remarks not very favourable to the loyalty of the Spanish navy; and to censure still more unequivocally their nautical discipline. Into this field, for obvious prudential reasons, we must decline to follow him. We do not belong, as we before stated, to the class of *safe* politicians; and there is no saying what effects a representation from some Spanish envoy might have in a certain quarter. Turn we then gladly to a safer theme, and one upon which we can dwell forever, with the wonder and delight wherewith it will be dwelt upon forever by all men—the immortal victory of Trafalgar! We have always brought before our readers every gleaming which the narratives of successive travellers afforded in illustration of this mighty achievement; and we shall here, in consistency with this principle, ex-

tract the striking circumstances relating to it which Mr. Jacob has so well represented.

'Before the battle of Trafalgar, when the orders arrived for the fleet to sail, every man, at all accustomed to the water, was impressed to man the navy; the carnage of that day consequently fell principally on the population of Cadiz; and numerous widows and orphans have to lament the loss of their husbands and fathers in that memorable action.

'I have frequently heard people relating, with indescribable emotions, the fears, the hopes, the agitations, and the mournings, which occupied those few, but interesting days, when the united fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz, amidst the prayers and benedictions of the people, with the vain expectation of vanquishing the foe who had so long held them imprisoned within their own fortifications. The day they sailed, all was expectation and anxiety. The succeeding day increased the suspense, and wound up the feelings of the people almost to a state of phrenzy. The third day brought intelligence that the hostile fleets were approaching each other, with all the preparations of determined hostility. The ships were not visible from the ramparts, but the crowds of citizens assembled there had their ears assailed by the roaring of the distant cannon; the anxiety of the females bordered on insanity; but more of despair than of hope was visible in every countenance. At this dreadful moment, a sound, louder than any that had preceded it, and attended with a column of dark smoke, announced that a ship had exploded. The madness of the people was turned to rage against England; and exclamations burst forth, denouncing instant death to every man who spoke the language of their enemies. Two Americans, who had mixed with the people, fled, and hid themselves, to avoid this ebullition of popular fury; which, however, subsided into the calmness of despair, when the thunder of the cannon ceased. They had no hope of conquest, no cheering expectations of greeting their victorious countrymen, nor of sharing triumphal laurels with those who had been engaged in the conflict; each only hoped that the objects of his own affection were safe; and in that hope found some resource against the anticipated disgrace of the country.

'The storm that succeeded the battle tended only to keep alive, through the night, the horrors of the day, and to prepare them for the melancholy spectacle of the

earning morning, when the wrecks of their floating bulwarks were seen on shore, and some, that had escaped the battle and the storm, entered the bay to shelter themselves from the pursuit of their victorious enemy.

The feelings of strong sensibility, which had so agitated the minds of the people during the conflict, were now directed to the tender offices of humanity towards their wounded countrymen; the softer sex attended on the wharfs to assist them in landing, to convey them to the convents and the hospitals; while the priests were administering the last offices of religion to those whose departing spirits took their flight before they could reach the asylums appointed for their reception. When the first emotions had subsided, the people of Cadiz strongly manifested their contempt of the French, whom they accused of having deserted them in the hour of battle; and the attention of Lord Collingwood to the wounded Spanish prisoners, induced them to contrast the conduct of their generous enemies with that of their treacherous allies. p. 179—181.

These deeds of arms and of mercy, did, we will hope, redeem our national character from the foul stain which the affair of the Spanish frigates had left upon it, and does still leave upon the memory of its author. But Mr. Jacob has found out another method of wiping that blot away. In giving an account of the veteran Don Alviar, one of the best naval officers in the service, he informs us, that he commanded one of the four frigates *which were intercepted before the war began*; that he had passed some years in South America, and was on his return to his native country, with his wife, his children, and his wealth. When they met the British squadron, he was in a boat coming from the Commodore's ship: The vessels engaged; and he saw the one blow up in which his whole earthly treasures were stored. He was carried prisoner to England; and, says Mr. Jacob, on a proper representation of his case to the government, every possible alleviation was afforded him: his family were irretrievably gone, but his wealth was generously returned." Some readers may reflect on the

cause of the war, and more especially on this dreadful crime which preceded it. They may know, from a lively recollection of the eloquence displayed on that afflicting subject by Lord Grenville, Lord Grey, and Dr. Lawrence, that base, sordid lucre—Spanish dollars, were at the bottom of the whole proceeding; and therefore they may be surprised at the act of kindness and liberality which is here recorded—'Don Alviar's share of the dollars was,' as our author says, *generously returned*;' but what follows will astonish most readers still more—'and his gratitude knows no bounds!' Furthermore, he is a friend of the English, and rejoices in the alliance between the two countries;—an instance of patriotism, of self-subjugation, of violence done to the strongest natural feelings, which has no example since the days of him who put his children to death for the liberties of his country, and which we should place in the very same rank with that precedent, if the elder Brutus had ever touched the money of the Tarquins.

From Cadiz, our author made an interesting excursion to Granada, by Malaga and Gibraltar. We have not left ourselves room to follow him through this tour; but he continues to describe well, to observe with his usual acuteness, and to communicate such things as may instruct his readers respecting the state of Spain, without nicely weighing whether they make for or against his views of the political questions to which they relate. The reader will probably recognize, in the following anecdote, the style of those official accounts which so frequently inform the world of Spanish victories.

'While eating our homely repast under the gateway of the posada, the politicians of the place, attracted by the intelligence that some Englishmen were arrived, assembled round us to inquire for news; though curious, they were not impertinent; and the expressions of hatred to the French, and gratitude to our country, were by no means ungrateful to our feeling. &

never was more struck with Spanish boasting, than on this occasion. The spokesman of the party harangued them in lofty terms; and said, that but for the intervention of England, Malaga, and all their country, would have been conquered by the enemy last year; and, that nothing but the arms of England now preserved them from destruction: He continued his harangue by stating, that he had been in England lately, (meaning Gibraltar, which the people here designate by that name), where he saw el General, pointing to me, at the head of ten thousand men, all clothed in scarlet, and who moved as though they were one man; that he saw el Coronel pointing to Mr. Michell, commanding hundreds of cannon, which the men pointed with the facility of a musket; and continued paying us such extravagant compliments, and uttering such pious wishes for our prosperity, that it rendered the whole scene completely ludicrous to us, though it appeared interesting to the rest of his auditors. He execrated the Junta and the Spanish officers, and concluded with significant grimaces, and a characteristic wave of his finger; "los oficiales Espanoles no valde nada, no valde nada;" Spanish officers are good for nothing.

I lay little stress on these and similar occurrences, and do not depend on them as indications of patriotism; and I notice them rather as illustrations of manners, than of politics; as proofs of the polite and flattering habits which the Spaniards possess, rather than as demonstrations of their political regard for us. I have so frequently heard this expression, "no valde nada," applied by the people to their officers and their troops, that I consider it a mere compliment to ours; and it shows only the extent of their politeness, when the proudest people on earth can sacrifice so far to civility, as to degrade their own countrymen, merely to flatter foreigners.

We left Alora amidst the benedictions of the orator, who had transformed my volunteer coat into a general's uniform, and prematurely raised my friend to a rank which, when he attains, I have no doubt he will fill with honour to himself, and advantage to his country. Our road was tremendous, &c. p. 319—321.

The description which our author gives of Granada may somewhat disappoint the reader; but it is indeed one of those subjects, which a traveller may be excused for not doing justice to. We shall content ourselves with transcribing his account of the

singular town of Ronda: and then close these extracts with his remarks upon the Spanish peasants, and upon the character of the higher classes.

'One of the streets of the city is built almost close to the edge of the precipice, and stairs are hewn out of the solid rock, which lead to nooks in the lower precipices, in which, though there is very little soil, gardens have been formed, where fig and orange trees grow with considerable luxuriance, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the scenery. From the situation of Ronda, on the top of a rock, water is scarce, and stairs are constructed down to the river, by which means the inhabitants are supplied. We descended by one flight of three hundred and fifty steps; and at the bottom found a fine spring, in a large cave, which after turning a mill at its source, contributes to increase the waters of the Guadiaro. From this spot, our view of the lofty bridge was most striking and impressive; and the houses and churches of the city, impending over our heads on both banks, had a most sublime effect. Beyond the bridge, the river takes a turn to the right, and passes under the Alameyda, from which, the precipice of five hundred feet is very bold and abrupt, though interspersed with jutting prominences, covered with shrubs and trees. The Alameyda of this city is by far the most beautiful public walk I have seen in Spain; the paths are paved with marble; the parterres are filled with ever-greens; and over the paths, vines are trained on trollees, which, in the warmest weather, afford a grateful shade.

'One of the curiosities of Ronda, is a singular repository for water under the Dominican convent: It consists of a large cavern, nearly on a level with the river, which was supplied with water by means of an aqueduct, which formerly passed over the old bridge. When this city was besieged by the Christians, and no access could be had to the river, it is said that the Moors employed their Christian captives in bringing the water in skins from this reservoir to supply the wants of the inhabitants: It is descended by means of about three hundred and fifty steps; and on the walls are shown marks of the cross; which the pious captives are said to have worn with their fingers in passing up and down during their laborious occupation. The cavern is hollowed into spacious saloons, the roofs of which are formed into domes of prodigious height; and formerly the whole was filled with water: But there having been no necessity, of late years, to

have recourse to this method of supplying that necessary article, the caverns are neglected, and are going so fast to decay, that in a few years they will be filled with the rubbish which falls from the roofs." p. 334-336.

The following are the most material parts of his observations upon the peasantry.

'The inhabitants of Ronda have peculiarities common to themselves and the other people in the mountainous districts, and obviously differ from the people on the plains. The dress both of the males and females varies as well in the colour and shape of the garments, as in the materials of which they are composed, and is peculiarly calculated for cold weather. Their countenances, as I have before noticed, are very expressive, and, in my judgment, superior to those of any race of people I have seen. The men are remarkably well formed, robust, and active, with a flexibility of well-turned limbs, which, doubtless, contributes to that agility for which they are celebrated; but the females in general are of short stature; and the cumbersome dress which they wear so conceals the figure, that it is difficult to determine whether they are well or ill formed; but there is an expression of sensibility in their countenances, and a peculiar grace in all their movements, which is extremely fascinating. In walking the streets the women wear veils, to cover their heads, as a substitute for caps and hats, neither of which are worn. These veils are frequently made of a pink or pale blue flannel; and, with a petticoat of black stuff, form their principal dress. The men wear no hats; but, instead of them, what are called *montero* caps, made of black velvet or silk, abundantly adorned with tassels and fringe; and a short jacket, with gold or silver buttons, and sometimes ornamented with embroidery, is worn just sufficiently open to display a very highly finished waistcoat; they wear leather or velvet breeches, with gaiters; so that the whole of the figure, which is generally extremely good, is distinctly seen.

'Having observed much of the manners and character of the Spanish peasantry, more especially within the last fourteen days, I feel I should not be doing them justice were I to abstain from speaking of them according to my impressions. I have given some account of their figures and countenances; and though both are good, I do not think them equal to their dispositions. There is a civility to strangers, and an easy style of behaviour, familiar to

this class of Spanish society, which is very remote from the churlish and awkward manners of the English and German peasantry. Their sobriety and endurance of fatigue, are very remarkable; and there is a constant cheerfulness in their demeanour, which strongly prepossesses a stranger in their favour. This cheerfulness is displayed in singing either ancient ballads, or songs which they compose as they sing, with all the facility of the Italian *improvisatori*. One of their songs varying in words, according to the skill of the singer, has a termination to certain verses, which says, "that as Ferdinand has no wife, he shall marry the king of England's daughter." Some of these songs relate to war or chivalry, and many to gallantry and love: the latter not always expressed in the most decorous language, according to our ideas.

'Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility; and to pass them without the usual expression, "*Vaya usted con Dios*," or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of *Cabaleros*, would be risking an insult from people who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their Religion; it is a subject in which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcilable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain than in any other country I have visited.

'The generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told that, after the Revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprise, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests the

persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house, or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble. p. 337—341.

What he adds upon the upper classes of the community, will probably be thought sufficient to warrant the distrust we have already expressed in the exertions of the country at large, so long as its resources, comprehending that excellent peasantry of whom our author has just been discoursing, shall be at the disposal of the lawyers, the priests and the grandees. The following passage is indeed concise, and rather gives the results of Mr. Jacob's observations, than his remarks themselves. The subject is of rather a delicate nature: and he may perchance recollect the wrath which used to be manifested by the pretended friends of Spain, at various times, and in divers manners, when any one happened to speak disrespectfully of the privileged orders in that country.

'I should be glad if I could, with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but, perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders are as much inferior to those of

the peasants, as their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.' p. 341.

We cannot close these quotations better, than with the two following short facts, which deserve the attention both of Spanish and English politicians.

The mountains in this neighbourhood are filled with bands of contrabandists, who convey tobacco and other goods from Gibraltar to the interior of the country. They are an athletic race of men, with all the hardiness and spirit of enterprise which their dangerous occupation requires. They reside in the towns which are situated in the most mountainous part of the country, and are well acquainted with all the passes and hiding-places. They are excellent marksmen; and though the habit of their lives has rendered them disobedient to the revenue laws, yet they are much attached to their native land, and might with a little management be rendered very formidable to its invaders. p. 341, 342.

'There are no game laws in Spain, nor could any power enforce such laws, were they enacted. Every man in Spain carries his gun when he goes from home. The Spaniards are all excellent marksmen; and the kind of defence best adapted for Spain, depends much on their skill in this respect. The parties of guerrillas formed over the country are very numerous; and, by intercepting despatches, and cutting off supplies, have annoyed the French more than the regular troops. Had game laws been established, and the peasantry prohibited from carrying fowling pieces, the country would not have made the resistance to the French, which has so far exceeded that which they have experienced in other countries.

'Though all are permitted to kill game, there are extensive preserves, called Cortos, belonging to the King, and to some of the nobility, which are protected by privileges similar to our right of free warren.' p. 198.

There is one part of Mr. Jacob's common-place book which we should have been glad to bring before our readers, if he had thought fit to print it, or to make any allusions to it;—we mean the facts and anecdotes relating to the French and Spaniards, which, as we find in the parliamentary reports for last session, he detailed in his place in the house of commons.

on the very day, if we rightly remember of his arrival from the Peninsula. He appears to have entered the house while the debate was going briskly on respecting the Portuguese subsidy; and finding, or thinking, that his majesty's ministers were at a loss for support, and especially for proper facts, he is reported to have supplied them most opportunely from the rich store with which he had that instant returned. This was worthy of the *chef* character which, we have already remarked, belongs to the worthy Alderman in his political capacity. We will not inquire whether his colleague, who had recently visited the Scheldt, adopted a still more prudent course, by only giving his silent vote upon that memorable expedition; but we are quite sure, that, when he comes to favour the impatient public with his tour, he will follow Alderman Jacob's safe example, and suppress all mention of the *reasons and facts* upon which his opinion was formed.

The appendix contains some of the papers before parliament,—the Itinerary of Antoninus in the south of

Spain,—and an abstract of the population in 1803, from '*Censo de fontos y Manufacturas de Espana*.' According to this account, Spain, including the islands in the Mediterranean, contained, then, 10,351,075 souls upon 15,001 square leagues; the density of the population varying from 2,009 on a square league, the proportion in Guipuzcoa, to 311, the proportion in Cuenca. These are *not* the facts in the eloquent and opportune speech above referred to.

We have only to add a word or two as to the external qualities of this volume. Of the plates we have already spoken favourably; but the size, type, and, of course, the price of the book, are not of that moderate and useful description which we have had occasion to notice with approbation in the works of other mercantile travellers, and which cannot be too highly praised. With respect to the general character of Mr. Jacob's production, enough has been said, to make it quite unnecessary more particularly to recommend it to the attention of our readers.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Code Penal, &c. i. e. The Penal Code, an edition conformable to the original edition of the bulletin of the laws; preceded by an exposition of motives by the orators of the council of state, on each of the laws composing this code; with an alphabetical table of contents. 8vo. p. 330. Paris. 1810. Imported by De Boffe. Price 7s.

THAT branch of the Napoleon code, to which we are now about to introduce our readers, may justly be considered, in the solemnity of its sanctions, in the lasting consequence of its decisions, and in the tone which it naturally imparts to the moral character of a people, as the most important portion of the duty of a legislature; and finishing, as we now do, our attentive perusal of this system, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the general principles

on which it is founded; our satisfaction at the salutary reforms which it has produced, and on the whole, the pleasure with which we always witness the progress of just theory in regulating the concerns of mankind, and in assuming that legitimate control over practical affairs, without which it is hopeless at any time to aspire after permanent improvement. The age in which we live will not rank among its meanest triumphs, the total abolition of torture,

—the limitation of capital punishments to a small number of cases,—the infliction of death (except in a single instance, that of parricide) without insult or aggravation, — and the establishment of a simple code of punishments, — in that empire which most pertinaciously adhered to the cruelty, the complexity, and all the false principles and odious practices which disgraced the multiform enactments of the ancient civil code.

For our own part, we can scarcely regard without envy the employment to which the public men of France have recently been called, in re-organizing the laws of their country, at a period when the discussions of enlightened men have thrown so much light on the true doctrines of penal legislation. Yet they are not entitled to the merit of having been the first to promulgate from authority the wise and beneficent decrees in question. In the year 1791, the Constituent Assembly, (a body which, in spite of occasional mistakes and inconsistencies, will be allowed by impartial posterity to have deserved well of its country and of mankind,) undertook the weighty task of revising one of the most oppressive and corrupt penal codes that ever was endured in civilized society. They threw off the grosser errors, and rectified the more prominent anomalies; they appealed from the experience of evil to the abstract principles of right, and laid a sound basis for equitable coercion in the universal and well recognized propensities of the human mind. Their scheme has now undergone the trial of nearly twenty years; and it is adopted by the orators of the imperial council, with some variations imposed by the altered nature of the government, and others which have been suggested by the experiment itself.

These rests and pauses in which a nation calmly looks back on her former practice with a view to amendment, are advantages dearly bought in a despotic government by violent

convulsions, which they precede or follow. They are the moments of awful tranquillity that announce the approaching hurricane, or the first respite which permits the half-recovered proprietor to repair its destructive ravages. In a free state, like our own, where the warmest discussion of general topics provokes only an answer, and the most violent animadversions serve only to prove the stability of the system against which they are directed, no period can be improper for the detection of abuses, the exposure of errors, and the suggestion of remedies. Yet this very facility may sometimes operate to defeat the objects within its command; and, as according to the vulgar observation, "every body's business is nobody's business," so the exact season seems never to arrive for doing that which may at any time be effected. It is said, "things have gone on hitherto without any very material inconvenience; why select this particular instant for redressing trifling wrongs, which the habitual sufferance of them renders comparatively harmless? The events of the passing hour are fully sufficient to absorb the faculties of the wisest governors: their temporary pressure cannot dispense with immediate and unremitting attention; and why should we divert any part of it to that prospective amelioration which has long been delayed, and may wait a little longer, and which may be brought about at any time with as much advantage as at the present!" Without encountering these approved excuses of indolence and inactivity, by other topics as general in their nature, but of an opposite tendency,—and without citing or even insinuating the instructive proof which recent circumstances have afforded, of the immense danger of unnecessary postponements, we shall merely observe, that at the present epoch the public mind does happen to be peculiarly alive to the doctrines of criminal jurisprudence, and the defects in our own

penal system. Undismayed by the various objections and imputations which are calculated to deter them from the inquiry, several of the most distinguished members of our legislature have presumed to question the policy, the justice, and the humanity of our existing laws, and have most certainly been seconded by a very strong opinion out of doors. The opportunity, therefore, appears to be favourable for giving circulation to a rather ample exposition of the course pursued on the same subject by a great and enlightened people, and we design to state fully the contents of the work before us, for the information of our own countrymen, without instituting any parallel, or obtruding many remarks, except for the purpose of rendering more intelligible, by the contrast, that which, standing alone, it might be difficult to explain.

The Penal Code of France begins with certain preliminary dispositions, comprising little more than the definition of the legal terms most constantly employed; and the first book opens with a table of punishments, which are divided into, 1, the afflictive and infamous; 2, the infamous; 3, the correctional. Those of the first description are, death, compulsory labour for life, or for a certain time; deportation, and imprisonment. Under the second head are the pillory, banishment, and civil degradation. The correctional punishments are, temporary imprisonment in a place of correction, temporary interdiction from certain rights, either of a civic or domestic nature; and fines. In the details which regulate the mode of inflicting these punishments, it is enacted that a parricide shall be taken in his shirt to the place of execution, barefooted, and his head covered with a black veil: that he shall be exposed on the scaffold while his sentence is read aloud; that his right hand shall be cut off, and he shall then be instantly executed. Decapitation is the only mode in which capital punishment can be administered.

In their remarks on this catalogue, the orators of the council introduce the subject of solitary confinement in terms not unworthy of consideration:

‘We have suppressed the punishment of *constraint*, (*la gêne*) which consisted in being imprisoned without any communication externally or with the other prisoners; which was sometimes pronounced for a term of twenty years. We confess that on this occasion we do not recognize the philanthropic sentiments of the constituent assembly; for what is the destiny of a man confined for twenty years, without hope of communication either with those within or those without the prison? Is he not plunged living into the tomb? Besides, what can be the utility of this punishment? It cannot be said to be established for example, since the criminal, withdrawn from every eye, may also be said to be dead to society: it is moreover almost impossible that an arrangement, which introduces so severe a sequestration, should ever be carried in execution, an additional motive for making the punishment of solitary confinement disappear from the penal code.’

Whether the total exclusion of the sentence in question can be defended as a prudent measure, we shall offer no opinion: but we confess that our ideas of humanity are widely different from those of persons who can propose the commutation of death for permanent and absolute solitude, as a measure of humanity. To us the suggestion of Cæsar, for the imprisonment of Catiline’s associates, has ever appeared more cruel than Cato’s stern denunciation of immediate death.

The punishment of civil degradation can scarcely be deemed very severe in France, when it excludes from voting at elections, and from serving in the army.—For certain offences, on which the law entirely declines to animadvert,—and for others, when expiated by a given portion of legal restraint, the offender is remitted to the superintendence of the police; a state nearly answering to that of a person in this country, who enters into a recognizance for abstaining from any particular mode of offending against the security of society.

The fourth and last chapter of the first book is of high importance. It relates to the *récidive*, or repetition of crimes and delinquencies which have already been visited by public justice :

'If any person, having been condemned for any crime which imports civil degradation, he shall be adjudged to the pillory.—If the second crime incurs the pillory or banishment, he shall be sentenced to imprisonment.—If the second crime entails the punishment of imprisonment, he shall be condemned to compulsory labour for a term, and to the brand.—If the second crime be liable to compulsory labour for a term, or deportation, he shall be condemned to compulsory labour for life.—If the second crime be amenable to the punishment of compulsory labour for life, he shall be condemned to suffer death.'

On these provisions, the orators offer the following observations :

'A first crime does not always necessarily suppose complete depravity in him who has been guilty of it : but a relapse into crime indicates vitious habits and a fund of wickedness, or at least of weakness not less dangerous to the social body than wickedness. A second crime ought therefore to be repressed with more severity than the first.'

'The constituent assembly established against the second commission only the same punishment which was denounced against the first by the law, without distinction of the relapse : but it required that criminals, after having suffered the sentence, should on a relapse be deported ; an enactment which we do not deem conformable to the rules of exact justice, since it makes no distinction between him whose second crime imports imprisonment only, and him whose second crime incurs the punishment of four-and-twenty years in irons ; the heaviest, after that of death, which is inflicted by the code of 1791. We have therefore considered it as a right to seek another rule, more consistent with the proportions which ought to exist between crimes and punishments, and it naturally occurs : it is the application to crime, in case of relapse, of the punishment next greater than that which would have been inflicted on the culprit, if he were condemned for it for the first time.'

Unless the judges in France are allowed a very large indulgence in interpreting the law according to the spirit and intention of it, we should

be inclined to think that this wise and salutary principle is by no means sufficiently extended in the law above recited. It is not easy to see why every repetition of offence should not be pursued with an increasing proportion of severity ; and a most of evil habit exists in the frequent infraction of the laws, of which both the direct mischief and the contagious example may be easily conceived to call more loudly for extreme punishment, than even the most atrocious crimes that are committed only once, and without much premeditation. The life of so abandoned a man is a continual defiance to judicial authority, and an encouragement to similar rebellion in others ; and the exhibition of a capital punishment inflicted on one, who, without incurring the most weighty transgression, had forfeited the right to live, by a series of constant violations, would have a most powerful effect in deterring others from the adoption of vitious courses.—It is astonishing that so simple and efficacious a principle should have been confined in our system to a few trivial cases, under the excise-laws, the game-laws, &c.

The second book, comprised in a single and short chapter, points out such persons as may become responsible for crimes that have been committed by others. Accomplices, conspirators, and abettors, are here considered ; as well as those who conceal either the intention of another to violate the law, or the property which may have been obtained by him as the fruit of his offence.—Those who do illegal acts, when in a state of madness or under the compulsion of irresistible force, are excused entirely ; if the culprit be under the age of sixteen, it shall be inquired whether he acted under a discernment of the deed ; and if he did, his punishment is reduced in certain proportions here defined : if he did not, he shall be acquitted of the offence, but with a power in the court to send him to a house of correction, instead of restoring him

to his parents. Certain mitigations are also here introduced in the corporal punishment of aged and infirm convicts. The case of intoxication is nowhere considered in the code.

The *Penal Code* consists of two titles. 1. Of crimes and offences against the public weal. 2. Of crimes and offences against individuals. The *first title* is divided into *three chapters*, which are again subdivided into a great variety of sections and paragraphs.—*Chap. 1.* is devoted to crimes and offences against the safety of the state. Bearing arms against France, and adhering to the foreign enemies of the empire, are capital; and the various shades of treasonable correspondence, by which a certain degree of facility may be afforded to the commission of the same crimes, are visited with proportionate severity. Any attempt or conspiracy against the life or the person of the Emperor is high treason, and shall be punished as parricide; and any attempt or conspiracy against the life or the person of a member of the Imperial family, or for the purpose of destroying or changing the government, or the right of succession to the throne, or to excite to arms in opposition to the imperial authority, shall be punished with death and confiscation of goods.—An *attempt* is defined to exist, when any act is committed or begun towards arriving at the execution of those crimes, though they may not have been consummated; and a *conspiracy* (*complot*), when the resolution to act is concerted and formed between two conspirators, or any greater number, though no attempt has followed. A mere proposal made, and not accepted, to attack the person of the emperor, is to be punished by imprisonment; a milder provision than that of the law of England, which would consider the last mentioned offence as capital, under the title of “imagining the death” of the sovereign: but we may be allowed to doubt whether, in practice, the accused in France would enjoy so fair a trial as he would receive in this

country under the statute of Edward VI.

Death and confiscation are also denounced against those who shall foment civil war, devastation, massacre, or pillage; or shall prepare the way for those horrors by arming illegal levies, or shall destroy the magazines, arsenals, vessels, and edifices belonging to the state. The lower gradations of the same crimes, and minor offences tending to the same effect, are subjected to diminished penalties. The concealment and non-revelation of similar designs, within four-and-twenty hours after they come to the knowledge of any subject, are likewise declared penal: but imprisonment is the highest punishment inflicted, even if the case involves high treason. A singular exception is nevertheless admitted in the universality of this obligation:

‘Notwithstanding, if the author of the conspiracy or the crime be the husband or the wife, even though divorced, the ancestor or descendant, the brother or sister, or the relation by alliance within any of the same degrees, of the person convicted of silence, such person shall not be liable to the penalty enacted in the preceding articles, but may be placed, by the sentence, under the superintendence of the high police, for any term not exceeding ten years.’

Chap. II. Aims at the suppression of crimes and offences against the constitutions of the empire;—a description so extremely large, that under it every sort of transgression might correctly and appropriately fall: but it is here confined to the disturbance of the exercise of civil rights, attempts hostile to liberty on the part of public functionaries, and other improprieties in the official conduct of such functionaries. We think that it is unnecessary to enter into minute particulars on this subject; but it is difficult to abstain from contrasting the jealous vigilance exerted by the French law over the conduct of their judges, with the total silence of the English law as to the same important object, and the unlimited confidence which it reposes in their inte-

grity. These opposite sentiments are perfectly sanctioned, we doubt not, by experience: but Englishmen will cherish no envy towards a country that has yet to create the feelings of rectitude and honour, which in their own has elevated the judicial character beyond rivalry, suspicion or reproach.

Chapter III. embraces crimes and offences against the public peace;—and here the technical distribution of subjects appears to us rather pedantic than judicious, since many misdemeanors falling under the former heads much more closely connected with the public tranquillity than those which are here set forth. The *crimes falsi*, to which our legal vocabulary assigns the narrower term of *forgery*, is placed at the head of the list. Like all other crimes within the operation of this code, the higher and more dangerous modifications of it incur the severest punishment, while the less aggravated species are exposed to slighter visitations. Various delinquencies of public functionaries are then enumerated, and the penalties affixed: none of them seem to call for particular observation, till we arrive at a section which reflects in strong terms on those ministers of religious worship who, in direct contradiction to the established practice of orthodox divines, convert the pulpit into a scene of political declamation *against* “the powers that be.” This branch of the law proves at least the strong disposition to infringe it; and the legislator, by a very natural gradation, is led to impose certain fetters on the liberty of discussion in sermons and pastoral letters, which would properly come under consideration in conjunction with the long debated law of *Libel*, on which we shall presently say a few words.

After these enactments, we are somewhat surprised to stumble on a section devoted to the portentous name of *Rebellion*, which we certainly thought had been included under the branch of high treason, or of excite-

ment to civil war: but the word here signifies a resistance of a partial nature to particular acts of the government, as the collection of revenue, the operations of police, &c., or illegal combinations of workmen, insurrections of prisoners, &c. In no instances is rebellion the object of capital punishment. Connected with offences of this nature, are outrages committed against the depositaries of the public authority, the refusal of a service legally due, the escape of prisoners, the protection of criminals, and the like. Associations of malefactors are visited by the law: vagrancy and mendicancy are pronounced to be offences; and the sixth section of the chapter now under consideration we regard as infinitely important, though its ostensible subject seems to be confined within a very narrow compass. It is headed thus: ‘Offences committed by writings, images, or engravings, *circulated without the name* of the author, printer, or engraver.’

It is a regulation of police, then, in France, that the name of the author or of the printer, (as it is an enactment in one of the bills passed here during Mr. Pitt’s administration, that the name of the printer,) shall appear in some visible part of the publication. The breach of our law in this respect incurs penalties which might have proved ruinous to an innocent tradesman, unless the legislature had interposed to limit their amount, by an act brought in during the present session; and the violation of the French decree is punished by imprisonment for a term, varying, at the discretion of the judge, from six days to six months. In all this we see no great harm: but the present section of the code is of far more consequence in what it omits, and in what it insinuates, than in that which it expresses and enacts. This would be the appropriate occasion for introducing the law of *Libel* into a code which, superseded the *lex non scripta*, and professing absolute certainty in the denunciation of crimes, should act as an effectual bea-

can to warn all men against the commission of them. *Libels*, however, as the objects of criminal visitation, are mentioned only twice, and in the slightest and most incidental manner. The pastoral letters, indeed, to which we have before alluded, if they criticize or censure either the government or any act of public authority, expose the writer to banishment; or, if they contain a direct provocation to disobedience of the laws, to deportation; and in case of such provocation is followed by sedition or revolt subjecting any of the actors to a severer punishment, such severer punishment shall also be inflicted on the minister of religion! Here, indeed, the denunciation is sufficiently direct: but the only reason that we can conceive, for selecting the single case of pastoral letters issued by priests, is that persons in general are relieved from the responsibility of publication by a system which suppresses instead of chastising, and preserves the freedom of the press from occasional attacks, by keeping it perpetually fast-locked in the custody of government itself!

We must observe at the same time the slippery and dangerous ambiguity of the terms here employed, and the immense latitude of interpretation in which the judges are permitted to expatiate;—a feature which peculiarly characterises every part of this code, and which we were in some degree prepared to expect from a brevity and conciseness that are incompatible with strictness and legal definition. Human language has not yet attained the perfection of embracing in few words a great variety of complicated cases.—We must not, however, indulge in general observations, and shall dismiss this chapter by stating that it is illegal to pursue the profession of crying ballads or sticking bills, without a licence from the police; and that no assembly of more than twenty persons can meet for political, religious, or literary purposes, without the permission of the

government, subject to any conditions which it may choose to impose.

The second title of the third book relates to crimes and offences against individuals, and contains one chapter devoted to attacks on the person, and another confined to violations of property.—The first section of Chap. I. inflicts death for assassination, parricide, infanticide, and poisoning. A want of uniformity is discoverable between the legal language here used, and that with which we are familiar on this subject; and we think that a superiority of just distinction prevails in the former over the latter. *L'assassinat* is discriminated from *le meurtre*, and answers to *murder* in the English law, or a killing with premeditated malice; while *meurtre* is defined to be only a voluntary killing. *Wifid* and *malicious* with us are synonymous, when applied to the destruction of life; yet it is evident that numberless shades of difference may exist between them. *Meurtre* is accordingly punished with compulsory labour for life in general, but becomes capital when accompanied or followed by any other crime. The two following sections comprise the offences of menacing, wounding, and striking; with a description of such circumstances as may render these acts, as well as homicide itself, either justifiable altogether, or the objects of a mitigated sentence.—Sect. iv. treats on offences against morality. The most aggravated crime of this description, committed under the most aggravated circumstances, and consummated against persons of either sex, we are astonished to find is not rendered capital. The crime of simple rape, taken in this extended signification, is avenged by confinement; if perpetrated against a child under fifteen years of age, the criminal shall be kept to hard labour for a time; and he shall suffer the same constraint for life, if he had been intrusted with any authority over the object of his violence, if the tutor of the servant of the party attacked, if a

public functionary, or a minister of religion, or if he was assisted in his offence by several persons. This lenity appears extraordinary.—The corruption of youth, and the exposure to prostitution, more especially by parents and others in authority, are considered in this section. Adultery is punishable in the wife on the complaint of the husband only, by an imprisonment, which is always in his option to terminate by receiving her again. If he keeps a concubine, he may be fined; and bigamy in either party entails a heavier visitation than is consistent either with the English jurisprudence, or, in our judgment, with the necessity of the case; the culprit is confined to hard labour for a time.—The remaining sections impose penalties of great severity on offenders of a description scarcely known in this country; those who illegally arrest and confine others; those who conceal the fact of a birth, or substitute one child for another; and those who secrete minors. The subtraction of the body of any person, who is supposed to have died from violence, is punished as a contravention of what may certainly be considered as a very wise regulation of police.

In the *seventh section*, directed against false testimony, calumny, insult, and the revelation of secrets professionally intrusted, we discover a principle of some importance, as to the law of libel affecting the character and feelings of individuals, which is not quite inapplicable to the question so often agitated among us, "how far that which is true can justly be styled libellous."—"Every imputation," says this Penal Code, 'is reputed false, which is not supported by legal proof. In consequence, the author of the imputation shall not be allowed to demand, in his defence, that the proof be entered into: neither shall he be able to allege as an excuse that the documents or the facts are notorious; or that the imputations which give rise to the prosecution are copied or ex-

tracted from foreign papers, or other printed writings.' "When the fact imputed shall be legally proved true, the author of the imputation shall be exempted from all penalty: but nothing shall be considered as a legal proof, but that which results from a judgment, or some other authentic act."—In short, as we understand the provision, the defendant who is accused of calumny shall not be allowed to repel *that* accusation, by proving his charge to be true: but he may institute another proceeding for the purpose of doing this, and, if he be successful, he shall escape punishment. We think that this is a wise and simple expedient, in a case naturally involved in great difficulty, for reconciling the interests of truth with the public tranquillity and the protection of private character.

The extensive head of *theft* takes the lead in the *second chapter*, comprising attacks on property. The crime is capital when attended with the five following circumstances,—commission in the night time,—by several persons,—with the assistance of weapons,—by the aid of breaking open doors, or of false keys, —with violence and menaces. We restrain our disposition to censure the exemption of so many thefts from the capital punishment which is so frequently pronounced against them here, because it may perhaps proceed from the extreme familiarity with severe sentences which the language, though not the practice of our penal laws, renders unavoidable. Still, we hesitate to approve the superior mildness here exercised with respect to crimes of so much danger as highway-robbery and burglary; though the former is to be punished with hard labour for life, and the latter with hard labour for a *term*. These punishments are indeed in themselves much more severe: than the degree of comparison on which they naturally stand, in our minds, with that of death, will easily allow us to perceive: but so far are the French legislators from thinking that the se-

more than the degree of compassion on which they naturally stand, in our minds, with that of death, will easily allow us to perceive; but so far are the French legislators from thinking that the security of property is increased by punishing petty larcenies with the loss of life, when committed in shops, booths, canals, &c., that they expressly reject the boasted influence of intimidation in this respect, as having been proved by experience to defeat its own object:

‘As to thefts,’ say the orators of government, ‘of objects exposed to the public faith, the law of 1791 subjected them all indiscriminately to an afflictive penalty’ (not death, even, then.) ‘Many of these crimes remained unpunished, because the sentence was found to be too severe, and the equivalent of criminality was preferred to suffering them, as a punishment excusable, that which they appeared to have deserved.’ (*Mémoires du Code Pénal*, p. 111.)

The opposite extreme of indiscriminate lenity, which was tried by the directory, was found equally ineffectual; and the present code has drawn a distinction which merits attention. Property necessarily exposed, as cattle, crops, implements of husbandry, &c. are protected by the terror of afflictive punishments, very short indeed of the last infliction to which man is subject, and for that reason more likely to be carried into execution: but the theft of articles voluntarily exposed is repressed by the correctional police, which has no power beyond that of imprisoning for a very limited period. Amends perhaps ought, in all cases, if possible, to be made to the loser.

On the subject of *Larceny*, we must not conclude our remarks without stating our peculiar circumstance of exemption, of which we quote the subsequent description, not from the code itself, but from the motives detailed by the orators who present it:

‘*Article 1791.*’

See the third number of the American Review, p. 54 of the appendix, where, in a note to this title of *bankruptcy*, the editor explains this apparently sanguinary part of the French penal code, by showing that the word *bankruptcy* in the French law is never used, but when accompanied with some degree of fraud.—*Ed. Sol. Rev.*

‘This principle consists in repealing all power of public prosecution, and admitting a civil action only; that is, an action for damages and interests, in regard to every kind of fraud executed by husbands to the prejudice of their wives, by wives to the injury of their husbands, by a widower or a widow as to property which had belonged to the deceased husband or wife; in a word, by relations and connections, lineally ascending or descending, against each other.

‘The union of such persons is too close and intimate to allow public officers, on occasion of pecuniary interests, to scrutinize family secrets, which possibly ought never to be divulged; and it must be dangerous in the extreme that an accusation should be brought in those affairs, in which the line that separates mere indelicacy from real delinquency is hard to be discovered,’ &c.

The reader will here be reminded of a similar saving clause introduced into the Chinese code in favour of near relations; but it is a proof of the looseness and inaccuracy with which the present code has been penned, that no provision is made for excluding acts of violence committed between relations who do not reside under the same roof, from the benefit of this most extensive privilege.

If in some instances we have awarded the preference to the code of the rival nation, we may boldly claim the praise of superior liberality and good sense for that of England, in respect to the section which immediately follows. Its very title is sufficient to convict it at once of false political economy, and of the most cruel of all injustice,—that which confounds misfortune with guilt. It is thus superscribed—‘Of bankruptcy and swindling.’ (*Escroquerie*.) In conformity to language thus barbarously ignorant, every bankrupt, in addition to the ruin of his affairs and the misery of his family, is subjected to afflictive and infamous punishments! While this law is carried into effect, we need

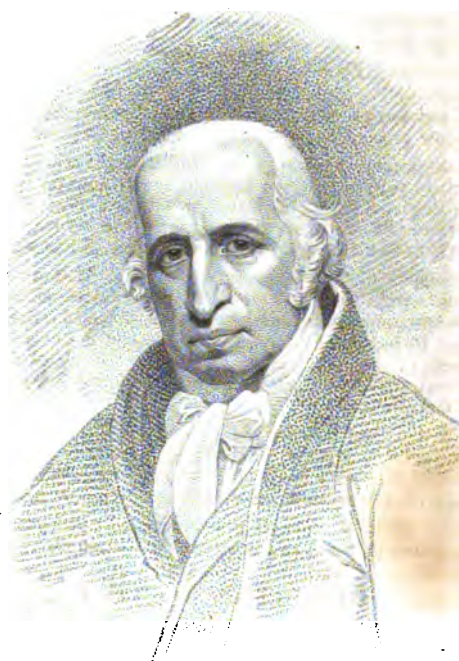
not fear the commercial competition of our neighbour.

The remaining dispensations of the *third book*, and the whole of the *fourth*, strike us as not deserving particular attention. They are trifling and minute, relating to the most paltry attacks on property, and to that long list of petty grievances which our law classes under the denomination of *nuisance*: they appear in general equitable and moderate, but they do not involve either leading principles or important consequences.

We have judged it sufficient to call the attention of the public to the more material parts of the code, and have laboured to compress them, as well as our opinions on them, into the smallest space; for we are persuaded that those who are intrusted with the reform and the preservation of the English system will profit by studying that of France. Not that we recommend it for indiscriminate imitation or are blind to its numerous defects of arrangement, precision, and subject; but since nothing can keep the foundations of society clear of corruption and decay, except a frequent recurrence to first principles, we think

that much benefit may be derived from attending to the practical discussion of them, by some of the first men in a neighbouring nation, in many instances closely resembling our own: happy, we repeat, that, on this as on every other subject, the very nature of our constitution provides the means of peaceably introducing those remedies of what is wrong, and those improvements of what is incompletely right, which countries less favoured have been compelled to purchase at the dreadful price of subversion, massacre, and desolation!

Another task remains to be performed; that of disavowing in the strongest terms all participation in the extravagant and disgusting praise,—praise “which *danneth* him who gives and him who takes,”—with which the consecrated head of the Emperor is so profusely anointed by MM. *Les Comtes Treilhard, Faure, Giunts, &c.* It equally proves the degrading servility of their minds, and the coarse appetite for the flattery of inferiors that sways that imperial bosom; which is, we believe, generally found in an inverse ratio to the love of rectitude, and the desire of honourable renown.



Edwin sc.

Benth West Esq^r

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

In pursuance of our design of occasionally embellishing the Select Reviews with engravings, we now present to our patrons a faithful likeness of BENJAMIN WEST.

The drawing from which it is taken, is the production of Mr. Robertson, the celebrated English miniature painter. It was brought to our country by Mr. Sully, who lately returned from England, where his intimacy with Mr. West enabled him to offer it to us as a correct resemblance of our countryman.—Mr. Edwin, the engraver, one of the best of our artists, has done justice to the painter, and to his own genius.

A friend has accompanied the engraving with a brief Memoir of Mr. WEST; and although *original articles* form no part of our plan, yet we shall never reject from the pages of the Select Reviews, an offering so acceptable to ourselves, and so gratifying to our readers. If, indeed, we can even be justified in deviating from our plan, it is when the subject of the essay relates to a native of our own soil, who, with many more of his countrymen, eclipses the genius of British artists in the centre of their own splendid metropolis.

In addition to Mr. West, our country has been honourably represented *abroad* by Copley and Trumbull, perhaps, in historical painting, second only to Mr. West; whilst, at home the names of *Stuart*, of *Sully*, of *Trott*, and of *Peale*, with many others, are always repeated with the encomiums which they so highly deserve.

In our next number we shall probably give a detailed catalogue of all the paintings of Mr. West, for whom painted, and in whose possession they now are.

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq.

THIS celebrated artist is so universally known, and has so long been a distinguished object in the world of taste, that his history is quite familiar with all who claim any acquaintance with the fine arts and their great masters. Yet, in an American publication, we should not pass by the occasion to repeat that this gentleman, on whose genius the British nation so justly prides herself, and by whose talents principally she maintains her rank on the lists of taste, was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1738. Although his powers have been brought to full maturity and perfection by the aid of European schools, and under the auspices of English patronage, yet it should not be forgotten that he was indebted to the discernment and liberality of his own countrymen for the

opportunity of seeking and obtaining that aid and patronage. When we look to the wealth and honour which now attend Mr. West, we acknowledge the comparative insignificance of the kindness with which the first dawning of his genius was greeted in Pennsylvania. But when we consider him, as he then was, an obscure lad, destitute of all means to gratify and improve his passion for painting, we shall more justly appreciate the merit of those who first offered him the generous hand of disinterested assistance; encouraged him to persevere; and put him on the path which has conducted him to the summit he now enjoys. No man ever better deserved or more richly repaid the attention of his friends. The indications of superiority, which manifested themselves in

his youth were not, as is too frequently the case, delusive and unsubstantial. As soon as his eye caught objects worthy of imitation in his art, his comprehensive mind embraced all their excellence, and his vast powers rapidly unfolded themselves. In 1760 he left his native land, and with a boldness of enterprise, which characterizes true genius, embarked for Italy. Can we imagine the feelings of a young enthusiast, for a painter is the greatest of enthusiasts, from the woods of America, when he first breathed the air so congenial with the arts, and trod the soil in which, for ages, they had bloomed and flourished! He remained in this great school of perfection, improving himself by a constancy of application and labour, until his health was materially impaired, and visiting every place where any thing was to be seen worthy of his regard. It is an impressive evidence of the amiable and conciliating manners of Mr. West, as well as of his superior genius, that wherever he went, he attached to him ardent, useful, and respectable friends. Without the influence of family or wealth to draw attention from strangers, he never failed to attract the notice and command the affections and services of the most valued men in the various places he visited. It may be here added, that the same kind dispositions adhere to him in his prosperity as the numerous Americans can attest who have known him in England since his elevation.

After remaining a considerable time in Italy, not one moment of which was lost in idleness, or given to dissipation, he went to France; examined what was most curious in the arts in that country, and in the summer of 1763 arrived in London, and greedily seized upon all the means of improvement to be found in England. It is said to have been Mr. West's intention to have returned to Pennsylvania, with the rich harvest of his travels and toils. However proud we

should have been in having such a man to reside with us, yet for himself and the arts it is certainly fortunate that he resolved to remain in London, where he found a theatre ample enough for the exercise of his talents, and able to reward them. The disposition of the young king to foster the fine arts was in happy coincidence with the resolution of Mr. West to reside in his dominions. Genius requires the warm beams of wealth and the fostering care of power; nor can wealth and power be more honourably employed than in protecting and elevating genius. The situation of this country was not at that time favourable to the encouragement of the arts; especially on such a scale as the talents of Mr. West required. Added to the natural and obvious deficiencies of a new country in this respect, where every man is pursuing some occupation to maintain and establish himself and his family, and where there is no superfluity of money and no mean of leisure, the leading characters of the country were even then becoming politicians, and preparing themselves and their countrymen for the great events which soon after followed. In the calamities and confusion of the revolution, Mr. West must have been obscured and neglected, if not overthrown and lost.

The establishment of the Royal Academy in London, and the manner in which Mr. West has presided over it for a great number of years, are known to every body. From his settlement in England to this hour, he has gone on encreasing his powers and his fame, and his last work, notwithstanding his extreme age, exceeds all his former productions. This indefatigable man, who has "no parallel in the annals of painting, if we consider the number, size, and extent of composition of his pictures in figures, and their great diversity of matter," has begun another painting for the Pennsylvania Hospital, as a substitute for that originally intended

for it; but lately, under very pressing circumstances, sold to the British Institution.*

Some of the earliest attempts of Mr. West's pencil in history, portraits, and landscape, are now in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine

Arts. His first historical piece, the "*Death of Socrates*," hangs over the President's chair. These youthful efforts, when compared with the great pictures of *King Lear* and *Ophelia*, afford excellent encouragement to the young artist to persevere.

* Letters from Mr. Coates and Mr. Hunt, who have seen the progress of this new painting, and have heard the promises of the venerable artist, give every assurance that it will exceed the original. To their testimonies we are pleased to add the opinion of so distinguished a painter as Mr. Robertson, as contained in a letter from him, dated London, April 26, 1811.

"Mr. West's picture here is the wonder of the world. It is truly gratifying to see the enthusiasm of the venerable president eclipsing in ardour and enthusiasm the youngest enthusiast in the art. His spirits are revived and sustained by the honours he receives, and his mind is invigorated for the production of still higher excellence. He has now made considerable progress in the *second picture*; I cannot call it a *copy*; for as soon as he had drawn it in slightly, the *first* was sent to the Institution, and the *second* must, like the first, be produced from the energies and resources of his own mind."

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Brief Memoir of the Life of John Lowe, author of "*Mary's Dream*." By the rev. William Gillespie, minister of Kells Parish, in Galloway.

[From Cromek's "*Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*."]]

AS no pathetic ballad was ever more popular in this country than '*Mary's Dream*,' it is presumed that some account of its author, (who was a native of Galloway,) will not be considered an intrusion in the present collection. The authenticity of the memoir will not be doubted, when it is known that the gentleman who communicated it is minister of the parish in which Lowe was born, and that his father was one of the poet's best friends, and most intimate correspondents. The history of the latter part of his life, which he spent abroad, Mr. Gillespie collects from notices furnished by his own correspondence, and from the communication of the rev. Mr. McConnachie (an old and early associate of Lowe's,) transmitted from Virginia, which gives the unfortunate particulars of his death.

If the public sympathize in the interest felt by the editor on perusing

this excellent memoir, their approbation will give a value to the thanks which he here expresses to the gentlemen by whom it was communicated.

John Lowe, author of the pathetic and popular ballad '*Mary's Dream*,' was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. His father was gardener to Mr. Gordon of Kenmore, son of that unfortunate nobleman who paid the forfeit of his life and titles for his adherence to the house of Stuart in 1715. Our poet was the eldest of a numerous family, and as the excellent institution of parish schools in Scotland affords, to the humblest of her sons, the opportunity of educating his children, so Lowe was early put to the parish school of Kells, where, under an assiduous and able teacher, he imbibed the rudiments of classical education. He discovered an early ambition of becoming a scholar, but, on leaving school,

his father's narrow circumstances did not enable him to assist his son in the further prosecution of his studies. At the age of fourteen he was bound as a weaver to a respectable and industrious tradesman of the name of Heron, father of Robert Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and of several elegant translations from the French language. He was impelled by 'dire necessity,' to follow an employment so unsuitable to his genius, for, by the earnings of his labour, he soon afterwards put himself to school under one M'Kay, then schoolmaster of the neighbouring parish of Carsphairn, an eminent teacher of the languages. He employed his evenings in teaching church music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill on the violin. These qualities, added to a happy temper, and an uncommon flow of animal spirits, made Lowe very acceptable wherever he went, and gained him many friends who assisted him in his education, both with their money and their advice. In these respects, he was eminently indebted to the minister of his native parish, a man as distinguished for the disinterested benevolence of his character, as for his sublime and unaffected piety, and his cheerful and amiable manner.* By these means Lowe was enabled to enter himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1771. For this generosity of his friends he is accused of never having afterwards been sufficiently grateful, but while he ceased not to express, in the warmest manner, his obligations to his benefactors, his malignant fortune denied him the means of cancelling them. Even in his best days, prosperity smiled upon him, rather in hope, than in possession, and a dependant man, struggling with difficulties, is frequently obliged to procrastinate the day of payment, to make promises he is unable to fulfil,

and to breathe wishes he has no power to realize.—

'No post, no self, by servile means I sought,
Nor e'er was rich a moment—but in thought.'

Lowe.

In the most juvenile letters we trace the mind of the poet alive to every change of nature, and vicissitude of the seasons. 'We have had,' (says he, in one of his earliest letters from college,) 'a long and severe storm here, but now we have a very agreeable spring, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the song of joy is already heard in our land. How sweet now to leave the noise of the busy world, and with frequent footsteps to gather health from the gale of the morning! To raise the soul to heaven with pious ardour, and hail the new-born day! To bask in the cheerful beams of the sun, the image of its great original! In short, we are like people transported in an instant, from the terrible icy shore of Zembla, where eternal tempestsadden, and dreadful whirlwinds roar amid the frozen mountains,—to the banks of the Nile, where a lasting verdure clothes the fertile plains, where wintry blasts, and the storms of dark December, are never known. Pardon a comparison so bold, but I am enraptured with the agreeable change, and I dare say you will be so also.'

On his return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie, of Airds, an amiable country gentleman of small fortune, who had several beautiful daughters. The house of Airds is pleasantly situated on a rising ground embowered with trees, washed on one side by the Ken, and on the other by the Dee, which here unite in one river, under the common name of Dee, though this is but a tributary stream. It is not easy to conceive a situation more favourable to the descriptive muse;

* The late rev. John Gillespie, minister of Kells.

and here, Lowe, who had previously given some marks of a poetical vein, gave free scope to his genius, and composed many little pieces which he frequently recited to his friends with great enthusiasm. Of these, it is to be regretted that few copies are now to be found, though there are some songs yet sung by the common people (in that district of Galloway called the Glenkens,) which still bear his name. At this period of life, when the mind delights more in description than in sentiment, in pictures of nature than in those of manners, he composed a pretty long pastoral poem, entitled 'a *Morning Poem*,' which is still preserved entire in his own hand-writing, and, though written at a time when his taste was but imperfectly formed, is the offspring of a lively imagination and of one who 'mused o'er nature with a poet's eye.'—He here, likewise, attempted to write a tragedy, the scenes of which he used to read to some of his companions, as he successively composed them; but as this, the highest effort of human genius, was at that time, and perhaps at any time, above his reach, there is no cause to regret that no part of it is now to be obtained.

He used to invoke his Muse from the top of a picturesque cliff, which rises suddenly over a thick wood on the banks of the Ken, and commands a varied, beautiful, and extensive view of the surrounding landscape. He erected for himself a rural seat on this spot, which is still called 'Lowe's seat,' and planted it round with honey-suckles, woodbines, and other wild shrubs and flowers. Here he recited aloud his poetic effusions to the invisible inhabitants of the woods and the streams, and here likewise it

was he composed the well-known ballad which makes the story of his life chiefly interesting to the public.*

* High on a rock his favorite arbour stood,
Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant wood;

Beneath its grateful shade, at ease he lay,
And view'd the beauties of the rising day;
Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves
did ring
He also join'd.*

Lowe's Morning.

There was lost at sea, about this time, a gentleman of the name of Miller, a surgeon, who had been engaged to Mary, one of the young ladies of Airds, an event which would long since have been forgotten but for the tender song of "Mary's Dream," which has given to it immortality. It is to be presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; and we regret to state that his fidelity to the object of it, though equally worthy his admiration and his Muse, was but little consistent with the warmth of his feelings, and the earnestness of his professions. But perhaps, he excused himself with the levity of Montaigne, that 'love is contrary to its own nature if it be not violent, and that violence is contrary to its own nature if it be constant.'

His views were now directed to the church, and he had spent another session at the University of Edinburgh. Seeing, however, no prospect of a living, and impatient of dependence, he resolved to try his fortune in America, where he fondly hoped his talents would be more highly appreciated, and where he indulged the pious expectation of being better able to assist his aged mother and his other relations at home, for

* In a letter, written seven years afterwards from America, to an early friend, he says—'The beautiful banks of the river Rappahannock, where the town in which I now reside is situated, with all their luxuriance and fragrance, have never to me had charms equal to smooth Ken, or murmuring Dee.' 'Thou wood of Airds! balmy retreat of peace, innocence, harmony, and love, with what raptures do I still reflect on thee! When were you there, and does my arbour still remain, or is there now any vestige of my favorite walk?'

whom he ever expressed the warmest affection. In writing to one of his best friends, he says, 'Think not my concealing from you my design of going abroad proceeded from any diffidence of your friendship,—far otherwise.—But for fear of alarming my poor mother : I know how shocking it will be to her, but I hope to have it in my power to be of more service to her there, than I could be home.' In the same letter, (dated 13 March, 1773.) he says, 'I delivered a discourse this day in the hall with great approbation, both from my professor and fellow-students. As it was the last I shall ever perhaps deliver here, I resolved it should be as good as it was in my power to make it.'

He embarked for the new world in the same year, being invited as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes to his ambition. He afterwards kept an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburg, Virginia, which succeeded for awhile, as he himself states, "beyond his most sanguine wishes, and to which students resorted from a vast distance." It suffered however some interruption by one of those winters of intense frost and deep snows which occur in America ; which, having shut up the town from any communication with the neighbouring country from which its productions were supplied, compelled him to discharge his boarders, and for some time he was not able to collect them together again. 'Often,' says he, 'have I heard Scotland called a cold place in winter, but never did I experience any thing equal to what I felt here last winter (1784). My thermometer was frequently sunk entirely into the ball, and it was with much difficulty that a fire could then be lighted even in the closest rooms. And when the ice broke

away it was the most dreadful sight I ever beheld ; houses, trees, vessels, &c. &c. all moving away together in one common plain of ice on the river Rappahannock, which is close by this town, and the property destroyed is immense beyond description.'

Sometime after this Lowe took orders in the church of England, the then *fashionable* religion of this part of the United States ; obtained a living in that church, and became eminently respectable for his talents, his learning, and his sociable and pleasant manners. He appears to have been so much elated by his good fortune that in some of his letters home he flatters his imagination with the hopes of revisiting his native country in a diplomatic capacity. These were the golden days of Lowe, but an event took place which clouded the meridian of his life, and blasted his happiness for ever.

Two years after he left the shores of Britain he addressed a poem, of considerable length, to her who was the object of his earliest affections, and who seemed still to possess the chief place in his heart.* In this poem he thus breathes his passion—

'My busy sprite, when balmy sleep descends,
Flies o'er the deep, and visits all her friends ;

Then, only then, I see my charming dame,
Ah ! must we only meet but in a dream !
What hindered me when first thy fondest slave,

My hand to give thee,—as my heart I gave !
Wedlock itself would need no grave divine

To fix his stamp upon such love as mine ;
A love so pure, so tender, and so strong,
Might last for ages, could we live so long.'

And afterwards he adds—

'Fair faces here I meet, and forms divine,
Enough to shake all constancy but mine.'

But notwithstanding the ardour of these professions his constancy was not so much proof, as he imagined, against the temptations to which it

* This lady was, after the death of Mr. Lowe, married to a very respectable country gentleman in her native county, and still lives.

was exposed. He became enamoured of a beautiful Virginian lady, and forgot his first love on the banks of the Ken. The young lady, however, refused to listen to his addresses, and he had even the mortification to witness the fair object of his attachment bestowed on a more fortunate and deserving lover. It is singular, that the sister of this very lady became as fondly attached to our poet, as she herself had been indifferent to him, and he allowed himself to be united to her merely, as he states 'from a sentiment of gratitude.' But every propitious planet hid its head at the hour which made them one—she proved every thing bad,—and Lowe soon saw in his wife an abandoned woman, regardless of his happiness, and unfaithful even to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment and sorrow, he had recourse to the miserable expedient of dissipating at the bottle, the cares and chagrins that preyed upon his heart. Habits of intemperance were thus formed, which, with their wretched attendants poverty and disease, soon sapped the vigour of a good constitution, and brought him to an untimely grave in the forty-eighth year of his age.*

A letter from Virginia, from an early acquaintance of Lowe's, gives the following particulars respecting his death—That, perceiving his end drawing near, and wishing to die in peace, away from his own wretched walls, he mounted a sorry palfrey and rode some distance to the house of a friend. So much was he debilitated that scarcely could he alight in the court and walk into the house: Afterwards, however, he revived a little, and enjoyed some hours of that vivacity which was peculiar to him. But this was but the last faint gleams of a setting sun; for, on the third day after his arrival at the house of his

friend, he breathed his last. He now lies buried near Fredericksburgh, Virginia, under the shade of two palm trees, but not a stone is there on which to write 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

The abandoned woman, to whom he had been united, made no inquiries after her husband for more than a month afterwards, when she sent for his horse, which had been previously sold to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Such was the tragical end of the author of 'Mary's Dream,' whose domestic misfortunes 'broke a heart already bruised,' and terminated a life which was worthy of a better fate. As a poet, he unquestionably possessed that *vivida vis animi*,—that liveliness of the imagination,—that sensibility of the heart, which are the inseparable concomitants of poetical genius, or rather, which conspire to form it. The few fragments which we have of his juvenile poems, imperfect as they are, and made still more so by the inaccurate memories of those from whom they have been chiefly obtained, show a mind capable of still greater efforts, and leave us to regret that he had not cultivated his genius by more frequent exercise. Much might have been expected from an imagination corrected by maturity of judgment, a taste refined and polished by the perusal of the most finished models, made more rich and select by unremitted habits of composition. His 'Morning Poem,' written at the age of twenty-two, contains some pretty stanzas, of which the following are no unfavourable specimen:—

'Hail! to the new-born day and cheering light,
What various beauties charm the ravish'd sight,

* From the hasty manner in which I have been compelled to write this memoir, I have not been able to fix the precise time of his death—but, from some circumstances, I am led to place it about 1798, which makes Lowe forty-eight years old when he died.

How sweet with early steps, to view the
fields,
And taste the charms which grateful
Summer yields.
With watchful eye, to tread the flowery
road,
And follow nature up to nature's God,—
On Ken, whose sweet meanders glide
away,
And add new beauties to the rising day;
With Dee, whose murmuring music fills
the grove,
Where sportive Naiads sing their mutual
love;—
The opening flowers along their borders
blow,
And in their bosoms with fresh lustre
glow;
In every wood, the feather'd songsters
raise
Their cheerful notes, to sing their Maker's
praise.
Aloft in air, the skylark wings his way,
And thrills his notes in sweet melodious
lay:
The sooty blackbirds, scatter'd thro' the
grove,
Now warble forth their mellow notes of
love:
The dark-gray thrush, which in the joyful
Spring,
My slender pipe had often taught to sing,
On yonder twig sends forth its tuneful
voice,
Bids hills be glad, and rising woods re-
joice;
The spreading broom displays its golden
hue,
And, nodding, bends beneath the pearly
dew;
The snowy hawthorns, rising here and
there,
With grateful fragrance fill the passing
air;
Amid their boughs, within each littenest,
The tender passion glows from breast to
breast."

The poem called 'Lowe's Lines,' though very defective in the execution, and, in some of its sentiments, inconsistent both with each other and the passion which it breathes, has likewise some pathetic and beautiful lines, and manifests at once the tenderness of the lover and the imagination of the poet. His letters are well written, and evince a correct and manly understanding, and a warm and benevolent heart. But it was his evil destiny to struggle with de-

pendance, and that time was to be consumed in providing the necessary means of his subsistence, which, in happier circumstances, might have been employed in the indulgence of his genius, the cultivation of his taste, and in twining round his brow the wreath of immortality.

It may not be uninteresting to state that he was very handsome in his person. His figure was active, well proportioned, and rather above the middle size;—his hair was of an auburn hue, his eyes were blue and penetrating, his nose aquiline, and the whole expression of his countenance open and benevolent. These qualities, united to a fine voice, and lively and insinuating manners, made him a favourite of the fair sex, and he might have secured a handsome independence by marriage if he could have brooked a union in which his heart had no share. He was, however, more susceptible than constant, and one act of infidelity was, by a retributive justice, sufficiently punished by the subsequent misfortunes of his life. His faults, like those of most men of acute sensibility, sprung out of the same soil with his genius and his virtues. It was remarked of him, that he always evinced that manly independence of character, which is the offspring of a superior mind, conscious of its powers; a quality he showed even when a boy at school, by a severe beating which he gave to a gentleman's son who was older than himself, and to whom his school-fellows used to look up with deference;—and, surely, it becomes us to lean gently on those faults to which he was at last driven by that domestic infelicity which, to a delicate mind, is, of all evils, the most difficult to bear; and, while we blame his errors, we cannot forbear to sympathize with his misfortunes. In short, his character, like that of all others, was of a mixed kind, but his good qualities far outweighed his defects.

Kells Manor, 29th June, 1810. W. G.

Such is the valuable account of Lowe, given by Mr. Gillespie. The editor, will here shortly and what he was able himself to discover respecting the ballad of 'Mary's Dream,' among the peasantry of Galloway.

This ballad is extremely popular among them, but in a form materially different from the printed copy, long familiar to the public, which is entirely English. Their copy, if not altogether Scotch, is strongly sprinkled with it. But there is more than a mere difference of language;—it extends to the imagery and scenery of the poem. Was this ballad originally written in English by Lowe, and gradually converted by the country people into language and imagery more congenial to them? Or was Lowe himself the author of both copies; and if so, which is the original? This is a curious inquiry. Yet it is an inquiry which the editor believes can lead but to one conclusion. He himself does not entertain a doubt that the Scotch copy is the original; but as the other has also its beauties, and has been long a favourite of the public, it would be charged upon him as presumption were he to exclude from this collection a ballad of such celebrity. He is induced therefore to insert here both the copies, that the public may award to which of them the preference is due.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shod
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to ask who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee;

'O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

'Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadows fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

OLD WAY OF 'MARY'S DREAM.'

The lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big* aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every bodie's ee;
A† but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Smdy far at sea;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Pale bending on her his hollow ee!
'O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws† below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
'Sac, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' him but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but‡ thee,
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
'Sac, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'Take off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulked down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in Heaven hie.
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
To mark the morning lift her ee,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

* Build their nests.

† Thraws, throws.

‡ But, without.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 201.)

THERE is a French camp in the *Praça da Inquisição*, the *Praça do Commercio* as well as in all the other principal squares of Lisbon. There is also another at Belam, and the castle at that place continues still to be garrisoned by the French. French troops are also quartered in many of the convents. In the Franciscan convent, immediately opposite to my lodgings, which is of immense extent, there is a whole regiment. They are still formidable to the inhabitants, and it is only sentinels at the outposts, and unfortunate stragglers, who fall victims to the dastardly revenge of the cowardly citizens. The head quarters of Junot, the duke of *Abrantes*, are at the palace of Quintella, the great dealer in diamonds, who is called the richest merchant in Portugal. This man has proved to the French a most profitable pidgeon, and he has indeed been very handsomely plucked. The contributions levied upon his purse have been immense, but such has been his conduct that he is pitied by no one. On the arrival of the French, he gave a sumptuous entertainment to the generals and chief officers of the army, in hopes, doubtless, by this manoeuvre to ingratiate himself with the commander in chief. His guests seemed highly gratified with the civilities of their host, and surprised at such a display of opulence. The costly paintings which decorated the walls, of which many were productions of the most eminent masters of Italy, particularly attracted the notice of the *general en chef*, who is said to be a great connoisseur. So singularly had they hit his fancy, that he next morning despatched a messenger with a note to Quintella, complimenting him on the

taste he had shown in his collection, and requesting, as a favour, that the pictures might immediately be sent him by the bearer of the message. He also soon after took occasion to observe to his entertainer how much flattered he felt by his politeness, and how happy he was to see the affection he had manifested to the person of his master, the great Napoleon, observing at the same time, that as he had seen no house in Lisbon which he liked so well, he intended in future to confer on him the honour of residing in it himself. Quintella has accordingly ever since had the pleasure of maintaining the general and all his staff. He has been obliged to defray all the expenses of his household, and to supply all the splendid entertainments which have been given. The retinue of Junot that is quartered in the house, have drunk upwards of eighty pipes of wine belonging to their host. The French general also conceived for the wife of a Portuguese nobleman, an affection equally ardent as that which was excited by the palace of Quintella. His *penchant*, however, in this instance, was gratified with infinitely less reluctance than in the former. He does not appear disposed, after the proof he has given of his acquiescence, to trust himself among his countrymen by remaining behind, but he is to go in the same frigate to France which is destined to convey the general and his *cara sposa*. The conduct of the French commander in other instances has not apparently been marked by any particular cruelty or severity. Only one execution has taken place under his government. The contributions he has levied on the convents and churches have certainly been very heavy,

and immense treasures have been reaped from them. The gems, jewels, and precious stones, that glittered in such profusion, have all been rifled. The huge statues of massy silver, the golden and silver candlesticks, the ornaments of the altars, together with all the paraphernalia of superstition, have been laid hands on, melted down and coined. I saw piled up in the house of a merchant, bars of gold of immense value, which were part of the recovered plunder of the French: but the part which can or will be recovered is very small indeed. The Portuguese murmur greatly at the vast quantities of spoil which are every day embarking. This is not surprising, when they see loads borne continually by soldiers to the quays, who appear to totter under the weight of their burdens, and when they remember that the enemy came naked into the country. Articles the most bulky are carried off under the pretext of being baggage of the officers. Vast quantities of gold and silver have been coined by them since the invasion, which the Portuguese were obliged to receive at the nominal value; but these coins have since the convention of the Cintra depreciated greatly. The frigate which is appointed to convey Junot to France is so blocked up by what he takes away, that the officers of the ship complain of wanting room. He carries with him no less than twelve carriages of English manufacture. In the knapsacks of many of the private soldiers who were slain at Vimeira, gold and silver were found to the amount of two or three hundred pounds sterling. Had the plunder of Junot been confined solely to convents and churches; had he done nothing but "shake the bags of hoarding abbots," it would have been of small consequence to the public at large; but the contributions levied on opulent individuals were exceedingly oppressive, and in many instances, nearly ruinous. No class of the community were exempted from these exactions. Even the small fair ones were taxed, and obliged

to take out licences to exercise their profession. The inhabitants accuse the French of violating the articles of the convention, by taking away such quantities of treasure. The Portuguese commander has even entered a protest against the proceedings of the English generals: objecting in very arrogant and harsh terms against every article of that treaty. One would even suppose, from the violent manner in which he thus puts in his veto, that he had actually had some concern himself in the battle of Vimeira. Indeed I understand he does claim the whole victory of that day, and his countrymen seem perfectly convinced of his title to it. It is this man whose conduct was so deservedly and severely reprehended in the despatches of the English general, as base and cowardly. He was repeatedly urged during the action to advance with his troops, but thinking with Falstaff, that *the better part of valour was discretion*, this prudent commander wisely thought proper to remain neuter until the fate of the day should be decided. He therefore kept a cautious distance as long as there was any doubt who would be victorious, and when this doubt was removed, like a skilful officer he brought in his gallant troops to share the glories of the battle. The most unpopular of the three French generals is Loison. If the stories related of his conduct be true they are disgraceful to him, not only as a soldier but as a man. At *Leyria*, in particular, his cruelties are said to have been excessive. The treatment which the unfortunate nuns at that place are said to have received from the soldiers under his command is such as would be too horrible to describe. It is only to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that they are somewhat exaggerated. The people do not appear to entertain so much dislike of Junot as I imagined. My friend, Mr. T——, has dined several times in his company, at the tables of General Beresford and Sir Arthur Wellesley. On all occasions he expresses the most sovereign contempt

for the people of this country, which sentiment he is at no pains to conceal from his own adherents. He speaks in high terms of admiration of the discipline, courage, and appearance of the British troops, and observed that the French and English were the only two nations worthy to contend with each other. Junot is very partial to the English mode of living. Like them he is fond of dining at late hours, and of sitting long over his bottle. His appearance is martial, though not handsome. He is said to be a favorite general of Buonaparte, of whom the following circumstance, relative to the origin of Junot's promotion, is related. Having occasion during an engagement to send a despatch, and being unattended at the moment by any of his staff, he hastily demanded of some soldiers near him, if there was one among them that could write. One of them answered that he could, and instantly stepped from the ranks. Buonaparte accordingly dictated to him a letter which was written on a drum head. Just as he had finished a ball struck the ground at his feet and covered him with dust, on which he coolly remarked that "it was a fortunate accident, as he wanted some sand." This *sang froid* so pleased the general that he promoted him on the spot.

Yesterday I saw the whole French army paraded. It was a most magnificent and imposing spectacle. The number on the field amounted to nearly twenty thousand. They were composed of full grown muscular veterans, though the countenances of many indicated extreme youth. Their appearance, especially that of the cavalry, was in the most eminent degree ferocious and martial. Their accoutrements differ essentially from those of the British troops. The heavy dragoons, or cuirassiers, wear helmets of brass, and breast-plates resembling the antique coats of mail, which they differ from only by being much thicker, and musket proof. These equipments are excessively

burthensome, and when once dismounted, they are rendered helpless, but in a charge their shock is dreadful. I also recently witnessed another very interesting sight. Four thousand Spanish troops who had been prisoners to the French, were assembled to receive arms presented them by the English, previous to their embarkation for Catalonia.

I have been several times to the Italian Opera, or *Teatro de San Carlos* since I arrived in Lisbon. This is the only amusement worth attending in the city. It is a very elegant theatre. The exterior, which is of Dorick architecture, is exceedingly handsome. Within it is fitted up in a style similar to the Opera House in London. The centre box, which was the royal seat, since the entrance of the French has been taken possession of by Junot, as the representative of his master, and decorated accordingly with the tricoloured flag. Before it a curtain is now very appropriately suspended. I was present at the first opera that was acted subsequent to the new order of things, when the united flags of Great Britain, Portugal, and Spain, were put up in the place of the French standard. This was received most loyally by the brave Portuguese who huzzaed and shouted very magnanimously. Their own flag being modestly stuck in the centre above the others. The orchestra is very excellent, and the vocal performers are said to be among the first in Europe. Catalani sung in this theatre for some years. It was at Lisbon that she married her blackguard husband, who was then a subaltern in the French service, and from hence she first visited London. The performances are twice a-week, of which Sunday is the most fashionable night: and the opera as well as all the other theatres are much more brilliantly attended than on any other night in the week. The opera is about to be shut for want of encouragement. Young Vestris, and Angiolini, who are the principal dancers, are going to England.

owing to the distresses of the times, this place of amusement, which is more expensive than the other theatres, is not well supported. Junot, while in power, contrived to effect a pretty general attendance. Finding that the house was but little frequented, and not being pleased when he was present to see the boxes empty, he caused cards to be issued to the different families of gentry and nobility, requesting he might be favoured on such a night with their company at the opera. The hint was immediately taken, and very few thought proper to neglect the invitation; as they not only felt pretty well assured that such a mark of disaffection would be remembered on the next contribution, but whether they attended or not they were under the necessity of paying for their places. There are one or two other theatres for the performance of Portuguese plays, of which the only one that is tolerably decent is called *Teatro do Salitre*. This is a very shabby edifice compared to the opera house. It is ill constructed, very narrow, and inconvenient. Being cheaper and more agreeable to the taste of the people, it is usually well attended. Nothing can be more wretched than their plays, tragedies especially; and as for the tragedians of the city, they are infinitely worse. I was present the other evening at the representation of a tragedy taken from the affecting history of Don Pedro and Ines do Castro. The story of these unfortunate lovers—

“em cuja sorte

“Formon duo anagrama, o amore, a morte”

is well known, and has, I believe, furnished a ground-work to as many plays and poems in various languages, as any circumstance on record. Whether the tale is told in the simple words of the historian, or embellished by the melting touches, the exquisite poetry, and the glowing language of the Lusiad, it takes strong hold of the feelings, but as it was represented by these *hempen homeopans* it afforded

very tragical mirth. The performance was nearly on a par with the tedious *brief scene* of Pyramus and Thisbe, as enacted by the company of Messieurs Bottom and Quince. The part of Don Pedro, the hero of the play, was performed by the ugliest hound my eyes ever beheld. His features seemed fitted for no other stage than that under the management of Mr. Jack Ketch, and even this *line* of acting his appearance would disgrace. His dress was quite in character, nothing could be more appropriate. He wore a pair of Hessian boots, which had not, to judge by their colour, undergone the operation of brushing for the last half year, though to make amends for this defect, which was perhaps only a minute attention to stage propriety, and intended to mark the perturbed state of the lover's mind they were very prettily bedizened with gold tassels. The rest of his apparel consisted of a black satin indispensable, a striped waistcoat, and snuff-coloured coat. I did not see a clean face among the whole company. The curtain which was let down between the acts was not so well painted as I have seen in a Welch barn. After the tragedy followed a most execrable pantomimic farce, full of the grossest indecencies. In this the audience seemed to take great delight. Between the acts, when the musicians retired they blew the candles out, which being of tallow, perfumed the atmosphere very agreeably. This shows that they are good economists. Low as the situation of the stage is, it has undergone in one respect an improvement. Only four or five years ago women were not permitted to appear on it. Their parts were supplied by men dressed in female apparel. A huge hulking fellow, with broad shoulders and a black beard, was then the only representative of an Ines, or a Juliet. How exquisitely tender must this have been. The prohibition is said to have proceeded from the Queen's scrupulous regard to the morals of her subjects. Evil minded par-

sons did insinuate that jealousy was the cause, her majesty not being over-beautiful herself. I do not know what the poor woman would think were she to witness the exhibitions as they are conducted at present. The indecency of the female dancers, cannot, I imagine, be exceeded any where. Some of them are the handsomest women I have seen in Lisbon but they o'erstep modesty rather too far even to be pleasing to one who is not remarkably fastidious. The gestures and appearances of the London opera-dancers are of a quaker-like modesty compared to the voluptuous contortions of the Portuguese *figurantes*. The theatres here have a dismal aspect to one who is accustomed to the brilliancy of those in London. Most of the boxes are so dark that it is impossible at a little distance to distinguish the faces of the company in them. The nobility and higher class of citizens have boxes retained by the season. Seats also in the pit are frequently let out in the same manner. They are divided like great armed chairs, the seats of which are folded to their backs, and fastened with a lock. The proprietors carry the keys with them. On going into the pit the door keeper unlocks the seat for you. No women sit in this part of the house. There is one peculiarity in the theatres here which does not fail to impress a stranger very forcibly at first sight: that is the situation of the pompter, than which nothing can be more awkward, or take away more from the delusion of the scene. His head is stuck up through a hole or trap door in the center of the stage, before a little tin screen, put there I suppose with a design to conceal him from the audience, the shape of which is very like a sausage-pan. Instead however of its answering this purpose he seems, with a laudable ambition desirous of making himself as conspicuous as possible. He is placed so far above the said sausage-pan, that not only his head but the larger half of his body is visible. He is moreover

kind enough to read the whole play in a tone of voice considerably louder than the actors. When I was last there, one of the performers who did not think proper to observe the precept of Hamlet; *let those that play the clowns speak no more than is set down for them*, and being, as I suppose, somewhat of a wag withal; ventured to put in a little of his own. This breach of privilege so enraged the prompter that he doubled his fist at the offending wight, abused him aloud, and shook the book in his face. Returning from the play at night is very disagreeable, for the reasons before mentioned. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the navigation of the channel which runs between the dung-hills and shoals, and you must also know your way. At this time you likewise stand in danger of getting cold iron in your belly, to which Strap, himself could not have had a stronger aversion than I have. There are no lamps lighted in the city, and the tapers which are put by the pious before the images of saints appear at vast intervals faintly glimmering like stars in a cloudy night. In the midst of this darkness there are numerous assignations among the lower classes of people. When a carriage approaches with a lanthorn, these lovers cry out, *turn the lanthorn*; but if a foot passenger comes near a couple who have any particular motive for not wishing to be seen, which is very frequently the case, with a lamp or flambeau before him, they give no such warning, but pelt him until he is obliged to extinguish the light.

October 1.

Lisbon still exhibits every where melancholy monuments of the ever memorable earthquake of 1755. Wherever you turn your eyes you can discover traces of the desolation and ruin occasioned by that fatal event. Broken arches and fallen columns lie on all sides as they were left at the period of this dreadful calamity, the remembrance of which is yet appalling to the old inhabitants. They now

startle at every shock. It is the epoch from which they date modern events. They are constantly relating the dreadful scenes with which it was attended. I am acquainted with an old lady who remembers it as if it were an event of yesterday. It forms the topic on which she is most fond of discoursing. She seems pleased to dwell with the minute garrulity of age on the horrors of the day, and to tell tales of the heart-rending scenes which ensued. What must have been the feelings of those who survived, to witness these scenes. Their situation, I think, could have been less enviable than that of the unfortunate victims who perished. To them how desolate must have appeared their native city!

—“rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd where the shapely columns
stood.

Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing, and the spritely
chord

Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope, and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling
stage,

Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?
She quakes at his approach.

The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies
rise,

The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe
a gross

And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the flat and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human, and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. Where now the
throng

That press'd the beach, and hasty to de-
part,
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the reflux wave into the
deep—

A prince with half his people! Ancient tow-
ers,

And roofs embattled high, the gloomy
scenes

Where beauty oft, and letter'd worth con-
sume

Life in the unproductive shades of death,

Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come
forth,

And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free.”

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of people who perished by this tremendous and awful visitation. The accounts given differ greatly: but by the estimate which is deemed most accurate, no less than thirty thousand souls were swallowed up. Since this period shocks have been frequent, but none has been attended with any very serious consequences. It is supposed that the mode which has been adopted in the erection of modern houses, enables them much more effectually to resist the force of a concussion than the former manner in which it was usual to construct them. They are now built with a frame or skeleton of wood, the interstices of which are filled up with brick or stone, so that they will rock for some time without falling to pieces. There are two kinds of earthquakes, one is the undulatory motion, and the other the perpendicular. The former happens most frequently, but the latter is much the most dangerous. The undulatory shake is very often slight. Its sound is said to resemble the rumbling of a cart through an archway, or the noise of a horse galloping over the ground:

“*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quantitas
ungula campum.*”

They only happen in winter, between the months of October and April. It is generally remarked that they accompany the first rains that follow a great drought, or that they occur when the weather is sultry. The severest shock which has been felt since the great earthquake, took place no longer ago than last November, and had it lasted but a few more seconds, it probably would have proved nearly as calamitous. My landlady says that the alarm was dreadful. To heighten the horror of the scene, it happened while the enemy was at their gates, and the moment that their

prince was leaving them. The people ran into the streets like lunatics, crying out *Misericordia*. The monks in the convent opposite lugged out St. Antonio, their never-failing friend on all emergencies. A Frenchman who lives next door, ran to the stable to saddle his horse and *ride off*. It was remarked by a priest to Pombal, that the destruction of the theatres in 1755 was an evident manifestation of the finger of God. "To what cause then," replied the Minister, "do you attribute such a signal preservation of all the streets most noted for brothels?"

(To be continued.)

FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

OF THE MANNER OF SPORTING, BY THE ENGLISH, IN BENGAL.

FEW parties of pleasure can be more agreeable, than those for hunting, formed by ladies and gentlemen in Bengal; particularly at some distance from the presidency of Fort William, where the country is pleasanter, and game of every kind in greater plenty. Any time, between the beginning of November and the end of February, is taken for these excursions; during which season, the climate is delightfully temperate, the air perfectly serene, and the sky often without a cloud.

To transport the tents, and other requisites, for the accommodation of the company, to some verdant spot, near to a wood and rivulet, previously selected, elephants are borrowed, and camels, small country carts, oxen, and bearers, hired at no considerable expense; the price of all kinds of grain, and wages of course, being exceedingly reasonable. Nor does the commanding officer of the troops, within the district, often refuse a guard of Sepoys to protect them from the danger of wild beasts, (for they generally resort to the haunts of game) or the depredations of still wilder banditti, now and then pervading the country.

The larger tents are pitched in a

For several years after the earthquake a stupor seemed to have ensued. The inhabitants were unwilling either to build, or to reside in that part of the city where its shocking effects were most evident. The spot which chiefly suffered was the valley where the royal palace was situated. This was entirely swallowed up, and remained for many years in a state of desolation until at length the new town was begun. From these ruins some very elegant streets have arisen, and it may be said that the misfortune, great as it was, has been productive of much good.

square, or circle, while those for the guard and servants usually occupy the outer space. Every marquee for a lady is divided into two or three apartments, for the campbed, her closet, and her dressing room—is carpeted or matted; and is covered with a spreading fly, for defence against rain, or exclusion of casual heat; the air ventilating powerfully between the vacuity (about two feet) of the tent and its canopy, in unremitted undulation. The doors or curtains of the marquee, wattled with a sweet-scented grass, are, if the weather chance to become sultry, continually sprinkled with water from the outside; and a chintz wall, stained in handsome figured compartments, encompasses the whole.

For the supply of common food, if no village be very near, petty chandler-shops enough are engaged by the family Banians (house stewards) to accompany them; glad to profit of such an opportunity of gain.—Liquors and every species of European necessary, are provided by the party themselves.

Palanquins and horses are employed for conveyance of the gentlemen, and the ladies, with their female attendants; and, where the roads will admit

of it, close and open English carriages also.

Part of the morning sports of the men, commencing at dawn of day, consist in rousing and chasing the wild boar, the wolf, the antelope, the roebuck, the musk and other deer, hares, foxes, and jackals. Besides the common red, the spotted, and the small mouse, there are ten or twelve sorts of hog, or short-bristled deer. Boars are usually found amongst the uncultivated tracts, or the regular plantations of sugar canes, which give to their flesh the finest flavour imaginable. Wolves and jackals are seen prowling and lurking at break of day, about the skirts of towns and villages, or retiring from thence to their holes within woods, or within pits, hollows, or ravines on the downs. Fields of grain, particularly of mustard seed, are the harbours of foxes. Hares shelter in the same situations as in England. Hog, roe-buck, and musk deer, conceal themselves amongst the herbage; and the antelope and large deer rove on the plains. All these animals, however, resort not rarely to the jungles, or very high thick and uncultivated grass, with which the levels of Indostan abound, either to graze, to browse, or in pursuit of prey.

Or the gentlemen divert themselves with shooting the same animals; as also, partridge, quail, plover, wild cocks and hens, peacocks, and florikens, together with water hens, braminny geese, cranes, wild-geese and ducks, teal, widgeon, snipes, and other aquatic fowl, in infinite abundance: Many of them are of extraordinary shape, of glowing, variegated plumage, and of unknown species; whose numbers, when alarmed, and flushed from the lakes, like a cloud absolutely obscure the light, as much as they

cover the surface of the water while they swim.

The foxes are very small, slenderly limbed, delicately furred, and by no means rank in smell, feeding principally upon grain, vegetables, and fruit*. They are exceedingly fleet and flexible, and when running, wind in successive evolutions to escape their pursuers.

Jackals are rather larger than English foxes, but of a brown colour, and not so pointed about the nose. In nature they partake more of the wolf, than of the dog or fox. Their real Asiatic name is *shugaul*, perverted by English seamen, trading to the Levant (where they are in plenty, on the coast of Syria, and Asia-minor) into Jackal.

Of partridge there are several kinds, one something like grouse, only more motley feathered.

Plover, too, are various, and when the weather becomes warm, ortolans traverse the heaths and commons in immense flocks.

There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Bahar, nearer than the confines of Assam, Chittagou, and the range of mountains separating Indostan from Thibet and Napaul. But there, particularly about the Morung and Betiah, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden or burnished, the spotted, and the azure, as well as brown Argus pheasant.

As for peacocks, they are every where in multitudes, and of two or three species. One tract in Orissah is denominated *more-bunje*, or the *peacock district*.

Cranes are of three or four sorts, and all of cærulean gray. The very lofty one, with a pink head, is called *sarus*; the smallest called *curcarrah*, uncom-

* A minor critic, on perusal of *Æsop's*, or rather *Pilpay's* fables, ridiculed the idea of foxes feeding upon grapes; but had he consulted any Asiatic Natural History, he would have learnt, that they subsist upon *grain, pulses, and fruit* (particularly grapes, and pine-apples when within their range,) much more than upon flesh or fowl. Or had he turned to the Bible, he would have there found the following passage in confirmation of it. "Take ye the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."—Solomon's Song, ch. 2d, ver. 15.

monly beautiful and elegant, whose snow-white tuft, behind its crimson eyes, is the appropriate ornament for the turban of the Emperor alone; and the middle sized one, with a black head, the common *grus*. They return to the northern mountains about the autumnal equinox, after the cessation of the periodical rains, with their young, in innumerable flights; (frequent as the wood pigeons in North America); and sometimes when the wind is very violent, flocks of them mount to a vast height in the air, and there wind about, in regular circles, seemingly with much delight, and venting all the time a harsh discordant scream, heard at a considerable distance.

In the wilds of Indostan, certainly originated the common domestic fowl, for there they are discovered in almost every forest.—They are all bantams, but without feathers on their legs. The cocks are in colour, all alike, what sportsmen call *ginger-red*. They have a fine tufted cluster of white downy feathers upon their rumps, are wonderfully stately in their gait, and fight like furies. The hens are invariably brown. It is extremely pleasant, in travelling through the woods, early in a morning, to hear them crowing, and to perceive the hens and chickens skulking and scudding between the bushes. For food they are neither so palatable nor tender as the tame fowl.

Florikens are among the *non descripta*, I believe, in ornithology. Feeding in natural pastures, lying between marshy soils and the uplands, its flesh partakes in colour and relish both of the wild duck and of the pheasant, and is of the most juicy, delicious flavour conceivable. You read of them in descriptions of ancient festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courtenays, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of *Flanderkins*; but whether they were the natives of England, I am uncertain.

In no part of South Asia did I ever hear of woodcocks, but, among the breed of snipes, there is one called the *painted snipe*, larger than ordinary, and well compensates for the want of the former.

Fishing, both with lines and a diversity of nets, is the employment of other sets; or hawking herons, cranes, storks, and hares, with the falcon; and partridge and lesser birds, with the sparrow and smaller hawks.

Ladies now and then attend the early field. If it be to view the hawking, they mount upon the small gentlest (for they are all gentle) female elephants, surmounted with arch-canopied and curtained seats; otherwise they ride on horseback; more frequently, however, in palanquins; under which, as well as under the elephants and horses, the birds, (particularly the white storks) when pounced at by the hawks, and the little foxes when hard pressed by the dogs, often fly for shelter and protection. In general, however, the ladies do not rise before times, nor stir abroad till the hour of airing.

The weapons in use on these expeditions, are fowling pieces, horse pistols, light lances or pikes, and heavy spears or javelins; and every person has, besides, a servant armed with a cimeter or sabre, and a rifle, with a bayonet, carrying a two-ounce ball, in the event of meeting with tigers, hyenas, bears, or wild buffalos. Some of the ladies, like Thalestris or Hippolita, quite in the Diana style, carry light bows and quivers, to amuse themselves with the lesser game.

The dogs are pointers, spaniels, Persian and European grayhounds, and strong ferocious lurchers. Near Calcutta, a few gentlemen keep English hounds, but their scent quickly fades and they soon degenerate.

But the liveliest sport is exhibited, when all the horsemen, elephants, servants, guards, and hired villagers, are assembled, and arranged in one even row, with small white flags, (as being seen farthest) hoisted pretty

high, at certain distances, in order to prevent one part of the rank from advancing before the rest. Proceeding in this manner, in a regular and progressive course, this line sweeps the surface like a net, and impels before it all the game within its compass and extent. When the jungle or coppice chances to open upon a plain, it is a most exhilarating sight, to behold the quantity and variety of animals issuing at once from their covert. Some are driven out reluctantly, others force their way back, and escape. During this scene of rout and dispersion, prodigious havoc is made by the fowlers, falconers, and huntsmen; whilst the country people and children, with sticks and staves, either catch or demolish the fawns, leverets, wild pigs, and other young animals.

Instances occasionally occur, when the natives of the vicinage collectively petition the gentlemen to destroy a tiger, that has infested the district to the annoyance and devastation of flocks, herds, and shepherds, and perpetual alarm of the poor cottagers themselves. Although an arduous and perilous adventure, and what the gentlemen all profess, in their cooler moments, to reprobate and decline: yet, when in the field, they generally comply with the solicitation, and undertake the exploit. Their instant animation, not unattended with emotions of benevolence and compassion, presently supersede every dictate of prudence, and spite of their predetermination, they proceed to the assault; the villagers all the while standing aloof. If conducted deliberately, with circumspection, and with the aid of the Sepoys, they soon accomplish their purpose, and bring in the most dreadful and formidable of all tremendous beasts, amidst the homage and acclamations of the delightful peasantry. But should they lose their presence of mind, prolong or precipitate the conflict, act with incaution, or attack the exasperated, infuriated savage with tumult and confusion, the event is often fatal, by his seizing, lacerating, and crushing every creature within

his reach; nor ceasing to rend, tear, claw, and wound, to the very moment of his destruction, or his flight.

Sometimes do they entreat the gentlemen to rid them of wild buffaloes (the largest of all known animals, the elephant excepted) that have laid waste their cultivation; and, at others, to clear their vast tanks, or small neighbouring lakes of alligators, which devour their fish, or do mischief on shore. So much hazard is not incurred, however, by achievements of this sort; for though the hides of those creatures resist a ball from a firelock, at common musket distance, they are by no means impenetrable to shot from a rifle, or other pieces with a chamber, or of a wider calibre.

A drum, with a banner displayed from the hall-tent, give the signal for meals.

Breakfast is a most delightful repast. The sportsmen return keen, fresh, ruddy, and hungry as devils incarnate; and the appearance of the ladies in simple loose attire—the elegant dishabille of clearest muslin with plain floating ribbons, and dishevelled tresses, captivate to fascination. Nor is the palate less gratified: English, French, Italian, and Dutch viands, all combine to provoke it by a profusion of cold victuals, salted and dried meats and fish, hams, tongues, sausages, hung-beef, sallads, chocolate, coffee, tea, preserves, fruit and eggs, rendered still more grateful and poignant, by the most spritely cheerfulness, and aurorial gayety.

After breakfast, conveyances of different sorts are prepared for an airing, (but not merely for the sake of an airing only) but to view some natural or artificial curiosity or manufacture, some noted town, distinguished mosque, celebrated pagoda, renowned dirgah, or venerable mausoleum; some consecrated grove, the sequestered residence of Fakirs (dervishes) or some extensive perspective, from the summit of a rugged mountain, impending over an expanse of water, bordering a level lawn, whose verdure is vaulted only, not conceal-

ed, by a diffused assemblage of state-ly columniated palms, of four different species, tufted and foliaged only in graceful inclinations at their capitals, all equally ornamental, the date, the cocoa-nut, the beetsl, and the palmyra.

Between the airing and an early dinner, the hours are regularly disposed, as chance may dictate, or caprice suggest. Some play at cricket, swim, fence, run a match of horses, or shoot at a mark: whilst others direct the mountaineers and woodmen (who rove about in bands for this express purpose) where to inveigle, entangle, or kill beasts, birds, fish, and snakes; for which they are furnished with a variety of implements; such as match locks, tiger bows, spears, darts in grooves, balls in tubes, pellet-bows, limed rods, fascinating allurements (such as painted and spotted screens, flutes, and tambourines) bells, nets, and torches, artificial ducks, and decoy birds, with traps, gins, springs, snares, and other stratagems and inventions of wonderful enchantment, ingenuity, mechanism, and contrivance.*

The ladies, as they are inclined, either read, walk, swing, exercise themselves in archery in the groves, or they sing and play in their tents. Others, whilst at work, are read to: of all amusements, perhaps the most delectable.

At the end of a convivial dinner,

every soul, provided the weather prove sultry, or they find themselves fatigued, retires to repose.

On rising from the *siesta*, (of all listless indulgences the most soothing, comfortable, and refreshing) carriages are again in readiness, or light boats, where a stream or lake are near, to give the company the evening's respiration of genuine zephyrs (which the inhabitants of colder regions taste only in poetical description) breathing health, as well as recreation.

The twilight being short under the tropics, the day of course shuts in presently after sunset, when cards and dice become part of the evening's entertainment. Chess, backgammon, whist, picquet, treddrille, and loo, are the favourite games. These, with domestic sports, together with the sleights of jugglers, and feats of tumblers (in which performances the Hindoos are expert adepts) and dances of the natives, while away the time, and beguile it, not unpleasantly to the hour of supper (the principal meal) when a collation, enlivened by every elevation of spirit that can conduce to promote good humour, and festive hilarity, terminates the day.

These parties generally continue, with some variation in the amusements, fifteen or twenty days, and the dissolution of them is as generally lamented with heartfelt regret by the individuals who compose them.

* Several instances of fascination of animals, I have myself been witness to in Bengal. Three or four times where a line of troops were marching in a long uninterrupted series, past a herd of deer, I observed, that when their attention was taken off from grazing, by the humming, murmuring noise proceeding from the troops, they, at first, and for a while stood staring and aghast, as if attracted by the successive progression of the files, all clothed in red. At length, however, the leading stag, "*our gregio ipse*" striking the ground, snorted, and immediately rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole collection, to the utter surprise and confusion of the soldiery: thus running into the very danger one naturally supposes they must have, at first, been anxious to avoid. They who were apprized, by the sound, of their approach, stopped and made way for them. Over the heads of others, who were heedless and inattentive, they bounded with wonderful agility, and fled over the plain. At another time driving along the road in my phaeton, and pretty fast, I perceived a young heifer running after the carriage, with her eyes intently fixed on one of the hind wheels; by the whirling of which the animal seemed completely struck and affected. Thus pursuing her object, for about a quarter of a mile, she, by a sudden impulse, rapidly darted forward towards the wheel, which striking her nose, the attention of the creature became interrupted by the violence of the friction, and was of course withdrawn: she then immediately stood stock still, and presently after turned about slowly and made off.

FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RHINOCEROS.

THE natural history of the rhinoceros is perhaps less understood than that of any other Asiatic quadruped. With its anatomy we have long been sufficiently acquainted; but in regard to its habits, its powers, and many other very interesting points, nothing authentic has hitherto been published. Even now, indeed, we are compelled to rely much on the report of those residing in situations frequented by the rhinoceros, for most of the particulars exhibited, the impenetrable jungles in which this animal mostly resides, the unparalleled ferocity of his disposition, his almost invulnerable coat of mail, and the rapidity of his motions, which not only are quicker than those of the elephant, but are accompanied with a vavacity, such as a cursory view of the animal would by no means suggest, all oppose the most formidable obstacles to an intimate acquaintance with him in his wild state.

It is very rarely that the rhinoceros has been found equal to six feet in height: he is ordinarily not more than four and a half, or five. His head is long and clumsy, the eyes small, the ears somewhat resembling those of a calf, or of a deer, and on his nose he bears a horn of from three to four inches long, of a blunt conical form, rather curving towards his forehead. This appears to be his sole weapon. He is a granivorous animal, and has teeth similar to those of horned cattle. His legs much resemble those of an unceremoniously stout ox, with which animal his form in general corresponds. His tail is short, and armed with a scanty portion of strong short bristles, rather inclined, like the tails of elephants and wild hogs, to range laterally, but not very conspicuously so. His body is secured from injury by the extreme density of his skin, which in many places is near an inch thick, hanging over him in large wrin-

kles, the one overlapping the other down to his knees, where they appear to discontinue, or to assume a more even appearance, not unlike the scales on the legs of poultry. His whole surface, except the tail is free from hairs.

The rhinoceros is the inveterate enemy of elephants, attacking whenever he can find them single, or at least not protected by a male of great bulk; ripping without mercy, and confiding in his coat of mail to defend him from the puny attacks of the females, as well as to resist the teeth of young males. The apparent bluntness of his horn, which is about as broad at the base as it is high, would appear to render it but an insignificant weapon, and inadequate to penetrate any hard or tough substance. An instance, which I shall quote in this chapter, will however give a competent idea how formidable its powers are, and remove every doubt as to the probability of a rhinoceros being able to cope with elephants. The rhinoceros, as well as the camel, is retromingent, and, like that animal, not only smells extremely rank, but its urine is highly offensive and corrosive. This might perhaps be of no moment, had not the rhinoceros a filthy trick of discharging his water suddenly at such as are behind him, causing great pain and inflammation to the unfortunate by-stander. The lizard and spider are equally obnoxious on this account; especially the former, which may be seen daily in great numbers on the walls and ceilings of the best houses in India; whence they often sprinkle persons below. If the part on which the urine falls be not immediately washed, a blister will soon rise, followed by an excoriation extremely difficult to heal. Camels should be removed as fast as possible from the spot to which they bring a tent to be pitched, else they will stale soon after

being relieved from their burthens, and render the place so obnoxious as to preclude the possibility of occupying it.

The rhinoceros is seldom to be found on the western side of the Ganges, though the jungles there are fully competent to afford abundant shelter; nor indeed has an elephant ever been seen in its wild state but to the eastward, and far distant from the banks of that noble river. It should seem that those animals are partial to the immense tracts of the *surhut*, or tassel grass, which skirt the vast jungles bordering our possessions on that side, and which being composed of lofty forests of *saul* and *sissoo* trees, filled up with various sorts of underwood, offer an asylum to the ferine species, such as cannot be equalled in any part of Europe, and can be compared only with the prodigious wildernesses of the American interior.

It may serve as a proof how remarkably careful the rhinoceros must be of its young, when it is understood that very few have ever been taken alive. The natives have an opinion, that when wounded, they destroy them; but I never could obtain any satisfactory information on this head; it may, no doubt, be classed among the million of absurdities with which a person, recording all the nonsense current among an ignorant and superstitious race, might swell many an ample volume! Certainly few are seen in the possession of gentlemen; which may be owing to the little pains taken to obtain that which, when obtained, would prove a troublesome and dangerous acquisition. I do not recollect more than three, viz. one with the late worthy collector of *Bhaugulphore*, Mr. Cleaveland, which I believe did not live long; another with Mr. Matthew Day, of *Dacca*: and the third with Mr. Young, of *Patna*. The last used occasionally to walk about the streets, and was for a long time considered perfectly innocent; but, if my information be correct, was latterly found to be vitious,

and was in consequence destroyed. Mr. Day's rhinoceros, which was by far the largest of them all, was kept in a park, into which it was not very safe to venture. What became of it I do not know, but conclude his fate to have been long since decided by his growing vice.

The skin of the rhinoceros is much valued, and often sells for a great price. It is in estimation according to its thickness, and to its clearness when freed from the fleshy membranes within; as also in proportion to the polish it will take. That from the shoulder, is more prized; a shield made of it will resist a leaden bullet, which, for the most part, flattens on it as when fired against a stone. An iron ball, however, from a smart piece, will generally penetrate, and such is invariably used by those who make a livelihood by selling the skin and tallow of this animal; the latter being considered by the natives as infallible in removing swellings and stiffness from the joints. We find, that in our enlightened portion of the globe, innumerable articles are sold as genuine, supposed to be imported from distant soils, but which are not adequate to the production of a tenth part of our own expenditure; if such be the case amid the thousands who possess a knowledge of chymistry and of commerce, what must be the extent of the imposition among a people utterly ignorant of all science, who neither read nor travel to reap information, and whose superstitious bigotry can scarcely be equalled! Were all the shields and all the grease sold as genuine, absolutely so, the whole breed of the rhinoceros must have been long since extirpated.

The *shecarries*, or native sportsmen, who lie in wait for the rhinoceros, are ordinarily furnished with *jinjals*, or heavy matchlocks, such as are commonly appropriated for the defence of mud forts, and may be properly classed with the arquebuses of former times. They carry balls from one to three ounces in weight; and

having very substantial barrels, are too heavy to fire without a rest. Many have an iron fork of about a foot or more in length, fixed by a pivot not far from the muzzle, which being placed on a wall, in a bush, or eventually on the ground, serves to support it, and enables the *shcarrie* to aim with great precision, which he seldom fails to do. It has been found, that in the defence of some mud forts, in *Bundelcund* especially, the besieged have exhibited most astonishing dexterity in this particular; rarely failing to hit their object in the head, or near the heart, though at very great distances. All the fire-arms made in India for the use of the natives have small cylindrical chambers, and are mostly of a very small bore. They impart a wonderful impetus to the ball.

To the power of an iron ball, discharged from a *jinja*, even the rhinoceros must submit; though sometimes he will carry off one or more balls, and wander many hours before he drops. The aim being taken from a tree, or from some inaccessible situation, in which the *shcarrie* feels himself secure, and a steady cool sight can be taken, rarely proves incorrect. Levelling with precision at the eye, the thorax, or under the flap of the shoulder, all of which are principal objects, he generally inflicts a fatal wound. The rhinoceros now becomes desperate; roaring, snorting, stamping, and tearing up the ground both with his horn and his feet, as bulls are wont to do, butting at trees, and at every object that may be within his reach. The cautious *shcarrie* awaits with patience for his last gasp; sensible that, while a spark of life remains, it would be highly imprudent to venture from his state of safety, or to approach the ferocious prey. Oxen are ordinarily used to drag the carcass away, which is the common mode of conveyance, horses not being employed in India, except for riding, among the natives, and because elephants and horses, are so afraid of

even a dead rhinoceros, as to render it peculiarly difficult to induce their approach within either sight or smell of one. Elephants that have been long taken, and which in all probability may have in some measure forgotten their old enemy, do not in general evince such extreme dread; though when they do venture, it is always with very evident distrust, and after much evasion.

One very striking peculiarity attends this animal; viz. that it invariably goes to the same spot to dung, until the heap becomes so high as to render further increase inconvenient; when a fresh spot is chosen, usually on a small opening in the midst of a heavy jungle. These heaps, while they serve as beacons to warn other animals, which no doubt are also guided by the scent, and other instinctive circumstances, to a knowledge of their dangerous vicinity, afford to the *shcarrie* an opportunity of making certain of his object. Much caution is necessary in approaching the purlieus of these extraordinary piles. The rhinoceros is endued with a remarkably quick sense of smelling, and is said to be extremely crafty in stealing through the cover to surprise whatever may unfortunately come near his haunt. We have the more reason to wonder at such conduct, when we consider that the rhinoceros is not carnivorous, and that nature, has enveloped him with such a complete armour against the attacks of the whole brute creation: probably, were we able to analyze the subject completely, we should find that such destructive sallies are only made by females having young; and resulting from a jealousy, of which many other animals participate considerably.

The *shcarrie* may, however, unless he examine the dung, be under a mistake, though he will not be very grievously disappointed; for the *soudoor*, or elk, has the same habit of dunging the piles. These animals grow to an immense size, and their skins are very valuable, being when

properly prepared, at least as soft as sheep-skins, and very strong. The males are nearly black having tanned points, and carrying broad, heavy horns: the does are more of a mouse or roan colour, and of an inferior size to the buck. Elks are not very common in India, as they keep most on the frontiers, in the heavy jungles already described: they are also to be seen occasionally to the westward, in the hills stretching from *Midnapore* to *Chunar*. Though the elk cannot be compared with the rhinoceros for mischief, and will, on the contrary, like all their deer species, rather retire from, than meet approach, except in the rutting season, when bucks are generally very vicious, yet he is not always passive, being sometimes known to attack without the least provocation.

As an instance of the extremely savage disposition of the rhinoceros, I shall adduce a memorable circumstance which occurred about the close of the year 1788. Two officers belonging to the troops cantoned at *Dinapore* near *Patna*, went down the river towards *Monghyr* to shoot and hunt. They had encamped in the vicinity of *Derriapore*, and had heard some reports of a *ghendah*, or rhinoceros, having attacked some travellers many miles off. One morning, just as they were rising, about day break, to quest for game, they heard a violent uproar, and on looking out, found that a rhinoceros was goring their horses, both of which, being fastened by their head and heel ropes, were consequently either unable to escape or to resist. The servants took to their heels, and concealed themselves in the neighbouring *jow* jungles, and the gentlemen had just time to climb up into a small tree, not far distant, before the furious beast, having completed the destruction of the horses, turned his attention to their masters! They were barely out of his reach, and by no means exempt from danger; especially as he assumed a threatening appearance, and seemed intent

on their downfall. After keeping them in dreadful suspense for some time, and using some efforts to dislodge them, seeing the sun rise, he retreated to his haunt; not, however, without occasionally casting an eye back as with regret, at leaving what he wanted the power to destroy.

This well-known instance is more illustrative than a myriad of details from the natives, to establish the cruel disposition of the rhinoceros: it is, I believe, the only fact which has been completely ascertained within many years, if ever before, in proof of the wanton attacks in which the rhinoceros indulges. In this, its natural antipathy to the elephant is not considered; possibly there may be some motive for its conduct towards that animal. The incident just described may be deemed the more curious, as it has been scarcely ever known that a rhinoceros has appeared on the western banks of the Ganges; to which it was probably carried by some inundation, perhaps of an island in the *Gogra*, and landed promiscuously, wherever it found means to escape from the violence of the current.

In the former part of this number, when adverting to the horn of the rhinoceros as a powerful weapon, I mentioned, that an instance would be furnished of its powers. In explanation, I have to inform the reader, that one of the horses destroyed was saddled, and was killed by a stroke of the horn; which not only penetrated completely through the saddle flap, and padding, but fractured two ribs, leaving a wound through which a small hand might pass into the horse's lungs. The rhinoceros in question continued for some time to infest the country, rendering the roads impassable; but, a handsome reward being offered, he was shot by an adventurous *sheccarrie*, with a *jinjal*, or wall piece, that carried a large iron ball; not, however, before many travellers and villages had fallen victims to his ferocity. I was informed that he was upwards of six feet high at the shoulder.

It does not appear that the rhinoceros does much damage to the cultivation near the confines of those large jungles in which he is usually found: nor do I ever hear of their being seen in herds: pairs have frequently been observed. Nor have we any document whereby to guide our opinion regarding the period of gestation, or the number of the young; which, from the various points to be considered, we may perhaps be right in fixing at unity. Were it otherwise we should see the species over-running every part of the country, and occupying every sufficient cover; for we have no evidence, nor in truth any reasonable conjecture, as to any natural enemy existing, sufficiently powerful to thin their numbers. It has already been shown that the elephant, which is the only animal that could be placed on a par with the rhinoceros, so far from being its superior, is rather compelled to resort to defensive measures.

Many assert, that herds of elephants, in which there are females having young calves, will not hesitate to stand bravely against the rhinoceros; and this is so conformable to the ordinary course of nature, which dictates to each mother to defend its progeny, that we may assent thereto without any violence to our understanding; but there our coincidence should stop, and by no means join with such as do not hesitate to assure us, that such herds rather seek than avoid their enemy. This is carrying the matter too far; it is subverting the wisest of nature's laws, which prompts to self preservation. It could hardly be supposed that a mother, with a babe at the breast, would seek that danger which, if single, and bereft of the object of her affection, she

would use every means to avoid. We should as soon expect to see an ewe seeking for a wolf, because she had a lamb.

Although the rhinoceros appears to subsist in this wild state on grass, leaves, and occasionally on corn, yet when domesticated he will not thrive unless in a good paddock, and well fed once or twice daily with rice or cakes; and it is peculiar that, under such circumstances, he loses the habit of dunging in a pile. I should be inclined to suspect that this anomaly originated from the want of a mate. Both the rhinoceros and the elephant, at certain seasons, become extremely lustful; or, in the language of Hindostan, they are *must*. This applies only to the males; which however tame at other times, during a week or ten days, or often for a longer period, discharge an offensive matter from the apertures of the temples, and are extremely unruly. While in this state, a male elephant is generally quite unfit for every capacity in which he is ordinarily employed, and should be approached with extreme caution, even by his own *mohout*. It sometimes happens, that after being mounted, he cannot for fear of his life descend again; and many a *mohout* has been obliged to sit for several days and nights together on his elephant. Some have been taken off by the elephant's trunk; but that member is so extremely tender, that a smart stroke or application of the point of the *hankua*, or guiding iron, seldom fails to put a stop to such attempts. The very look of a *must* elephant chills the blood. I should think a rencontre between an elephant and a rhinoceros, both in that state, must be highly interesting.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

HISTORY OF PLANTS AFFORDING INDIGO; ESPECIALLY
OF THE WOAD IN FRANCE.

M. de Lasteyrié has lately published at Paris a volume treating on Indigo, the manner of preparing it from European plants, with the history of the foreign article. From that performance we extract the following notices.

The real Indigo has been known in Europe only since the sixteenth century; and has come into general use in the course of the seventeenth century. It is nevertheless certain from history, description, and from some specimens of the art still preserved, that a very beautiful blue colour was obtained long before that time. This was from the woad, called *quéde* by old writers, and *Isatis tinctoria* by the botanists. The use of this plant for dyeing may be traced to the remotest antiquity. Pliny reports that the women of Britain coloured themselves by means of this plant; whence we learn that their coquetry desired blue complexions,—it was the fashion.

In no country does the woad grow more abundantly or more perfectly than in France; especially in the part of Languedoc called before the revolution the Lauragais. That country was absolutely enriched by the commerce of this plant. Those who entered largely into the cultivation of it, made such immense fortunes, that the most considerable edifices of Toulouse were built by the manufacturers of this dye; and one of them, Pierre de Bernier, was security for the ransom of François I. The "Instruction générale pour les Teinturiers en Laine," printed at Paris in 1661, affirms

that the cessation of the commerce in woad, and of the use of it in dyeing occasioned a loss of *forty millions of livres* to Upper Languedoc, annually; a sum so prodigious, especially when valued according to the present rate of money, that it is suspected of exaggeration. The Kings of France, the Parliament, the states of Languedoc, did not see with indifference so profitable a branch of commerce declining and at length disappearing altogether. They opposed by severe edicts the introduction of *indique*, or indigo; which supplanted woad, not so much by the superiority of its properties for dyeing, as by the cheap rate at which it could be obtained. It then cost 40 sous, (*twenty-pence* per lb. at present it costs from a guinea to twenty-five shillings): Henry IV. even went so far as to pronounce *pain of death* against those who employed a *false and pernicious drug called Inde*. The prohibition of indigo subsisted under Louis XIII. Colbert was desirous of maintaining this prohibition; but, at length carried away by the great number of those who violated his enactments (no uncommon occurrence) he allowed the use of *six lbs.* of indigo to a *balle* of woad:—the *balle* is 200lbs. The other Sovereigns of Europe counteracted the introduction of indigo, all in their power: the Emperor Rudolphus II. in an ordinance published in 1577, describes it as "hurtful, deceitful, corrosive, devouring and diabolical.—*Eine saediche, betruglich, fressende, corrosiv und teufels furbe*."

POETRY.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE LEGITIMATE SON.

By Mr. Elton.

'Rome's empress pale on her death-bed lay,
And her lips and forehead were cold as clay,
"Oh emperor! hear—three sons are mine,
But one of the three alone is thine."

'Eufemian dropp'd the scalding tear,
And his brow was bath'd in the dew of fear;
"Thy crime, Theodora, shall pardon gain,
But speak! that my true-born son may reign."

'The empress gaz'd with a ghastly eye,
And her bosom heav'd a deep-drawn sigh;
But a mother's love was strong in death,
And speechless she yielded up her breath.

'On his death-bed soon Rome's emperor lay,
And his lips and forehead were cold as clay:

"Jerusalem's king shall fill my throne,
Till that my true-born son be known."

'Jerusalem's king the mandate gave;
They raise the corse from its new-made grave;

With arrows and bows the sons must stand,
And the sceptre shall gift the truest hand.

'The princes the shrouded monarch see
At distance bound to a plantane-tree:
With steady aim the eldest stands,
And the bowstring twangs in his nervous hands.

'In the forehead cold of the breathless corse
The arrow quivers with cleaving force;
Then forth from the throng the second came,
And weary stood with an archer's aim.

'He drew the bow with rebounding twang,
Through the whistling air the arrow sang;
As the light'ning swift, that bearded dart
Was lodg'd in the lifeless monarch's heart.

'Jerusalem's king then turn'd to know
Why the youngest prince came loitering slow;

But with sobs and cries that rent the ear
That youthful prince stood weeping near.

'The darts and bow to his grasp were giv'n,
But his eyes in horro' were rais'd to heav'n:

He trampled the bow and he snapp'd the dart,
"Ah! shall I pierce my father's heart?"

'Jerusalem's king from his throne stept down,
On the youngest's brows he plac'd the crown:

"Untouch'd shall the corse of thy father be
By the hand of his son; for thou art he!"

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE CATCH CLUB.

THE noblemen and gentlemen, members of the **CATCH CLUB**, have unanimously voted their *gold medal* this year for the best *serious glee* to Mr. Condell: the words of which are

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

Loud blowe the wyndes with blustering breath

And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes with wishful eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sith they can boaste no hoarde;
Sharp in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Come in ye little minstrels swete,
And from your fathers shake the sleete,
And warme your freezing bloode;
No cat shall touch a single plume,
Come in sweet choir—nay—fill my roome,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasant seemes,
And be a joyfull throng;

Till Spring may clothe the naked grove,
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

NAPOLEON'S

LAST CONFERENCE WITH THE BRITISH
AMBASSADOR, LORD WHITWORTH,
PREVIOUS TO THE PRESENT WAR.*Quid immerentes hospites vexas, Canis ?*

HOR.

The following, is one of those *jeux d'esprit*, which fell from the pen of the late Mr. Cumberland ; though he was not known as their author, to which we alluded in our ninth volume, page 1071. He saw that circumstances required "every man to do his duty" to his country ; and he knew that the duty of a man of letters, was to raise the feeling of his countrymen to its proper pitch. This can now be done only by that powerful engine, the Press ; by which intelligence, sentiments, reasonings, opinions, and expressions of conviction, are circulated in a few days, from the metropolis, throughout every country in the empire. We need say nothing in explanation of the character of the speakers, or rather speaker, in this Conference : they are well sustained. Other productions of the same pen will grace our pages, in continuation.

Napoleon, tho' a pigmy sprite,
Was freakish as a mule ;
Th' ambassador was twice as stout,
And more than twice as cool.

With this great little man to talk
He came from fair Whitehall ;
But word he put in none, for why ?
The little man talk'd all.

"The wind is west"—The consul cried,
And fierce as flame he grew ;
"That cursed wind ne'er blew me good,
"And now it blows me you !

"Tell your friend, Addington, from me,
"If he's a man of peace,
"To clap a muzzle on his press,
"And stop his cackling geese.

"Kick out my rascal renegades,
"Then let them starve and rot !
"For your John Bull, if he must roar,
"Let him ; I heed him not.

"And where is Malta ? By my soul !
"I hold that place so dear,
"Were I to choose 'twixt this and that,
"I'd sooner see you here.

"Turn to your treaty ! Here it is—
"To section, number ten—
"If rightly you have conn'd it not,
"Here ! con it o'er again !

"Hell and damnation ! am I fobb'd
"Of this and Egypt too !
"What says your minister to that ?
"Let's hear it :—What say you ?"

Now reason good there is to think
His lordship here had spoke,
If this loud little man his thread
Of reas'ning had not broke.

"Egypt !" he cried, "I cou'd have seiz'd—
"That curst ill-omen'd shore !
"With five and twenty thousand men,
"Though you were there with four.

"But Egypt soon or late is mine ;
"So take a prophet's word,
"And Nile thro' all his sev'n wide mouths
"Shall hail me for his lord.

"Sebastiani scour'd the coast,
"And well I chose my man,
"For sure, if any can ride post,
"Sebastiani can.

"If soon the Turkish empire falls,
"My portion shall be this ;
"If still it totters, I'll arrange
"With Sultan as with Swiss.

"What tho' a Mussulman I was,
"While interest was in view,
"When I have made the bargain sure,
"I'll let him call me Jew.

"And now you know my plan, submit !
"Secrets of state I scorn ;
"Strike, or expect me on your shores,
"As sure as you were born.

"One hundred, tho' it be, to one,
"The odds alarm not me ;
"What were the odds that little I
"Great Lord of France should be !

"Tho' army after army sink ;
"Yet sink or swim, I'll do't,
"Of their pil'd bodies make a bridge,
"And then march o'er on foot.

"They're not my countrymen, but slaves,
"Whose blood I freely spill ;
"They're us'd to slaughter—and if you
"Won't kill them off, I will."

This said, his little fist he clench'd,
And smote the board fall sore—
"Hum !" cried my lord, then strode away,
And word spake never more.

Joannes Gilpinus Londinensis.

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"He that heareth reproof getteth understanding" Prov..

PREFACE.

It is intended in the following pages to offer to Unbelievers, AFTER THEIR OWN MANNER OF REASONING, Reasons for the truth and certainty of the Christian Religion, both in its theory and in its "power," deduced from and confirmed by *data* to be found in their own judgments and consciences.

Those who disbelieve the Bible, do not allow their opponents to urge their arguments from *premises* which their minds already reject, it is therefore the purpose here to convince them from "topics of reason" in which they can at once give their consent.—In this manner the Bible is demonstrated to be true.

It is next endeavoured to show, *how it is* that God who is a Spirit, "and whom no man hath seen at any time," doth yet as certainly and *perceptibly* manifest Himself to the *mind*, as does the radiance of the natural Sun to our outward senses at noon day. This being a doctrine of vital importance to christianity, though little regarded by some *theoretical* christians, is here proposed to the *reason* and *understanding* of all objectors, and enforced by suitable Scripture concurrence.

Finally, as Religion is a *Scriptural* service, and is an affection and feeling of the heart, wrought there, *perceptibly* and *preternaturally* by the Holy Ghost, to the sure and *certain evidence* and consolation of all true Believers, it is endeavoured to show the energy and transforming effect of that spiritual power, in convincing and convicting of Sin, and in "changing the heart," by exhibiting the operations of that spirit in the death of convicted Sinners, dying in despair; in Sinners reformed; and in Saints who lived and died in the assurance of Faith.—The persons selected for this evidence, are such as are best known to

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Quis leget hæc!—Nemo hercule, nemo.
Petrus, Sat. I.

The Muse desponding, strikes her lyre in vain,
She finds no ear at leisure for the strain;
Art's toiling sons their slighted stores unfold,

Each eye is vacant, and each heart is cold.
Part II.

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1811.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Two discourses preached before the University of Cambridge, on commencement Sunday, July 1, 1810; and a sermon preached before the society for Missions to Africa and the east, at their tenth anniversary, June 12, 1810. To which are added, Christian Researches in Asia, with notices of the translation of the Scriptures into the Oriental languages. By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. late vice-Provost of the college of Fort William, in Bengal. Cambridge, Deighton; London, Cadell and Davis. 1810. 8vo. p. 382. Price 9s.

OF one of these sermons, that preached before the Mission Society to Africa and the East, we have already given some account. (See vol. for 1810, p. 579). Of the other two, it may be enough to say, that they are not unworthy of their author's fame. They are occupied with the same important object, which has given so general an interest to his former publications—the diffusion of the evangelic light throughout the world. The text is, "Let there be light;" words, which, though originally applied to the creation of natural light, may fairly be accommodated to the author's purpose, of describing the progress of that greater light, which began to shine into the hearts of men, when "THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS arose with healing in his wings," bringing, "life and immortality to light by the gospel."

Dr. Buchanan notices three distinct eras of this heavenly light: the
VOL. VI.

first, that of the promulgation of the gospel by Christ himself; the second, that of the reformation; the third, the present period. As at the reformation, the Christian world, after having "passed a long night of *superstition*," saw the beams of truth break forth with renewed splendour; so now, after the reformed church had been nearly overthrown by infidelity, and the spirit and power of religion had nearly departed, we see them revive and produce again the fruits of the first century. "Christianity hath assumed its true character, as 'the light of the world.' The holy Scriptures are multiplying without number. Translations are preparing in almost all languages; and preachers are going forth into almost every region, 'to make the ways of God known upon earth, his saving health among all nations.'"

Till Christ came, "darkness covered the earth." "This was the state of mankind even in the brightest pe-

riods of Greece and Rome." But God said a second time, "Let there be light, and there was light." Christ came "a light into the world, that whosoever believed in him should not abide in darkness." He sent forth his apostles to the Gentiles, "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they might receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith which is in him." "Though unlearned men, they went forth with confidence to change the religion of the world. The darkness of paganism receded before them, and in process of time there was a general illumination." "The children of light, however, had to maintain a fiery conflict with the powers of darkness" during three hundred years. At length the conflict ended, and Christianity obtained the dominion. But no sooner was it invested with power, than it began to be corrupted, and darkness again covered the earth, the darkness of ignorance and superstition; and "the Bible itself, the fountain of light, was taken away." At length there re-appeared a dawn of light. Bradwardine, then Archbishop of Canterbury, combated the prevailing doctrinal errors with great energy and eloquence: but he stood almost alone. Wickliffe next arose, a light in that dark age. "He translated the Bible into our own tongue, and his own mind was illuminated by it." The corruption of human nature, salvation by grace, justification by faith, were the great subjects of his teaching. But his light "did not dispel the gloom. Though it shone far into the vale of night, it reached not the throne of darkness at Rome."

We have thus hastily glanced at Dr. Buchanan's historical view of the period which preceded the reformation. The efficient cause of the restoration of light at this era was (as he states,) "the inspiration of the Holy Ghost;" the means, the Bible, "The distinguishing doctrine of the reform-

ers was 'justification by faith alone.' 'The kingdom of Satan,' said Luther, 'is to be resisted by this heavenly and all powerful doctrine. Whether we be rude or eloquent, whether we be learned or unlearned, THIS DOCTRINE must be defended; this doctrine must be published abroad in animated strains.'

"Pure religion being thus restored, the first labour of *our* church was to do honour to the true and genuine doctrines of christianity;" and this she did by exhibiting them to the world in her *liturgy, articles, and homilies*, which, as we affirm, and as the Protestant churches in Scotland and on the Continent, as well as the Dissenters in England, acknowledge, contain a standard of sound doctrine. Various causes, however, after a time, contributed to produce a spirit of indifference to vital christianity in this country. Religion was fast sinking into a lifeless profession; its spirit was nearly extinguished, and men began to be ashamed of it. "Out of this state of things arose a new enemy to the church," infidelity. But at the very time (about the middle of the last century,) when this deadly enemy was collecting its strength, the spiritual religion of Christ began to revive. True religion and infidelity have respectively shown their proper character and fruits in our own time; and we can now contrast them with advantage. While we have been witnesses of the dreadful effects of infidelity in a neighbouring nation, the revival of religion in this country has produced "an increased knowledge of the holy Scriptures; a cultivation of the principles of the gospel; the practice of subordination, loyalty, and contentment; the almost universal instruction of the poor; the more general worship of God in our land; the publication of the Bible in new languages; and the promulgation of Christianity among all nations, to Jews and Gentiles." The present period, therefore, Dr. Buchanan considers as the third era of light in the Christian dispensation.

We shall not follow Dr. Buchanan through all the arguments by which he labours to convince the church of England, of the obligations which lie upon her, to exert herself in the great work of evangelizing the world. She led the way in this labour of love, when, about a century ago, she patronised those protestant missions in India, which have since been attended with so many happy effects. It becomes her now to resume her former station, and "standing as she does, like a Pharos among the nations, to be herself the great instrument of light to the world."

Dr. Buchanan, in this part of his discourse, feelingly describes the darkness which exists in heathen lands, and the cruelty and impurity which characterize their idolatry. We shall have occasion to consider this branch of the subject more attentively when we come to review the latter part of the work before us, the author's "Christian Researches in Asia." In the mean time we will content ourselves with quoting a part of Dr. Buchanan's argument, which will be better understood when the details have been stated.

"For many years this nation was reproached for tolerating the slave trade. Many books were written on the subject; and the attention of the legislature was at length directed to it. Some asserted that the abolition of it was impracticable, and some that it was impolitic; but it was found on an investigation of the traffic, that it was defended because it was lucrative: and a humane nation abolished it. But let us ask, what is there in buying and selling men compared to our permitting thousands of women, our own subjects, to be every year burned alive, without inquiring into the cause, and without evidence of the necessity? Or what can be compared to the disgrace of regulating by Christian law the bloody and obscene rites of Juggernaut?"

"The honour of our nation is certainly involved in this matter. But there is no room for the language of crimination or reproach; for it is the sin of ignorance. These facts are not generally known. And they are not known, because there has been no official inquiry. Could the great coun-

cil of the nation witness the darkness which I have seen, there would be no dissentient voice as to the duty of giving light.

"It is proper I should add, in justice to that honourable body of men who administer our empire in the east, that they are not fully informed as to these facts." p. 43, 44.

But much as we have been interested by these sermons, we have felt a still livelier interest excited by the account, which follows them, of the author's Christian researches in Asia. We should be afraid of appearing extravagant to our readers, were we to say all that we think respecting the importance of this work. But we wish them to judge for themselves, whether we exceed the bounds of moderation, when we rate its value above that of any other work, connected with our Oriental empire, which we have yet seen. When we speak of its value, we have no eye to its merits as a composition: although, in that view, every thing which proceeds from the pen of our author must be respectable; but to the stupendous magnitude, and infinite moment, of the subject of which it treats, the means of establishing the empire of Jesus Christ, and diffusing the light of his gospel, over, perhaps, four hundred millions of human beings, who now "sit in darkness." It has to do, not merely with the millions of India who are subjected to our government, and who therefore have a sort of filial claim on our regard; but with the hundreds of millions in Asia, who are united to us by social ties more or less binding, to whose shores we have easy access, and who seem to demand from our compassion the light of life. Nor does it merely press upon us our obligations to these countless multitudes; but it points out specifically how those momentous obligations are to be fulfilled. Its object, in short, is to realize the magnificent anticipation of a poet of the present day, for whose splendid production we are also indebted to the philanthropy of our author.

"Be these thy trophies, queen of many
 isles!
 On these high Heaven shall shed indulgent
 smiles.
 First by thy guardian voice to India led,
 Shall truth divine her tearless victories
 spread;
 Wide and more wide the heaven-born light
 shall stream,
 New realms from thee shall catch the bliss-
 ful theme;
 Unwonted warmth the softened savage feel,
 Strange chiefs admire, and turbaned war-
 riors kneel:
 The prostrate East submit her jewelled
 pride,
 And swarthy kings adore the crucified.
 Fam'd Ava's walls Messiah's name shall
 own,
 Where haughty splendour guards the Bir-
 man throne.
 Thy hills, Tibet, shall hear, and Ceylon's
 bowers,
 And snow-white waves that circle Pekin's
 towers;
 Where sheathed in sullen pomp the Tar-
 tar lord,
 Forgetful, slumbers o'er his idle sword.
 O'er all the plains, where barbarous hordes
 afar
 On panting steeds pursue the roving war,
 Soft notes of joy th' eternal gloom shall
 cheer,
 And smooth the terrors of the arctic year;
 Till from the blazing line to polar snows,
 Through varying realms, one tide of bless-
 ing flows.

Dr. Buchanan's object, we repeat it,
 is to realize this sublime anticipation,
 this dream, as many will doubtless ac-
 count it, of the poet's fancy. And in
 order to effect this object, he looks to
 no supernatural interference, to the oc-
 currence neither of prodigies nor mi-
 racles, but to the use of those means
 which are within our reach, and par-
 ticularly to the diffusion of Christian
 light by the circulation of the holy
 Scriptures in the languages of the
 East.

Had Dr. Buchanan confined himself
 to the bare statement of his general
 views on this subject, he would have
 done no more than has often been
 done before; and he would not have
 merited on that account any peculiar
 distinction. But he has descended to
 particulars. He has uncovered to our
 view the gloomy recesses of Asiatic

superstition; he carries us with him,
 by turns, to the temple of Juggernaut,
 and the dungeons of the inquisition;
 he shows us the "gross darkness"
 (darkness which may be felt) "that
 covers the people;" he tells us what
 he has seen with his eyes, and heard
 with his ears; and he is enabled, by
 his own testimony, to contrast the
 horrid effects of the false religions of
 the East, with the benign influence of
 Christianity, as they are severally ex-
 emplified in different parts of Hindos-
 tan. And with respect to those parts
 of Asia which he was himself unable
 to visit, he has collected much valu-
 able information, all tending to show
 the greatness of the evil which calls
 for our compassionate interference.
 He is not content, however, with ex-
 posing to our view the existing evil;
 he points specifically, in each case, to
 the means by which that evil, if not
 completely subdued, may at least be
 combated with a hope of success; by
 which the darkness, if not at once re-
 moved, may yet be gradually dispel-
 led. He describes to us, in fine, what
 Christianity has already effected in
 the East, and what she has yet to do;
 and he founds his hope, as to the
 effect of future, increased, and well
 concerted exertion, on the experience
 of the benefits which have flowed
 from the efforts, limited and desultory
 as they have been, already made to
 evangelize our eastern empire. But
 it is time that we should make our
 readers more particularly acquainted
 with the nature and result of Dr. Bu-
 chanan's researches.

The college of Fort William was
 founded in May, 1800. On the 1st of
 January, 1807, its establishment was
 so reduced, that the translations of the
 Scriptures, and some other literary
 works which had been commenced
 under its patronage, were suspended.
 Under these circumstances, the super-
 intendents of the colleges resolved to
 encourage individuals to proceed with
 versions of the Scriptures, by all the
 means in their power, purposing,
 at the same time, not to confine this

couragement to Bengal, but to extend it to every part of the East, where instruments could be found. To promote this object, subscriptions were put on foot; representations were also made to the supreme government in behalf of the undertaking, and a correspondence was opened with intelligent persons in different parts of India. Nor was this all. With a view to obtain accurate information respecting the real state of religion, and to discover the means of disseminating the Scriptures, in different parts of India, Dr. Buchanan resolved to devote the last year or two of his stay in that country to purposes of local inquiry. In pursuance of this design, he travelled by land from Calcutta to Cape Comorin, visited Ceylon thrice, thence pursued his journey along the Malabar coast, and into the interior of Malabar and Travancore. After this tour he returned to Calcutta, where he remained for nine months, and then visited Malabar and Travancore a second time, before his departure for England.

Dr. Buchanan, in prosecuting his researches, first adverts to the state of CHINA. "India," he says, "contains but a small part of the natives who seek the revelation of God" at our hands. "The Malayan Archipelago includes more territory, and a larger population, than the continent of India. China is a more extensive field than either." He details the means which were employed by the superintendents of the college, for obtaining a version of the Scriptures in the Chinese language. It was through them that Mr. Lassar, who is now employed in this work, in conjunction with the Missionaries at Serampore, was at first induced to engage in it. With the progress which he has made in the Chinese translation of the Scriptures, and with the flourishing state of the Chinese class at Serampore, our readers are already acquainted*.

The HINDOOS are next brought under our view by the pious author; and he states it to have been one of the objects of his tour to ascertain what are the actual effects of Christianity in those interior provinces of Hindostan, where it has been introduced, and to compare the Hindoo Christians with such of their countrymen as remain in their pristine idolatry. "It was a chief object of his tour through India, to mark the relative influence of Paganism and Christianity;" and in order that the English nation may be able to form a judgment on the subject, he proceeds to give, in the way of extracts from his journal, some account of the Hindoos of Juggernaut and the native Christians in Tanjore. The former continue to worship the idol Juggernaut; the latter, until the light of revelation visited them, worshipped an idol also, called the great Black Bull of Tanjore.

In our volume for 1807, p. 353, our readers will find a brief notice of the author's visit to the temple of Juggernaut, and to the Christian churches at Tanjore. We will extract a few passages from the present account, in order to fill up the sketch which was then given of it.

"Buldruck in Orissa, May 30th, 1806.

"We know that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps 2000 in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures, seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *tameness*. The obscene animals will not leave the

* See Christian Observer, for 1808, p. 819 and 837—for 1809, p. 601—and for 1810, p. 790, and also p. 649.

body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck.

"In sight of Juggernaut, 12th June.

"—Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut; where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut, by the length of his body, as a penance of merit to please the god." p. 130, 131.

"Juggernaut, June 14.

"I have seen Juggernaut. The scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death. It may be truly compared with the 'valley of Hinnom.' The idol called Juggernaut has been considered as the Moloch of the present age, and he is justly so named." "This morning I viewed the temple, a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of the horrid king." "The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened by the bones of pilgrims; and another place, a little way out of the town, called by the English the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen." "The senses are assailed by the squalid and ghastly appearance of the famished pilgrims, many of whom die in the streets of want or of disease; while the devotees with clotted hair and painted flesh are seen practising their various austerities and modes of self torture." "There is scarcely any verdure to refresh the sight near Juggernaut." "All is barren and desolate to the eye, and in the ear there is the never-intermitting sound of the roaring sea." p. 133—135.

We cannot pretend to follow Dr. Buchanan through all his account of

this horrid scene of impurity and blood, but must refer the readers to the work itself. A few short extracts, however, we feel almost compelled to give.

"June 20. The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning as I passed the place of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

"And this, thought I, is the worship of the Brahmins of Hindostan! And their worship in its sublimest degree! What then shall we think of their private manners, and their moral principles! For it is equally true of India as of Europe. If you would know the state of the people, look at the state of the temple." p. 140.

June 21. "The idolatrous processions continue for some days longer, but my spirits are so exhausted by the constant view of these enormities, that I mean to hasten away from this place sooner than I at first intended.—I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls;—a poor woman lying dead or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said, 'they had no home but where their mother was.'—O, there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom! Those who support his kingdom, err, I trust, from ignorance. 'They know not what they do.' p. 141.

As to the number of worshippers assembled, Dr. Buchanan does not attempt a calculation of them. The natives themselves, when speaking of the number, usually say that "a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed." "How can I tell," said a Brahmin who was questioned on the subject, "how many grains there are in a handful of sand?"

We cannot deny to our readers the relief, after the above horrid details, of reading the following passage. It is dated Chilca Lake, 24th June.

"—I felt my mind relieved and happy when I had passed beyond the confines of Juggernaut. I certainly was not prepa-

red for the scene. But no one can know what it is who has not seen it—From an eminence of the pleasant banks of the Chilka Lake (where no human bones are seen), I had a view of the lofty tower of Juggernaut far remote; and while I viewed it, its abominations came to mind. It was on the morning of the Sabbath. Ruminating long on the wide and extended empire of Moloch in the heathen world, I cherished in my thoughts the design of some 'Christian Institution,' which being fostered by Britain, my Christian country, might gradually undermine this baleful idolatry, and put out the memory of it forever." p. 142.

The rites of Juggernaut are not, however, confined to this his chief temple. "He has many a tower in the province of Bengal, that fair and fertile province, which has been called the garden of nations. Close to Ishera a beautiful villa on the river's side, about eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of governor Hastings, and within view of the present governor general's country house, there is a temple of this idle, which is often stained with human blood." Dr. Buchanan visited it in 1807. One of the victims of that year was a handsome young man, who, after dancing awhile before the idle, and singing in an enthusiastic strain, rushed suddenly to the wheels, and was crushed beneath them. While this was passing, the Missionaries from Serampore (which is only a mile and a half from the temple) were preaching to a crowd of people at no great distance, and distributing printed papers among them. Dr. Buchanan sat down on an elevated spot, to contemplate the contrast, "the tower of blood and impurity on the one hand, and the Christian preachers on the other."

"I thought on the commandment of our Saviour, 'Go ye, teach all nations.' I said to myself, 'How great and glorious a ministry are these humble persons now exercising in the presence of God!' How is it applauded by the holy angels, who, 'have joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;' and how far does it transcend the work of the warrior or statesman, in charity, utility, and lasting fame! And I could not help wishing that the representatives of the church of Christ, in my own coun-

try, had been present to witness this scene that they might have seen how practicable it is to offer Christian instruction to our Hindoo subjects." p. 146, 147.

Dr. Buchanan then adverts to that other sanguinary rite of the Hindoo superstition, the immolation of females. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this horrid practice, from an actual enumeration which took place to the numbers sacrificed, only in certain districts, within thirty miles of Calcutta, between April and October, 1804. It amounted to 115. An account is given by Dr. Buchanan of one of the sacrifices; but we omit the insertion of it, as a similar account appeared in a former number of our work, vol. for 1810, p. 484.

It is impossible to contemplate these enormities, without inquiring why no attempt has been made to repress them? Are these things understood by the court of directors, and by the proprietors of India stock, and has nothing been done even to ascertain the practicability of abolishing them? The marquis Wellesley abolished a still more criminal practice, which was considered by the Hindoos as a religious rite, namely, the sacrifice of children, by drowning them or exposing them to sharks and crocodiles. A regulation was published in August, 1802, declaring the practice to be murder punishable by death. The regulation has proved effectual, and not a murmur has been heard on the subject. Now would it not be as easy to prevent the sacrifice of women as the sacrifice of children? The abolition of the practice, Dr. Buchanan affirms to be practicable: the means by which it might be abolished, were pointed out by the Brahmins themselves, when a measure to that effect was under the contemplation of Lord Wellesley. Until the abolition take place therefore, or until its impracticability shall have been fully ascertained, the author pledges himself that he "will not cease to call the attention of the English nation to this subject."

But we must return to the Temple of Juggernaut. Our readers will have perceived, from some incidental expressions in the course of this review, that the idolatrous worship practised there is a source of revenue to the East India Company. A regulation was passed in April, 1806, for levying a tax on pilgrims resorting thither. The tax had been proposed to the Marquis Wellesley, but his Lordship disapproved of it. It was agreed to by the succeeding government, but not without the solemn and recorded dissent of one of the members of that government, Mr. Udney. The temple of Juggernaut is thus placed under the immediate management of the British government, who defray, from the public revenue, the expenses incident to the worship of this idol. The following is a statement of a year's expense, extracted from the official accounts presented to the government.

	L. Sterling.
Expense of the idol's table	4514
His wearing apparel	339
Wages of his servants*	1259
His elephants and horses	378
His state carriage†	839
Contingent expenses	1373
	<hr/>
	L. 8702
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We give publicity to these opprobrious circumstances, not with a view to censure the conduct of the Court of Directors, or of the Court of Proprietors; but with the view of exciting their attention to the subject, and of leading them to investigate, in order to rectify, the evil. If, indeed, they should either refuse to inquire into the various enormities which have thus been exposed to view; or if, having ascertained their existence, and holding, as they do, the sword of justice in their hands, they should not use all the means in their power to repress such criminal acts, then would the responsibility and the guilt be theirs. Until, however, we are compelled to adopt a contrary persuasion, we shall expect the most favourable results from the known humanity and liberality of the East-India Company. It is due to them to state, that they have resisted, and been ready to punish, every attempt which has been made to carry on a slave trade within the limits of their jurisdiction. We entertain a confident hope that the murderous practices which have been denounced by our author, will excite a similar resistance; and that the degrading regulation which draws a revenue from the idolatrous worship of Juggernaut, will be erased from the statute book of our Indian empire.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CUVIER ON FOSSIL BONES.

Memoire sur les Eléphans Vivans et Fossiles.

— sur le grand Mastodonte, dont on trouve les Os en divers Endroits des Deux Continens, and surtout sur les Bords de l'Ohio dans l'Amerique Septentrionale.

Resumé general de l'Histoire des Ossemens Fossiles des Pachydermes, &c. Par C. Cuvier, Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle. Tom. VIII. 1806.

THE *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris was established by Lewis the Thirteenth in 1626. The patronage of the sovereigns who succeeded, direct-

ed by the zeal and exertion of some enlightened individuals, added a museum to the Botanic Garden; and, in spite of the opposition of the estab-

* This includes the wages of the courtézans kept for the service of the temple.

† The car, or tower, on which the idol is placed, and under the wheels of which the self-devoted victims are crushed to death.

lished schools of medicine, laid the foundation of a system of public instruction, which has contributed materially to the advancement of physical knowledge. Men distinguished in every branch of natural history, have filled the chairs, or exercised the superintendence of this useful institution. It was from the *Jardin des Plantes* that Tournefort after visiting all the west of Europe, set out on the survey of the east, and returned with a rich harvest of the vegetable productions of Greece, Asia, and Egypt. It was from the same place that Buffon sent out the immortal work, which will for ever form an era in the history of human knowledge. The French revolution converted a royal into a national establishment; and, if the events which followed have put an end to this short-lived honour, they have rendered the museum of Paris the richest in the world.

Among the illustrious men who fill the chairs in this Institution at the present moment, the names of Haüy, Vauquelin and Cuvier, are particularly distinguished. The last, who is professor of the anatomy of animals, and secretary for the class of physical sciences in the national Institute, adds his enlarged views and comprehensive mind of Buffon to the turn for accurate and minute observation which distinguished his coadjutor Daubenton. He is also a fine writer; and though, in this respect, hardly any one can rival Buffon, he has a manifest superiority in a matter of still greater importance; for, as Buffon, from a few facts, would often advance to theory with most unphilosophical precipitation, Cuvier has always proceeded with the caution of the most rigorous induction; and, satisfied with deducing a few general, from a multitude of particular truths, he seems willing to defer the last step of generalization till all the phenomena have been examined.

The annals of the museum began to be published in 1802, and, since
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that time, in a series of valuable *Memoirs*, have annually contributed to enlarge the boundaries of science.

The attention of Cuvier has been much fixed on the subject of fossil bones; and he has extracted from thence, by his profound skill in comparative anatomy, much curious and precise information concerning the antient inhabitants of the globe. The three *Memoirs* mentioned in the title of this article (to which we have occasionally added observations from the rest), contain some of his most valuable discoveries.

It is curious to observe how different an impression the same natural appearances have made on the human mind in different states of its improvement. A phenomenon which, in one age, has excited the greatest terror, has, in another, been an object of calm and deliberate observation; and the things which have at one time led to the most extravagant fiction, have at another, only served to define the boundaries of knowledge. The same comet which, from the age of Julius Cæsar, had three times spread terror and dismay through the nations of the earth, appeared a fourth time, in the age of Newton, to instruct mankind and to exemplify the universality of the laws which that great interpreter of nature had discovered. The same fossil remains, which, to St. Augustine or Kircher, seemed to prove the former existence of giants of the human species, were found, by Pallas and Cuvier, to ascertain the nature and character of certain genera and species of quadrupeds which have now entirely disappeared.

From a very early period, indeed, such bones have afforded a measure of the credulity, not of the vulgar only, but of the philosophers. Theophrastus, one of the ancients who had most devoted himself to the study of nature, believed, as Pliny tells us, that bones were a sort of mineral production that originated and grew in the earth. St. Augustine says, that he found, on the sea-shore near Ufrica

a fossil human tooth, which was a hundred times the size of the tooth of any person living. Pliny says, that, by an earthquake in Crete, a part of a mountain was opened, which discovered a skeleton sixteen cubits, or twenty four feet long, supposed to be that of Orion. At a much later period, Kircher tells us of a skeleton dug up near Rome, which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of *Pallas*, (slain by *Turnus*), and was higher than the walls of the city. The same author tells us, that another skeleton was found near Palermo, that must have belonged to a man four hundred feet high, and who therefore could be no other than one of the *Cyclopes*, most probably Polyphemus himself. The same author has given the measures of several other colossal men, and exhibits them in an engraving adapted to a scale, and placed in order, from the common size up to that of the giant last mentioned.

The belief in men of such enormous stature, no doubt arose from the appearance of bones of elephants, and other large animals found in the earth. When we consider, that the credulity and misinterpretation that are here so striking, are not the errors of the weak and illiterate, but of men of talents and learning,—the best instructed by reading, conversation, and foreign travel, of any in the ages in which they lived,—we cannot help being struck with the difference between the criterion of truth as received in those ages and in the present time.

We are persuaded that the reason of this diversity, which is perhaps as remarkable as any circumstance whatever in the history of human knowledge, is to be found in the progress of natural and experimental philosophy, which, by generalizing particular facts, has given a force and extent to the conclusions from experience,

which they did not possess at any former period.

It is a well-known fact, that, on the continent of Europe, there are few countries where bones of large animals, having an obvious affinity to those of the elephant, have not been found, buried in the earth; a circumstance no doubt the more wonderful, that no such animals exist now in these countries.

Germany has afforded a great number of such instances. An entire skeleton of an elephant, found very deep under the surface, near Tonna, in Thuringia, and described in the *Philosophical Transactions*,* was the subject of much speculation. Remains of the same kind, found by Marsigli in Transylvania, are described in his history of the Danube, and supposed to be remains of elephants, which the emperor Trajan had carried with him in his expedition against the Dacians.

In the beginning of the last century, the Duke of Wurtemberg, by following some indications which had accidentally presented themselves, found no less than sixty tusks of elephants, some of them ten feet long, together with many teeth of other animals quite unknown in our climates.

Italy has furnished a great many instances of the same kind. In the upper vale of the Arno, the humerus of an elephant was found, with oyster-shells adhering to it; from which it is evident, that it must at one time have been at the bottom of the sea. The country about Verona may be considered as a great natural cabinet, in which is preserved a vast number of extraneous bodies both from the sea and the land.† Alberto Fortis has described some bones found near that place, of a very remarkable size. There was one tusk about thirty inches in circumference at the root, and from twelve to thirteen feet in length.

* Vol. xxiv. p. 231.

† Mem. de Fortis, vol. 11. p. 284.

He says, that the only tusks of living elephants, that he has heard of, that approach near to the above dimensions, are two which belonged to the emperor Aurelian, each of them ten feet in length. It is at present reckoned a large tusk that measured from seven to eight feet in length, and ten or twelve inches in circumference.

Such facts as the union of sea-shells with bones of this kind; were no doubt what suggested to Leibnitz the idea which he has thrown out in his *Prolegomena*, that they must have belonged to a marine animal that had something of the elephant form. The osteology, however, of these animals, and particularly of their feet, does not admit of the supposition that they were inhabitants of the sea.

Though it be true, that some of the fossil bones found in Italy and in other countries, have the appearance of having been under water, yet there are others in a situation so perfectly undisturbed, that there is no room to suspect their submersion in the sea. An entire skeleton, for example, was dug up near Arezzo, in 1663, just in the state wherein the animal might be supposed to have died; and must, probably, be that of an elephant which had sunk, and been swallowed up in the marshes of that plain. The remains found, in the instances here enumerated, have either belonged entirely, or chiefly, to the elephant. In others, the bones have belonged to a variety of animals; to the rhinoceros for example; to the hyæna; to an animal like the horse; to deer, oxen, hares, and also to some of the small carnivorous quadrupeds.

A general fact with regard to them is, that they are found in the alluvial and unconsolidated earth, generally in the valleys of rivers, and not far from their banks. There is accordingly hardly any of the great rivers, on the continent, where fossil bones have not been discovered. The basins of the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, and Vistula, are all quoted in the memoir of Cuvier. It is not,

however, only on the continent, nor in the valleys of the greatest rivers, that such bones are found;—they are found also in islands.

Sir Hans Sloane had a tusk of an elephant, dug up in London, from a gravel pit twelve feet deep, at the end of Gray's-Inn-lane. He possessed also another found in a stratum of blue clay, in Northamptonshire. Cuvier mentions, that he has himself part of the bones of the fore foot of an elephant found at Kew, eighteen feet under the ground.

Bones of the same kind have been found in the Isle of Sheppy, at the mouth of the Thames, in Salisbury-Plain, and in Wales. We have to add to those instances, that grinders of the elephant, and vertebrae of the hippopotamus, have been found, together with the bones of several smaller animals, in some fields where they were digging clay for bricks, on the banks of the Thames, not far from Brentford. There seems, indeed to be at that place a very considerable repository of fossil bones.

Even Iceland has contributed its share to these wonders; and the jaw of an elephant, sent from thence, is mentioned by Thomas Bartholinus as having been placed in the collection of the university of Copenhagen. A cranium and a tooth are said by Toræus to have been brought from the same island. When we meet with such bones in an island near the polar circle, we need not be surprised to find them in the islands of the Mediterranean. What is remarkable, however, is, that they are found, not only in the greater islands, such as Sicily and Cyprus, but in the smaller, such as Santorini, and even Cerigo; in which last, as Fortis observes, an elephant would hardly find food for a single week. These places, therefore, when they were inhabited by such large animals as the elephant or the rhinoceros, must have made part of a great wooded continent, in which Iceland and Cerigo were alike included. It is, however, in Siberia, that the

greatest quantity of the remains we are now considering have been found. The quantity of fossil ivory discovered on the banks of the great rivers of that country, had been long an object of traffic, and had excited the wonder of the Ostiaks and Tonguses before they drew the attention of the philosophers of Europe.

They were known by the name of Mammoth's bones, and have been carefully examined and described both by Pallas and others. There is, indeed, no river on the north of Asia, from the Tanais to the extremity of the old continent, in the bed and on the banks of which are not to be found the bones of elephants and other large animals, unknown in these countries. While the river has its course among the mountains, the bones are not found: but they never fail to be met with, when it leaves the high ground, and makes its way through the plains. They are often found in confused masses: in other instances, they are quite regular; and, in the high banks of the rivers, appear in the strata of earth, at different heights above the surface of the water.

One of the most singular facts of this kind, is that of the rhinoceros, found in the frozen earth on the banks of one of the branches of the Lena, the skin and part of the flesh being preserved. Pallas had this most extraordinary specimen dried in an oven, and deposited in the museum of the Academy of St. Petersburg. One of the feet was very entire, and was covered with hair from one to three lines in length. Pallas observes, that he had never heard of so much hair being found on the whole body of a living rhinoceros as had been found on the foot of this; and from thence, he suggests the probability that the animal was a native, not of the Torrid Zone, but of the middle of Asia; as it is known that the rhinoceros, in the northern parts of India, has more hair scattered over his body than in the south of Africa.

This last fact has farther light

thrown on it, by a very recent discovery made on the most northern part of Siberia, of which Cuvier and La Cépède have given a joint report in the 10th volume of the *Annales*. It was mentioned, they observe, in the English Journals, that, in 1799, a Tonguse discovered, from a distance a singular mass, in a heap of ice, on the sea-shore, but was unable to approach it. In the next summer, he saw it again, and observed that it was somewhat detached from the ice. He saw it, however, only from a distance.

In 1801, one of the horns was completely disengaged; but, in 1802, the summer was so bad, that the ice again covered this unknown body. In 1803, the ice melted, and the mass fell, by its own weight, on a bank of mud. In 1804, they cut off its horns, and a kind of drawing was made, from which it appears that this animal differed little from the Mammoth.

Granting, therefore, say the reporters, that the animal thus singularly preserved, is the Mammoth,—which however, they do not absolutely affirm,—the fact becomes particularly valuable, from what is said concerning the hair.

Mr. Adam, who visited the spot, said that the animal was covered with two kinds of hair; the one finer and shorter, the other coarser and longer. There was even a kind of mane on the neck; and Mr. Adam found thirty-six pounds weight of hair left by the beasts of prey that had devoured the flesh.

This species of elephant differed, therefore, from that of India, and was probably adapted to a cold climate, by the covering which nature had provided for it. This agrees with the circumstance just remarked concerning the rhinoceros of the Lena.

The preservation of the flesh and muscles leads, in the opinion of the French naturalists, to a third conclusion, that the species was destroyed by some sudden catastrophe; those individuals that were near the Frozen Ocean having had their flesh preserved by the ice. Whatever opinion we

form as to the mode of their destruction, we can hardly doubt that the species of the elephant and rhinoceros have existed, in some former age of the world, accommodated to all climates, and capable of living in the frozen regions of the north. Some of them also may have perished in consequence of a sudden revolution: but this cannot have been the general fact; because, as we have already remarked, on the authority of Patin, the remains which appear in the banks of the rivers are in strata of earth at very different heights; so that they must have been laid in their present situation at different periods of time.

The animals, therefore, seem to have been bred, and to have lived for a long succession of generations, in the countries where their bones are deposited. They are species of the elephant and the rhinoceros that are now entirely extinct, and that were accommodated to the cold climates of the north.

A very remarkable fact relating to these bones, is mentioned in the account of Billings's voyage. In the icy Sea between the mouths of the Lena and Indigerka, are three islands, of which a Russian engineer was employed to make a chart in 1775. Of the largest and nearest to the coast, which was about thirty-six leagues long, with a breadth from five to twenty; he reported, that the whole, except three or four hills which were of rock, was a mixture of sand and ice; so that, when it thawed, large masses on the shore tumbled down, and never failed to discover the bones and teeth of the Mammoth in great abundance. The island seemed as it had been formed of the bones of that animal, together with the heads and horns of buffaloes, and a few horns of the rhinoceros. The second island, about five leagues farther from the coast, contained also bones of the same nature; but the third, which was the farthest off, contained none at all.

The great Siberian rivers seem, therefore, to have carried down, for

ages, the bones of elephants and rhinoceroses, in the same way almost as other rivers carry down trees; and to have formed them into islands with the assistance of sand and ice. This is a mode of forming land, which, without the experience of it, we do not think that it could have entered into the thoughts of any geologist to imagine.

All this gives an astonishing measure of the quantity of fossil bones that the Siberian rivers carry down. The accurate observation and diligent research of Cuvier, supported by his extraordinary skill in comparative anatomy, have led him to some general conclusions concerning these animal remains, that are of importance in the natural history of the earth.

The bones of the Mammoth have a considerable resemblance to those of the present elephants of India; not so close, however, but that they differ more than those of the horse and the ass; so that they cannot be supposed to belong to animals of the same species. This is true also of the elephants' bones found in Europe; so that the fossil elephant is of a species different from any that is now known.

This conclusion might perhaps have less probability, if there were only one fossil, to be compared with one living species. But a comparison of the osteology of the fossil with that of the living rhinoceros shows, that they also are of different species, and that the diversity is even more remarkable, than in the former instance.

An animal has also been found in a fossil state, that belongs to the genus of the *Tapir*, but of a species different from any now living. This animal, among the living tribes of the present world, is confined to the New Continent. In former ages its residence seems to have been exclusively in the Old; for among the fossil animals of America, the *Tapir* has never been discovered. The bones of these animals, (which all belong to the order of the *Pachydermata*, that is to say, of thick-skinned quadrupeds,

having more than two toes to the foot, and incisive teeth in both jaws), though entire skeletons, have sometimes been found alone; are more frequently mixed with the bones of other quadrupeds,—the ox, the buffalo, the horse, the antelope; and to these are sometimes added, shells, and the bones of marine animals.

The beds which cover those fossil remains, are not always of great thickness; they are almost never of a stony nature, but consist of alluvial and unconsolidated earth. The bones themselves are rarely petrified, and have no appearance of being rolled or carried by water from one region of the globe to another.

The abundance of them in so many climates is in itself a proof, without any other circumstance, that they were not transported by a sudden inundation, from one place of the earth to another; for they could not, in that way, have been so generally diffused. On the same principle, we conclude, that these bones have not been buried by the hands of men. If the only instances in which they occurred were in countries that had been conquered by the arms of the Macedonians, the Carthaginians and the Romans; and if the bones found were those of the elephant only, there might be some pretence for supposing them to be the bones of animals of the last mentioned species which had perished in war. But when the number of individuals is so great, when the region to which they extend is so vast, and the bones of other animals so frequently intermixed, we must acknowledge, that they have not been the victims of the restlessness and ambition of the human race. Indeed, they probably belong to a period when man's dominion over the earth was weak and partial; when the human race, perhaps, was confined to some favourite spot in the valley of the Nile, or in the plains of Shinaar; and when the elephant, from his sagacity and strength, remained master of the earth.

The facts also that have been stated

lead us to reject Buffon's explanation, founded on the gradual refrigeration of our globe. The rhinoceros of the Lena, and the mammoth whose carcase was preserved in the ice, must have lived and died in a cold climate; so that, as soon as the warmth of life was extinguished, the antiseptic power of cold prevented the approach of corruption. The skilful and indefatigable naturalist whose discoveries we are now considering, beside all this, has clearly proved, that the fossil *Pachydermata* contain six different species that are now extinct, though belonging to genera which still exist;—one species of the rhinoceros, two of the hippopotamus, two of the tapir, and one of the elephant. All the genera to which these species belong, are perfect strangers in the climates where their bones are found. Three of them belong to the Old Continent, and one of them only to the New.

These, however, are not the only wonders which the fossil remains of this order of quadrupeds have discovered. The bones from the Ohio have been long known, and were the first which convinced naturalists that certain species had become entirely extinct. The great animal to which these bones must have belonged, was for a long time confounded with the mammoth of Siberia; and though the teeth were admitted to be of a structure quite different, the name of *mammoth's bones* was very improperly applied to them, both in England and America. The teeth are studded with large tubercles, instead of being composed of alternate layers of bone and enamel, as in the case of the elephant and most graminivorous quadrupeds. The animal must, nevertheless, have had great affinity to the elephant; yet, on account of its teeth, Cuvier refers it to a different genus, to which because of the tubercles just mentioned, he gives the name of *Mastodon*. A skeleton of this animal was found by Mr. Peale of Philadelphia, on the banks of Hudson's river, in the state of New York, and is now pre-

served in his museum. Another nearly as perfect, was brought to London by his son, Mr. Rembrandt Peale, and was exhibited a few years ago in that metropolis. These skeletons are so complete, that the osteology of the animal may be considered as perfectly known. What rendered this discovery peculiarly interesting, was, that, in the midst of the bones, there was a mass of small branches, grass and leaves, half bruised, among which they thought they could discover a species of reed at present common in Virginia; the whole appearing as if it had been enveloped in a sack, which they conceived to be the stomach of the animal. Hitherto, it is only in North America that the bones of this animal have been found. Similar bones have been discovered in Peru and in Terra Firma; but they are thought by Cuvier to belong to another species of the same genus.

The general conclusions are, that the great Mastodonton, or animal of the Ohio, was in many respects similar to the elephant, not surpassing it greatly in size, and being probably furnished with a proboscis; that the structure of its grinders refer it nevertheless to a different genus; that it probably fed, like the hippopotamus and the bear, on the roots and tougher parts of vegetables; and that though, on this account, it must have frequented marshy ground, it was not made for swimming, or living in the water, and was truly a land animal; that its bones are most common in North America, and that they are fresher and better preserved than any other fossil bones. Further inquiry enabled Cuvier to reckon, in all, five different species of the mastodonton, some of which have been found on the Old Continent. One species was found by Humboldt in the kingdom of Quito, at the height of 1200 toises. This, we believe, is the greatest height at which the fossil bones of quadrupeds have ever been discovered. Thus we have five species, constituting an entire genus, to be added

to the six formerly enumerated; making, in all, eleven species, which have entirely disappeared from among the living inhabitants of the earth.

We have spoken, hitherto, only of those animal remains which occur in the loose and unconsolidated earth. The remains of land animals, however, and even of quadrupeds, have been sometimes found included in stone, of a slaty and calcareous nature. Of this, the plaster quarries near Paris have afforded a remarkable example, and one that occurred fortunately in a situation where there were many skilful and accurate observers. In the third volume of the *Annales*, Cuvier gives an account of bones which he had found included between the strata of gypsum, in the plaster quarries near Paris, of which after a very ample detail of the head, the various parts of which, he has been enabled perfectly to replace, he concludes, that no well informed naturalist would deny that these bones had belonged to a herbivorous animal, of the order of *Pachydermata*, and of genus between the tapir and the rhinoceros. As little could he deny, says he, that no such animal has yet been discovered among the living tribes on the surface of the earth. He gives to this genus the name of *Palæotherium*, expressive of its great antiquity.

Farther research into the remains, of which the plaster quarries about Paris contain so many specimens, enabled him to discover another genus similar to the former, but without canine teeth, which he has distinguished by a term indicating this inoffensive structure, *Anoplotherium*. In each of these genera he distinguished several species, as the *Magnum*, *Medium*, *Minus*, *Commune*.

In a Memoir subsequent to those which are considered above, inserted in the 12th vol. of the *Annales*, Cuvier gives an account of two entire skeletons which he had completed with infinite labour, one of the *Anoplotherium commune*, and the other of the

Palæotherium medium. They were, as has been said, something between the hog and the tapir, but of great size; the *Anoplotherium* about twelve feet long, measuring to the extremity of the tail.

A reflection with which he concludes his second memoir on this subject, is highly deserving our attention.* It must seem strange, he observes, that in a country as extensive as that which our quarries occupy more than twenty leagues from east to west, there are hardly any animal remains, but of one single family. It can hardly be doubted, that the proportion of bones of any species has some relation to the numbers of that species when alive. This, therefore, indicates a condition of the animal world, corresponding very little to what we have now before us. In the present state of the globe, the countries which make a part of the two great continents are inhabited by animals of all the different families, each according to its latitude and the quality of the soil. This however, is not the case with large islands; and the condition of New Holland, in particular, may throw some light on the state of the country inhabited by the animals in our quarries.

Five sixths of all the quadrupeds of New Holland belong to one and the same family,—that of the animals of the opossum kind. The six genera of this family, the *Dasyurus*, the *Phalangist*, the *Kangaroo*, &c. are all very near one another, and have nothing analogous to them in the rest of the world, except the opossum of South America.

The number of species comprehended in these six genera, amounts at least to forty; and there are not in the whole country above eight or ten species not belonging to them, namely, a wild-dog, two rats, and several species of bat. Here then we have a country, of considerable extent, which at the present day, in the proportion of the families of existing quadrupeds, offers something very similar to what

must have taken place among the fossil animals of our quarries, where we find at least eight that are pachydermous for one that is carnivorous. This consideration must evidently be of weight, if we are to form any conjecture concerning the state of the earth's surface, at the time when it was inhabited by these extinct species.

Besides the *memoires* in which Cuvier has described the pachydermata; he treats, in another, of those carnivorous animals of which the remains are preserved in a fossil state.* The caverns of Germany, found in a great track of mountainous country, have been long celebrated for the multitude of animal remains which they contain. The mountains in which these caves are found, are all calcareous and connected with one another. Beginning with the Hartz, they separate the valley of the Elbe from that of the Weser, and proceeding eastward, from those of the Rhine and the Danube, till turning the sources of the Elbe, they go on, to divide the valleys of the Oder and the Vistula from the plains of Hungary, or the great basin of the Danube. The extent of this chain is more than two hundred leagues.

At one extremity of this long line are Beaman's cave and Scharfel's in the Hartz, described in the *Protogæa* of Leibnitz. At the other extremity are the caves in Hungary which also contain bones, and which have been known from immemorial time. Between these two extremes, are the caves in Franconia near Bayreuth, and particularly the cave of Gaylenreuth, which of all others is the richest in fossil remains. These caverns are of great extent; they are lined with stalactitical concretions; and in these concretions near the bottom, and on the floor, are contained a vast number of bones. The bones in them all, are nearly in the same state: detached, shattered, broken, but never rolled; a little lighter and less solid than recent bones, yet in their animal

state very little decomposed, containing much gelatinous matter, and not at all petrified.

What is most singular is, that in all these caverns, over a distance of more than two hundred leagues, the bones are the same. Three fourths of them nearly belong to two species of bears which no longer exist. About half the remainder belong to a species of *Hyæna*; some few belong to the tiger, or the lion; others to the wolf or dog, the fox, the polecat, or to some species nearly allied to them. The species so common in the soil and alluvial ground, as already described, viz. elephants, rhinoceroses, horses, buffaloes, tapirs—are never found here; neither any of the *Palæotheria*, such as occur in the stony beds about Paris. So also, conversely, none of the bones found in these caverns are ever discovered in either of the other situations, except those of the *Hyæna*, which are sometimes found in the loose earth. It is also of consequence to observe, that the caves never contain the bones of any marine animals whatever, nor any thing that marks the presence of the sea.

The earth which serves as the *envelope* of the bones, was analyzed by *M. Laugier*, assistant chemist in the museum, and was found to contain 21 per cent. of the phosphate of lime, the characteristic of bone. There was 32 per cent. of lime and magnesia combined with carbonic acid; and 24 of the carbonic acid itself. The comparison of the bones with those of living animals, has been made with a degree of care, accuracy, and laborious examination, that can hardly be exceeded.

The bones of the carnivorous animals, deposited over this extensive chain, are on a level higher than that at which the bones of the elephant and the other *Pachydermata* are found, with the exception of that which Humboldt brought from the height of 1200 toises.

There appears, however, to be

no distinct marks, by which the order of the two, in respect of time, can be compared with one another. Cuvier seems inclined to think the era of the carnivorous animals later than that to which the bones of the mammoth are to be referred. A very long period however, and not a mere point of time, must have been required for the accumulation of these bones.

It cannot be doubted, that the animals to which they belonged, lived and died in the caverns where their bones remain. There is no appearance of any sudden catastrophe, like the waters of the ocean, arising and pursuing the animals into caverns, where they at last perished.

But carnivorous animals are solitary, both from inclination and necessity; and instinct would in vain collect those individuals, whom the difficulty of procuring subsistence must soon force to a distance from one another. Each cavern in this extensive chain was therefore the den of a single despot, who sallied forth, as his ancestors had done, to prey on the defenceless inhabitants of those woods which, in later times, after men had become masters of the world, were known by the name of the Hircynian Forest. What a length of time must have been required to pave these vast caverns with the bones of their solitary masters, in such quantities as still to astonish the naturalist, after supplying the apothecaries of Germany from the days of Paracelsus to the present time! Indeed, it is a striking mark of the vicissitudes to which the earth and all its inhabitants are subject, that the bones of animals, of which the very race is extinct, and which fed many ages ago on species that are now unknown, should be devoured, in their turn, by the individuals of the human race.

The extinct genera and species, of which we have now seen so many examples, belonged to two of the great families of the animal kingdom, the *Carnivora* and *Pachydermata*.

Among the ruminating animals, a similar loss has not been observed. A memoir of Cuvier, inserted in the twelfth volume* of the *Annales*, contains an account of the principal facts that have been observed concerning these last, particularly the deer, the ox, and the buffalo; of all which, fossil remains are frequently discovered. It is remarked, however, that this numerous family presents peculiar difficulties, when its remains are found in a fossil state. For, though the order of ruminating animals is distinguished, by strong and well marked characters, from every other order, the genera and species are not easily distinguished from one another. This is so much the case, that naturalists, for making out these distinctions, have been obliged to have recourse to the horns, which being entirely exterior, and varying in the same species, both in form and in size according to the sex, the age, and the climate, cannot fail to be subject to considerable uncertainty. The conclusions, therefore, concerning the identity or the diversity of the genera and species of such animals, can hardly be drawn with the same confidence as in the preceding instances. Admitting this to be true, and looking rather to what is probable, than to what is certain, our author concludes, from a very careful examination, that the remains of ruminating quadrupeds, whether found in the loose earth, or in the fissures of rocks combined with stalactitical concretions, do not differ essentially from the bones of animals now living, and inhabiting the same countries where these remains are found. To this rule some animals of the deer kind, and especially the fossil elk of Ireland, form the only exceptions that are known. This is the more remarkable, that the bones of these animals are found along with those of the elephant and the other *Pachydermata*. In the bones of the horse, as well as in those

of the ruminating animals, an accurate resemblance between the fossil and the living species is observed.

The fossil elk of Ireland is the most celebrated of the ruminating animals found in a fossil state, and is that which naturalists are the most unanimous in considering as an unknown species. The horns of this animal are found in Ireland, not, properly speaking, in the bogs, but in the gravel or alluvial earth, which usually forms the base on which the peat-moss rests. The horns are of an extraordinary size; and Cuvier has shown, that they are neither those of the elk nor the rein-deer. The horns of the largest elks, now living, are not above half the size of the fossil horns of Ireland. The results, deduced from a long and accurate comparison, are, that the Irish elk, the deer of Scania, and the great buffalo of Siberia, are unknown animals; but that the other fossil bones of this order are undistinguishable from those of the common deer, the roe, the urus, the ox, the buffalo, &c.

The difficulty of accounting for the loss of the species belonging to one family, and the preservation of those belonging to another, are nearly alike; and we cannot hope to understand the one, without having an explanation of the other. Further examination may throw more light on a subject, where, though much has lately been discovered, a great deal no doubt remains to be known.

We have thus finished an abstract of what we conceive to be a most curious and valuable document concerning the ancient inhabitants of our globe. It is a work of great ingenuity and research; and does infinite honour to the skilful naturalist by whom it has been conducted. It is curious to remark, that the principal loss which the lapse of time has produced, so far as we are acquainted with the history of animals, has fallen upon one particular order. There are six genera of *Pachydermata* now ex-

isting; namely, the elephant, the tapir, the hog, the hippopotamus, the daman, and the rhinoceros; and there are three genera, the *Palæotherium*, *Anoplotherium*, and *Mastodonton*, which are lost, besides many species.

The opinion entertained by Cuvier concerning the extinction of these animals, such of them at least as are found in the soil or the alluvial earth, is, that it has been produced by water, or by some sudden inundation that overwhelmed the land to a certain height. There is, indeed, no appearance of the bones having been carried or transported by water; and there is no reason to suspect that the catastrophe arose from a wave or current having such force as to carry every thing along with it. If a deluge was the cause, it must have been a simple submersion of the land under the water, without any thing like that *debacle* which some geologists have imagined. Whether this submersion arose from the rising up of the water, or sinking down of the land, is not likely to be ascertained from the phenomena of the animal kingdom; and on this subject, the facts, and, perhaps, still more, the theories of geologists, will incline them to form different opinions. Some perhaps may think, that a sudden catastrophe is not a supposition necessary for the explanation of these appearances. The fossil remains in some countries, particularly in Siberia, where they seem to form the groundwork of entire islands, are too great to owe their origin to the animals existing, at any one instant, on the surface of the globe. The accumulation of ages; the collecting together of the remains which a long series of years had consigned to the earth, could alone enable the Lena or the Indegirka to construct those sepulchral monuments which are described above. The common course of nature, therefore, may be sufficient to explain the existence of these animal remains; and the entire loss of certain species may perhaps have arisen from the extinction and severity

of man's dominion over the earth. The preservation of the Ruminant, and the extinction of so many of the Pachydermous animals, may also, in some measure, be explained by the greater numbers of the former, their wider diffusion, and their greater activity. This much at least may be considered as certain, that the explanation of these fossil bones is to be derived, either from a submersion of the continents under water, quietly and without agitation, or from the accidents which occur in the ordinary course of nature. All other hypotheses seem to be excluded; and this exclusion is no inconsiderable step towards the final solution of the problem.

The only *desideratum* that has occurred to us in these *Memoires*, is one which may be easily removed; it concerns the state of the bones found in the plaster quarries, mineralogically considered. Are they completely petrified, or are they only included in the gypsum? In what degree are they penetrated by earthy substances? Do they contain any phosphate of lime? What is the degree of their consolidation?

These *Memoires* serve strongly to exemplify the great advantage which the sciences may derive from each other, even when they are so unlike as geology and anatomy. So, also, the examination of the marine petrifications found in rocks, may give great information concerning the migration and character of the animals that inhabited the earth, at a period much more remote than any of those which we have now been considering. We have accordingly observed, with great satisfaction, the inquiries of another learned Professor in the Museum, Lamark, into the nature of the fossil shells found in the vicinity of Paris. From the description and classification of such objects it cannot be doubted that much benefit will be derived to the history both of the Mineral and of the animal kingdom.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Reflexions sur les notes du Moniteur, &c. &c. Reflections on the notes in the Moniteur of the 14th September 1810. By a friend to truth. 8vo. p. 21. London.

Reflexions sur les notes, &c. i. e. Reflections on the notes in the Moniteur of the 16th, 23d, 29th and 30th November 1810, and biographical notices of Junot, Massena, Ney, and Regnier. By a friend to truth. 8vo. p. 68. London.

THESE pamphlets are evidently the production of a French royalist, who writes with great vehemence, against Bonaparte and his adherents. The first mentioned is possessed of very little interest, being expressed in such a train of abuse and confident assertion, as to make a considerate reader afraid at every step of putting faith in its allegations. The author dwells on the battle of Wagram, and says that it could not fail to have been won by the Austrians had their commanders acted judiciously: but he gives us, unfortunately, no testimony to that effect except his own. A few pages afterward, he breaks out rather abruptly into an eulogy of Louis XVIII., and extols his paternal affection for the deluded inhabitants of France. One of the few points in which we are disposed to coincide with this writer, without requiring any additional evidence, regards the Scheldt expedition: the failure of which, he is satisfied, could not have taken place under a commander of efficiency.—The larger pamphlet is couched in terms of similar confidence, and would be almost as little deserving of attention, were it not for its biographical notices of French generals. These, though extracted from a printed work, are not commonly known, and very interesting at the present moment, because the men described have been figured so recently in opposition to our troops in the Peninsula. We shall abstract and translate some of the most remarkable passages in these biographical sketches, and present our readers with the observations on Generals Eblé, Junot, Massena, Ney, and Regnier.

General Eblé is the commander of Massena's artillery. He is of the age of fifty, of tall stature, and robust constitution. His manner is soldier-like, his look severe, and his language coarse. He entered the sixth regiment of artillery at the age of sixteen; and discovering a large share of zeal, intelligence, and prudence, he was made an officer in 1785. The king of Naples having applied to the French government for artillery-officers, Eblé was one of those who were sent to this monarch. His rank was that of major; and he remained in that service till the beginning of 1792, when he was recalled to France and replaced in his former regiment. By his activity and boldness, he soon attained the rank of general of brigade and general of division. He was employed under Pichegru in the conquest of Holland, and under Moreau in the famous retreat in 1796. He also defended Kehl against the Archduke Charles, with a degree of skill and activity which attracted the admiration of the Austrians.—He is less of an extortioner than Augereau, Massena, or Ney, but he is by no means indifferent to the acquisition of money; on the contrary, he is understood to have amassed large sums in the course of service, both in Italy and Germany. He has not, however, the effrontery to make a public display of his wealth; and his habits are very simple. Having been named minister at war for the kingdom of Westphalia, he soon became disgusted with his situation on account of the folly of Jerome Bonaparte, who allows himself to be misled by some giddy young men who flatter him and contribute to his pleasures. Eblé

is justly considered as one of the first of the French artillery-commanders for a service of routine. Nothing escapes him : he is still possessed of great activity, and is extremely useful in action by his experience and coolness.

Junot is about forty years of age, and commands the 8th corps. He is above the middle size, robust, and inclined to corpulence ; his look shows him to be fond of good cheer ; his manner is rough, but his dress is very splendid. His parents were farmers in easy circumstances, and taught him the elements of education : but he had not made choice of a profession when the revolution led to the formation of volunteer-battalions. He then entered into the service as a common soldier, and went through the ranks of corporal, serjeant, and platoon-officer, distinguishing himself on all occasions by coolness and intrepidity. Bonaparte, having noticed him at the siege of Toulon, made him enter his *Etat Major*, and become afterward his aide-camp. Some years subsequently, he was made commandant of Paris, but was never intended for a general till he received the command of the army in Portugal. He was attended thither by two mentors, Laborde for the infantry-service, and Kellermann for the cavalry. At Vimeira, the rout of his army would have been complete had it not been for Kellermann ; who, by his bold and able manœuvres, succeeded in restraining the pursuit of the English. Junot is a cypher in negotiation ; and the success of the conferences at Cintra was due to Kellermann, who received full powers, and succeeded beyond all expectations.

Junot's courage is that of a soldier, and may be termed rashness in an ill-informed commander. He is intrusted notwithstanding with the command of three divisions, forming a total of twenty-five thousand men : but have not Charbonier and Jourdan been invested with still more important commands ? Bonaparte, in his calculations, attends as much to the fide-

lity as to the talents of his generals. Junot receives orders from Massena, and executes them very punctually ; leaving the details to his *Etat Major* and confining himself to the choice of quarters. In action, he is always to be found among the foremost ranks, and cool amid the hottest fire. As he has neither combination nor quickness of observation, he commits the great fault of taking the advice of any person who speaks first to him. An opposing general should never wait Junot's attack, but should fall on him unexpectedly, surprising his camp or his cantonments, in which he will meet with little resistance. A great libertine and plunderer, possessed of some natural talents and of many corporeal qualities, but devoid of useful knowledge, Junot should be described, since the death of Lasnes, as the most faithful Saïd of the *hero of Acre*.

Massena is of the age of fifty, above the middle size, strong and well made, but coarse and harsh in his manner. He was born on the frontiers of Italy, and entered the service as a soldier at an early age. After having applied closely to his duty, and passed through the ranks of corporal and serjeant, he was a subaltern at the commencement of the revolution. On the breaking out of the war with the king of Sardinia in 1792, he discovered his bravery and activity, and attained the rank of general of division. It was remarked, however, that his successes were due rather to obstinacy and audacity than to skill ; and it was said of him that "he fought like a ram, with his forehead." He is not slow in exposing his person, and in rushing forwards to any part of his line where his presence can be useful. He was always a great plunderer ; and when his division was at Padua in 1797, the excesses in that way were so shameful as to become the talk of the whole army. It is well known that in the subsequent year he was obliged to leave Rome, on account of the indignation which this conduct excited against him among the off-

cers. The defeat of the Russians in 1799, the greatest of his exploits, is said to have been planned by Soult.—After the cessation of continental hostilities, Massena resided in an elegant country-house at Ruelle near Paris. In 1805, on the resumption of the war, he commanded in Italy; and in 1809, at the battle of Essling, his firmness was the chief cause of saving the French army.—On a general review of his career, he will be found much fitter for a subordinate than for a chief command. Had Soult been a general of the French army at Busaca, the battle would have been fought very differently. He would have occupied the attention of the English by a crowd of riflemen; he would have united the flower of his army; and, taking advantage of the darkness of night and nature of the ground to hide his movements, he would have poured his collected force on the convent of Busaco.

Ney is at the age of forty-two, a good figure, and an excellent horseman. His dexterity in all bodily exercises is remarkable, his look is disfigured by the redness of his hair and eye-brows. His boldness is painted in his countenance; his dress is elegant; his manners are cold. He was born of poor parents at Saar-louis, in the German part of Lorraine, and entered the Hussar-service, because German was the language used in it. He was first a private, but became a subaltern at the beginning of the revolution, and a captain in 1794. He obtained frequent access to general Kleber, gained his confidence by decision and activity, and thus attained the means of being brought into notice. In 1796 he was employed in the van-guard of the army of the Sambre and Maese, and fought various actions with more credit to his courage than to his prudence. This was his general character in subsequent service, and it was not till the formation of the camp of Boulogne in 1803, that he proceeded to learn the movements of infantry: but this is not the department in

which he is calculated to shine, since he has little disposition for study. His way is to push forwards on all occasions, whatever be his loss of men. Accordingly, he has been most successful when fighting under the guidance of Soult. He is coarse in behaviour to his subordinates, and a rank plunderer; Galicia and the Asturias have suffered severely from his rapacity. Against a cool and able adversary, Ney would have little chance of success; he does not understand the occurrences of the moment for making decisive movements of attack or resistance; and, petulant in the highest degree, he would expose himself to rush into a furnace in the hope of snatching a victory.

Regnier, who is a Swiss by birth, and entered the French service at the beginning of the revolution, is considered as one of the best informed men in France, with regard to war as a science. He was employed on the staff of the army of the north, first as assistant and afterward as adjutant-general, and owed his advancement to Pichegru. In 1796 he was head of the staff to Moreau, and conducted himself with great approbation: but he is not the same man in action as in the closet. Though perfectly courageous, he has not that quickness and presence of mind which are indispensable to the success of operations in the field. When in Egypt, his services were more marked by zeal and utility than by *éclat*. He fought with courage, was attentive to the condition of his troops, and employed his leisure-moments in gratifying his turn for the arts and sciences: but not being one of Bonaparte's original followers, he was not so fortunate as to attract any great portion of eulogium. On his return from Egypt, he published an account of the expedition, which made him some enemies; and among others general D'Estaing, who, being hurt by his comments, sent him a challenge. They fought with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne near Paris, and D'Estaing fell. He

naparte was displeased with Regnier, and sent him on distant service to the south of France. He was afterward ordered to Naples as king Joseph's military counsellor; it was then that he was defeated at Maida. His proper station is not in the command of a separate corps, but as head of the staff to a great army.—In regard to moral conduct, he forms a striking contrast to his colleagues; his probity, humanity, and firmness, making him valued by all who know him.

It is to be regretted that we cannot add to this list an account of marshal

Soult; who, we believe, approaches more to Bonaparte by uniting combination of views and decision of action, than any other of his commanders.—We take our leave of the writer of these pamphlets, by expressing a higher value for the information which he possesses respecting France, than for the method in which he is disposed to communicate it; and by advising him, if he expects to produce conviction on the minds of his readers, not only to study moderation of language, but to adduce the evidence of others in support of his assertions.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Essai sur le Système Militaire de Bonaparte, &c. i. e. An Essay on the Military System of Bonaparte, followed by a short Notice of the French Revolution, and the Coronation of his Corsican Majesty. By C. H. S. a Russian Staff Officer. 8vo. p. 151. 7s; Dulau and Co. London.

THE principles of French tactics have been a subject of serious inquiry and reflection to many among the thinking part of mankind, during the last fifteen years. We have seen armies intrusted to young leaders, and not always superior in number to their antagonists, destroying the proudest military establishments of Europe; and succeeding, in the course of a few months, in over-running tracts of country, which, according to former modes of warfare, would for years have furnished occupation to an invading enemy. The vanquished of the present day, like those of other ages, are abundantly ready to account for their failures by the influence of bribery and preponderating numbers: but, howsoever dextrous the French may be in diplomatic intrigue, or prodigal of the lives of their men, we must carry our researches somewhat further before we can be confident of having arrived at a satisfactory explanation of their successes. Since our triumphs in Portugal, an English reader may undertake an inquiry of

this nature with a greater stock of composure, than when a hundred thousand Frenchmen were encamped at Boulogne, and our disasters in Flanders and in Holland were fresh in our recollection. Recent events have shown, that against troops who will stand their ground so firmly as British soldiers maintain it, the French plan of impetuous assault is exerted in vain, and may be made to turn to the discomfiture of the assailants; while the example of Spain has proved, that whenever a people are resolute in continuing their resistance, all the chicanery of diplomatic intrigue, and all the efforts of military skill, will be insufficient to accomplish their reduction under a detested yoke.

The author of the Essay before us proposes to explain the military system of Bonaparte, and to show his enemies how they may imitate and improve on it. He is not less zealous for the independence of Europe than the author of the celebrated work on the "Characters of European Armies;"* and, although, like that work

* See Review, Vol. xlviii. N. S. p. 203.

ter, he composes with too much haste and too little arrangement, he will be found to have suggested much which it is important for Bonaparte's opponents to know and to practice. He begins by briefly recapitulating the chief improvements which the revolutionary war introduced into the French service; such as the multiplication of light troops, a reduction in the amount of baggage and of heavy artillery, increased celerity in the management of field-pieces, the suppression of the use of horses for the subordinate infantry-officers, and, lastly, a method of extracting subsistence from the surrounding country, without the necessity of establishing magazines. All these alterations co-operate to one end,—to accelerate rapidity of movement; and when we also take into the account the vast supply of men afforded by the population of France and its dependencies, we cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable conformity between the nature of the system and the daring and impetuous character of Bonaparte. After a few preliminary observations, the Essayist remarks, that his object has been to address himself to military readers, and in particular to staff-officers; who, he flatters himself, will rise from the perusal of his work with a conviction that the great aim of their labours should be to study the causes of the general movements passing before their eyes, and to be able to render, at any hour of the day, a distinct account of the position and strength of the respective corps of the army to which they belong. The Essay is divided into several parts, of which the principal are a narrative of the campaign of 1805, and a disquisition on the French mode of marching through a country, and of fighting pitched battles. To these the author has added observations on the struggle in Spain, on the personal character of Bonaparte, and on the total loss of popularity which has been the consequence of his recent violence and tyranny. The

pamphlet will supply us with several extracts of considerable length and interest, and we shall begin by translating for our readers the account of the campaign of 1805.

‘I will not enter at large into the early campaigns of Bonaparte; they were a mere experiment of the efficacy of his military system, which was then greatly behind the perfection which it afterward attained. It was in the campaign of 1805 that he began to make war on a grand scale; it was then that he first gave a practical application of the system created during the previous wars of the revolution, and which was singularly adapted to his enterprising and destructive powers of mind. This system belongs exclusively to the present age; no record attests its former existence; and it is known only by its terrible results. What can more surpass all former example, than to see French armies accomplish in the course of a few weeks those operations which in other times would have required years, or rather ages: to see them regularly vanquish, in close action, well disciplined armies of superior number; and, which is still more strange, to see a body of one hundred thousand men execute a march through an enemy's country in the same manner in which this could formerly have been effected by a single regiment?’

‘In September 1805, two hundred thousand Frenchmen pass the Rhine on different points. They advance in separate bodies, but in concert, and all aim at the same object. Maps, carefully prepared in time of peace, are in the hands of the staff-officers; and every arrangement is made for the security and expedition of the march. Each officer gives the soldier an example of supporting fatigue and privation; the generals ride at the head of their divisions; and the captains of infantry proceed on foot at the head of their companies. The progress of the columns is never stopped, as in other armies, by waiting for convoys of provisions. Castles, abbeys, farm-houses, the dwelling of the citizen, and even the humble cottage, compose the magazines of a French army. Its daily encampments are chosen with a view as well to subsistence as to military security. A column makes a halt to rest for a few hours; the time is too short to expose them to suffer from the exhaustion of local resources, and they repeat to-morrow what they have done to-day. It is thus that, in a few days they reach the banks of the Danube: but the rapidity of the advance has not given time for the

pontoons to come up; they are at a distance in the rear; how then is the river to be passed? The foresight of their commanders had sent forwards flying parties, with orders to pursue the enemy without intermission; and they follow them up so closely as not to leave time for the destruction of the bridges; the Danube is therefore crossed with ease. Here, however, the French were on the point of experiencing a great disaster, in consequence, not of the movements of their stupefied enemy, but of the peculiar nature of their plan of march. To surround Ulm, it was necessary to concentrate their troops; and numerous columns, advancing in the same direction, find themselves collected within a narrow district. One hundred thousand men, fatigued by long marches, and possessed of no stock of provisions, are confined within a tract, the supplies of which are consumed in the course of a few hours. To add to their embarrassments, the rains descend in torrents, and, continuing without interruption for several days, the country is inundated, and the roads become execrable. The soldiers march in the mud, and pass the night in water; they seem ready to die with hunger and want; they are discouraged and murmur. What can the commander do? Proclamations are read at the head of the different columns, praising and flattering the army, passing the highest encomiums on its steadiness, and asserting that the enemy is on the eve of being surrounded, so that a few moments more will make the army reap the fruit of its fatigues and privations. These addresses are effectual in tranquillizing the minds of the soldiers: but what are they to do for food? they are on the point of falling down from faintness, when, at the critical moment, supplies arrive. Active and intelligent officers had been sent to the neighbouring districts, and had succeeded, by dint of money and threats, in collecting provisions, and in getting them conveyed in the peasant's carts to the army. The call of hunger once satisfied, nothing remains that can retard the advance of the French; horse-artillery being indispensable to their operations, it must be brought forwards, notwithstanding the rain which still continues; if the horses sink under the draught, their place is occupied by soldiers. The army is impatient for victory, but still more impatient to put an end to its distress, and the capture of Ulm will completely change its condition. Ulm falls, and 60,000 Austrians are either taken, destroyed, or dispersed.

'After a short repose at Ulm, and

Augsburgh, the French resume their march with new ardour. The progress through Bavaria is open and free; the inhabitants are ordered to supply the soldiers; and Munich is made to resemble an immense inn. Strong vanguards precede the main body, and attack the rear of the Austrians wherever they find it. Neither the darkness of night nor strength of position, nor the intervention of rivers, can stop the audacity of the French. Such incessant attacks confuse the Austrian generals, who, having given up all thoughts of fighting, neglect even the means of securing their retreat. Their minds are occupied with the preservation of their baggage, and they make no attempt to break up the roads. The French find bridges on all the rivers. The Isar, the Inn, the Salza, and the Ems, prove fruitless barriers; and Bonaparte enters Vienna without having been under the necessity of doing more than make rapid marches, and fight actions of advanced posts.

'At last the Russian army, so much vaunted, comes in sight of the French. Bonaparte suspends his march, and encamps. It was the end of November, yet soldiers, officers, and generals, all sleep in the open air. Had the Prussians then come forwards, Bonaparte would have been in the greatest danger: but he amused them with money; and never was money more usefully expended.

'*Battle of Austerlitz.* The allied army amounted to one hundred and six thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were Austrians; the French were considerably inferior, not exceeding eighty thousand men. Bonaparte, to increase the confidence of the Russians, made a feint of retreating before them; his object being also to put them in a bad position. Alexander was too confident of success to retard his movements; he followed the French without hesitation, and pitched his camp on the ground which Bonaparte had surveyed and studied. This was exactly what the Corsican wished; Alexander shall advance no farther. Bonaparte thinks not of retiring to rest, but passes the whole night in reconnoitering the enemy, and in making his final dispositions. Pickets of light horse, assisted by a faint moonlight, are employed in riding along the Russian line, keeping as near to it as possible, and headed by officers who are accustomed to such service, and full of activity and quickness. They collect the most useful information on the position of the enemy; and Bonaparte, anxious to verify the reports in person, keeps in motion during the whole night. He is accompa-

nied by his best generals; all the information required is obtained: and the arrangements for the battle are made on the surest foundation. The scene of action is laid out two miles in front of the French encampment; the stations to be occupied by the respective divisions are marked with precision on the spot; the marshals are present, and receive the clearest instructions. It was necessary to have recourse to an expedient to counteract the inferiority of numbers. The custom, on a soldier's being severely wounded, is that two of his comrades carry him out of the ranks: and, as fear is very ready to put on the garb of humanity, these men are in general prompt in resuming their station. An order was now issued, forbidding any man to leave the line on pretext of carrying off the wounded; it was punctually enforced; and it proved in its effect equivalent to a large reinforcement.

An engagement with such great numbers, afforded an opportunity of putting in execution the extensive manœuvres which were practised at the camp of Boulogne. To go through them well requires not only coolness but silence; accordingly, the French soldiers were forbidden to cry out "*forwards*," as was usual with them in action; and the consequence was, that the only noise heard in the battle consisted in firing, and in the voice of the commanding officers. On the 2d of December, the French moved from their camp before day-light; each column advancing, under its marshal, to the spot marked out on the preceding day for its position. A mist concealed their movements till eight o'clock, when the sun shone forth, and showed to the astonished Russians, the French army arrayed in order of battle. Ninety battalions of French infantry, ranged in two lines, to the right and in face of the great road leading from Brunn to Weichau, formed an acute angle with the road. The extremity of the angle was an eminence of considerable height, which commanded the road; this eminence was guarded by a strong detachment of infantry, and by heavy artillery, which prevented the advance of the Russians along the road, and covered at the same time the left wing of the French under Lasnes. His corps was supported also by the whole of the heavy cavalry, namely, eleven regiments of cuirassiers and two of carabiniers, under the orders of Murat. Bernadotte commanded the centre, composed almost entirely of infantry, and Soult had charge of the right wing stretching towards Brunn. Above one hundred pieces of cannon were placed throughout the line.

Bonaparte, acting as commander in chief, and accompanied by Berthier, and his whole staff, had taken his station in the rear of the centre, at the head of the reserve, which consisted of twenty picked battalions, three, or four regiments of horse, and twenty-five pieces of light artillery. So judiciously were the French drawn up, that, without leaving any weak point, their line was made to extend to an equal length with that of their more numerous antagonists.

The first cannon was fired on the French right. This was the signal for battle: the Russians were not slow in returning it; and the fire soon became general. The Russian artillery was immense, and well served, and the number of field-pieces on both sides amounted to nearly three hundred. These poured forth grape-shot, while the infantry kept up a rolling fire of musquetry along the whole line. The earth seemed to shake, and the sky to be in flames. Numbers fell on both sides during three hours; a space which passed without either army gaining any advantage over its opponent. At the expiration of that time, Alexander's horseguards made a charge on the centre of the French army, broke the line, rode over a regiment of infantry, and bore off its standard. This impetuous charge, to have been made productive of success, should have been immediately sustained by farther movements:—it was not; and that which might have led to victory, became a cause of defeat. Bonaparte was not far off, and detached directly two squadrons of his guard, supported by grenadiers, under his aid-de-camp Rapp, to fall on the victorious but confused Russians. Never was a charge more impetuous or more decisive; the Russians are forced to give way, and strive in vain to rally; the French allow them no time, but cut them down or make them prisoners with incredible celerity. The French infantry, recovered from their momentary panic, are impatient to charge; and Bonaparte now perceives that the time is arrived for a decisive manœuvre. His whole guard is drawn forth in line to strike terror into the enemy; the artillery along their front, occupying a rising ground, begins to play on the Russian line, while its fire, by its elevation, passes over the French. He restrains the impatience of his cavalry, but sends forwards a division of his infantry of reserve, in quick time, with orders to fire and charge. Mean-while Bernadotte profits of the favourable moment, by making his line advance, change their front, and take the Russian centre in

flank, at the moment when it was disordered by the fire of artillery from the French guards, and attacked in front by the infantry of reserve. This movement proved decisive; the Russian centre was broken, cut down, and routed; it was impossible to rally it; and the most desperate efforts of individual valour proved unavailing.

'The right wing of the Russians had been equally unfortunate; the French cuirassiers had made their charge at a favourable moment, and had borne down the opposing infantry: but, on the left, things were going on very differently. From the beginning of the battle, marshal Soult had found the greatest difficulty in maintaining his position, and would undoubtedly have been routed, had it not been for the success of the French in the centre. That success took place at noon: but the Russian left continued the action long afterward with firmness and activity, and never yielded, till the French, advancing from the centre, attacked them in front and flank. Their artillery-men were literally cut to pieces on their cannon; and as the Russian line had not given way till it was in great disorder throughout, the massacre was frightful. Night alone put a period to those scenes of horror. Incredible as it may appear, the loss of the allies, including several thousand Austrians, amounted, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to fifty thousand men; baggage, ammunition, standards, and more than one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors; whose loss consisted in thirteen thousand killed and wounded.'

After having read this exposition of the fatal success of French tactics, we are naturally led to ask, whether methods might not be employed against them with success. The writer of the essay expresses himself on this important point in a very encouraging manner, since he believes it to be possible for the opponents of the French to do in many respects not only as well, but better. The French name is universally odious beyond their own frontiers; and the excesses which they committed in Germany raised the popular indignation to a height which might have proved fatal to them, in the event of being obliged to retreat. Now the current of popular feeling would be

in favour of the enemies of the French, and great advantage might be derived from it in case of their acting offensively. 'Defensive warfare,' says this author, 'is not the way to oppose a man like Bonaparte; his audacity should be met by still greater audacity. Frederick acquired his reputation not merely by a successful resistance to superior forces, but by acting offensively in the midst even of disaster; the campaigns of Suwarrow are a model for this kind of warfare.' The adoption of an offensive plan of operations has often, we are aware, been recommended to the antagonists of the French; but while we subscribe to the fundamental position, that it is the only method of obtaining great success, we cannot help adding that the exertion of consummate judgment is as necessary to prevent disaster in this as in the defensive system. Beaulieu acted offensively in Piedmont, and lost the whole country in a few weeks. Wurmser advanced to the relief of Mantua with a fine army: but having committed the error of dividing it, for the sake of giving scope to his offensive operations, the smaller division was destroyed, and the larger obliged to retreat. A few months afterward, Alvinzi found himself sufficiently strong to assume the offensive: but, having committed the same error of dividing his force, one part, under his own command, was totally defeated at Rivoli; while the other part, under Provera, which had boldly advanced to the walls of Mantua, was forced to lay down its arms. The Prussians, in 1806, began by offensive operations; but not retreating in time, they allowed the French to get behind them, and to fight them in a position in which the loss of a battle involved the ruin of their whole army. All these are examples of the disasters which originate from offensive operations injudiciously conducted. On the other hand, the brilliant victories of Clairfait in 1795, and the most uninterrupted triumphs of Suwarrow, are

examples of the signal success with which a distinguished commander may conduct offensive war against the French. The talents of these great men suggest to us, likewise, the distinction with which a recommendation of their system should be accompanied. To extol the offensive plan without any qualification, would seem to imply that there is something in the mere adoption of it which leads to success; whereas it should never be forgotten, that it requires the highest degree of combination, activity, and foresight. With these qualities, offensive war may be justly expected to lead to the happiest results; and, without these, we may be perfectly assured, that neither it nor any other kind of operations will be effectual against such an enemy as the French. Of the necessity of this qualification, we shall be more fully convinced, after having investigated, from the essay before us, the causes of the victories of our Gallic neighbours. The author very properly comprises them under two heads, 'rapidity of movements and unity of operation.'

'Rapidity of movement.'—In the wars carried on in Germany by Bonaparte, he has always acted on the offensive; an advantage which has formed one of the principal causes of his success. The offensive is of inestimable utility to him who takes the field with numerous and well appointed armies, and gives them from the outset an impelling power by the force of his own genius. When Bonaparte enters on a campaign, the best maps are distributed to his staff-officers, and he has a number of spies and traitors in his pay; the art of tampering with a province or a kingdom, is extremely well known to him; and, when occasion calls, the French Generals are not backward in lending themselves to it. The equipage of a French army consists in a good train of Field-pieces, and a stock of ammunition. Their fire-locks must be in the best condition; and when the soldier is furnished with two pair of shoes and two days' provisions, he is considered as fit to march;—the heavy cannon follow at a distance. As to discipline, all that is required is to fire and march well, and this progress is soon

made by the recruits, with the assistance of some experienced soldiers dispersed throughout the companies. The officers are thoroughly acquainted with their duty, and most of the generals have had twenty years' practice.

'A large French army is divided, on taking the field, into several corps of twenty or twenty-five thousand men, each commanded by a marshal. Bonaparte acts as captain-general; while Berthier, in the capacity of head of the staff, receives his orders and transmits them to the different corps. The plan of action is known only to Berthier, and at times to the marshals; so that an enemy has, under this system, very little opportunity of penetrating into military secrets. The army begins its march in several columns. In addition to the general instructions, the business of the day is explained to each marshal, and his corps advances as if it marched alone, without regarding whether it forms the right wing or the left. Its specific duty is to occupy, after a march of several hours, a position in conformity to the general plan of encampment. When arrived at this position, its commander allots a station to each division. If the weather be wet, and no attack is apprehended, the troops are generally put into cantonments in such a way as to share the provisions of the inhabitants, whose stores have been calculated beforehand: But when the case requires it, the troops, with the exception of the cavalry, sleep in the open air, whatever be the state of the weather. A corps is thus stationed along the bank of a river, at the base of a mountain, around a wood, &c. A strong guard is kept, sentinels being posted in all directions, and patrols being in movement throughout the night. The generals are accustomed to make a private inspection of the encampment. A detachment of the rank and file of each company repairs to the neighbouring farms or village to fetch straw, planks, and whatever is required for their nocturnal accommodation. Others are employed in felling trees, and cutting wood, to serve either for shelter or for firing. If the spot and the state of the weather be favourable, the soldiers will contrive to make a tolerable lodging. Frenchmen are clever in this way; every one is in motion; some driving stakes, others laying planks; and others lighting fires in expectation of the speedy arrival of provisions. If cattle have been found in the neighbourhood, they are distributed in due proportion: but if they cannot be obtained, the soldiers dispatched in quest of animal food take care not to return

empty-handed. They endeavour to lay hold of calves, of pigs, or of sheep; they make a formidable pursuit of the poultry; and bread and vegetables do not escape them. The inhabitants must be clever indeed to succeed in concealing their wine; and that country must be poor beyond description from which a French soldier does not find means to exact a supply of some kind or another. And having obtained provisions, he sleeps soundly, and resumes the march next morning in great spirits, without suffering any disquietude from his precarious prospect of subsistence. If the country be poor and uncomfortable, he advances with double zeal, in order that he may get out of it; and if it be absolutely barren, he lives on the bread which is laid up in his knapsack.

During the course of a march, conducted with such celerity, it is evident that a regular commissariat can be of little avail: but, when the enemy has collected in strength, and obliged the French army to stop its march, and concentrate itself within a limited position, the officers of the commissariat are in full employment, and the powerful system of requisition extends itself around. Provisions of all kinds are brought into the depots, and distributed to the men in regular proportions. If the army be designed to remain long on the spot, it is common to pay the inhabitants for what they bring; a sure method of keeping up the supply. All this may be done without draining the military chest, the contributions imposed on the country at large affording a sufficient fund; a kind of receipt and payment with which the French are perfectly familiar. When the soldiers are thus relieved from the trouble of collecting provisions, their Generals take care to give them employment of another kind, by marches, counter-marches, reconnoiterings, skirmishes, and false attacks. Bonaparte makes it a rule to keep them in perpetual movement till the time arrives for a general action.

Unity of operation. If the French create astonishment by the rapidity of their marches, the method and regularity which govern their military proceedings are equally calculated to claim admiration. The commander in chief transmits, as we have already seen, his orders to the head of the staff, through whom they are in turn communicated to the Marshals. The head of the staff is aided by several other Generals; who, in conjunction with a number of officers of all ranks, compose the *Etat major*. This *Etat major* is the sole centre of movement, and follows the Commander in chief

during the whole campaign. It is the depository of all reports of consequence, and the channel of transmission for all orders. Each corps of the army has, moreover, its particular *Etat major*, composed of a number of officers called assistants, (*adjoints*,) who are subordinate to a General of Division, acting in the capacity of head of their staff. There is also a third kind of *Etat Major*; namely, that of each division, the plan of which is similar to the preceding. From the moment when an army takes the field, the head of the staff in each corps keeps an exact journal of the operations, composing it from the journals of the *Etats Majors* of divisions. This MS. forms a narrative of the difficulties which have occurred, of the advantages obtained, the losses, exploits, &c., with brief notices of the actual condition of the corps, its position, and the extent and nature of the ground on which it stands. An extract from this journal, made daily in the clearest and most simple form, is intrusted to an officer to be taken to head-quarters, who repairs thither with all diligence, and with orders to deliver it to no one except the commander in chief, or the head of the staff. Each corps sending its extract at the same hour, the different reports are read and compared by the head of the staff, and the officers who bring them are expected to answer promptly to all inquiries. The head of the staff is thus in possession of the most accurate information; and if any particular corps has been forced to take a station unsuitable to the general plan, the deviation is corrected by the arrangements for the next day, which are drawn up immediately on the arrival at head quarters of the officers who carry the reports, and are dispatched in return through their hands. In addition to these daily communications, a correct return is forwarded every third day of the number of men fit for action, of those who are sick, wounded, or left behind for garrisons, correspondence, the guard of prisoners, &c. Bonaparte lays great stress on this return, and makes his generals personally responsible for it.

As long as the different corps of an army remain contiguous, the means of communication are easy, and unity will prevail in the operations: but even when a corps is at a considerable distance, a correspondence with the general staff is still kept up. The commanding officer of the corps receives at parting the most positive instructions from the commander in chief:—instructions not to make attempts and calculate contingencies, but to accomplish the object in view at whatever cost.

In pursuance of these orders, he puts in practice every effort that artifice can suggest, or that undacity can execute; the enemy gives way under these repeated exertions, that the French persist in accomplishing their point, though they sacrifice three-fourths of their number. The loss is heavy, but the object is material, when viewed in connection with the general manœuvres of the army. The detached corps, were it an hundred miles from head-quarters, continues to transmit a report every twenty-four hours; and though the distance is great, the communication is generally open, and the country cleared of the enemy, in consequence of the different corps having acted in concert. The post-offices in an invaded country enjoy a special protection; and officers travelling as couriers, find in all directions chaises, horses, and even escorts. When the distance is very considerable, the number of officers is increased, and some are going out while others are returning; the great point being to keep up an active and uninterrupted correspondence. In the campaign of 1805, the second corps was in Styria, while the head quarters were in Moravia; yet they communicated three or four times in a week. Masséna's army was at the distance of several hundred miles from head-quarters; but he received the news of the victory of Austerlitz three days after it happened.

On this analyzing the system of the French, we find that their rules of division and subdivision are extremely simple. From the mere battalion of infantry to the union of the whole mass, the intermediate corps increase in a regular progression, and the nature of the service in the same. Bonaparte's opponents have committed the dangerous error of believing, that to make a good staff-officer requires a thorough mathematical education; he does not go so far, but is satisfied to employ men who possess activity and quickness, together with a practical acquaintance with war. These men are capable of reconnoitering at the head of a detachment of horse, and of directing the march of a column of infantry. The requisites are exactness of local knowledge, the possession of good maps, precision of making reports, and an accurate acquaintance with the strength and character of the force placed under their orders. All this may be possessed by a general, who never constructed a perpendicular in his life; not that the French are deficient in intelligent engineers: but the latter are entirely distinct from the *Etat Major*. If arrangements must be made for the passage of a river, or the at-

tack of an entrenched camp, the marshal issues orders to the commandant of engineers, who is responsible for the activity of his subordinates; and staff-officers are expected to do nothing more in such an operation than to watch and report its progress. They are never to be seen scouring the country, during the advance of the army, with a compass in their hands, or drawing plans of positions, which the quickness of movements would not admit. An army always on march has no time to dig entrenchments. Bonaparte, on advancing into Germany, left in the rear a number of his engineers, to sketch maps, and to direct the fortification of certain posts which might be important in regard to the arrival of convoys, or useful in covering a retreat. A clear distinction thus prevails between the staff-officer and the engineer; a distinction which is judiciously established in the French service, but is unfortunately unknown in that of their antagonists.

Notwithstanding the merit which the essayist allows to the French troops, and the credit which he gives to Bonaparte as the master-workman in the direction of this powerful engine, we meet, in various passages, with strong proofs of his hatred of the usurper. After an acknowledgement of his extraordinary vigilance, activity, and address, we are reminded that he found armies and generals ready formed to his hand, and that his opponents have usually been weak and ignorant men. The writer dwells with evident satisfaction on those suspensions of reason to which Bonaparte has been subject on critical emergencies, as in the first part of the battle of Marengo, and the still more awful struggle at Asperne. On both occasions, he seemed to be forsaken by his faculties, and the safety of his army was due to the exertions of others. We are more disposed, however, to look for his eventual fall, in the sure though slowly operating effects of his tyranny in exciting universal discontent; and we acquit the author of exaggeration, when he says, that not a single human being now exists who loves this ruler, nor a people who are not impatient of his yoke. We have no hesitation in believing

that the boasted attachment of the French people is to be found only in the papers paid by his ministers, and that this mighty emperor drives through Paris in his equipage without a single acclamation. His subjects have long been indifferent to military successes, and would account the conquest of the world too dearly purchased by a protracted submission to taxes and conscriptions; yet, whatever be the extent of popular discontent, his enemies must not rely on it for their success in war. The machine has gone on too long to be suddenly suspended; and those who mean to enter the lists with him in the field must endeavour to rival him in military proficiency. They must acquire the art of penetrating with rapidity through tracts of country, and of giving, in the day of battle, not only boldness but concert to their operations. The fundamental part of the other armies of Europe, by which we mean the courage and attachment of the soldiery, is equal to that of the French; it is in officers that the unhappy inferiority exists. Were the education and promotion of officers new-modelled throughout Europe, there could be little doubt, in the opinion of this writer, of the success of other nations against the French, even in general engagements; which of late years, have been the chief scenes of disaster. We extract the passage in which he explains the French method of fighting pitched battles:

‘In contemplating the success of Bonaparte in pitched engagements, we are led to enquire whether it can be owing to a particular order of battle unknown to his opponents: but, since the days of Frederick, this department of the military art seems to stand in no need of modification. That able tactician was induced to prefer the use of the oblique line, because he was often inferior in number: but he well knew how to vary his manœuvres, and to present to the enemy a front either continuous or with intervals, according to the nature of the ground, and the strength of his army. His leading rule was to prefer that order of battle which gave the greatest

scope to each description of his force.—How many generals are incapable of applying this fundamental principle, and perplex themselves in looking out for a field of battle; as if, instead of adapting their dispositions to the ground as they find it, the ground ought to be fitted expressly for the reception of the scientific arrangement which is pictured in their imaginations.—For some time the French followed the king of Prussia's plan in dispensing, whenever they chose, with technical rules. Like him, they knew how to make scientific knowledge subservient to the exertion of their characteristic vivacity, and to the display of their other aptitudes for war. Like him, they would have learned to vary their military dispositions according to the nature of the ground, but the constant incapacity of the hostile commanders has led them to confine themselves to one uniform plan. That plan consists in drawing up their army in two lines; in dividing it into three corps with intervals; and a reserve in the rear. Their cavalry is generally made to act in a mass on a single point. Of this lord Wellington appears to be aware; and from his successful resistance, we are tempted to infer that Massena's numerous squadrons are likely to be more hurtful to himself than to his antagonist.

‘This method of the French has nothing extraordinary in it, nothing which gives it a decisive advantage. Is it, then, by any thing in their subsequent manœuvres that they succeed in defeating their enemies? Yes the art of moving troops in a day of battle is confined to three great evolutions,—changing front, collecting in masses, and resolving these masses into lines; and the manner of performing these evolutions is similar in all the great armies of Europe. It is therefore neither to new plans of drawing up an army, nor to any discovery in the art of manœuvring during action, that the French are indebted for their successes, but to the activity and the concert which prevail in their movements. However advantageously an army may be drawn up, or however favourable may be its position, victory is not to be obtained by its standing still and fighting on the spot, but by changing its ground at a particular moment, in the course of the engagement, for the purpose of taking a new station, and either turning the enemy or breaking his line. These are the only methods of deciding the issue of a general action; and in order to give success to such movements, both rapidity and concert are indispensable. The constitution of a French army ensures it a de-

cided superiority in both of these respects. From the beginning of the action, the station of the commander in chief is near a strong reserve behind the centre. From this point alone proceed all orders; from it an impulse, one and the same throughout, is communicated to the whole army. The commander in chief is surrounded by a number of intelligent staff-officers, who are perfectly acquainted with the position of each respective corps. He watches the occurrence of a moment favourable to the execution of a great movement, such as we have seen at Austerlitz; and whenever that is arrived, he issues a verbal order to the surrounding officers, a part of whom set off immediately along the line, and transmit to the lieutenant-generals or marshals, the determination of the commander in chief. When we consider the ability of French staff-officers to make a clear communication of the orders, the simplicity of the organization of the troops, and the experience of their generals in manœuvring on a grand scale, we may safely take it for granted, that the combination of so many advantages must give a great degree of expedition and of concert to the movement of the whole. In addition to these facilities for the execution, it is necessary to be dextrous in seizing the favourable moment for the attempt; and in this, also, the French are superior to their enemies.

'The battle of Marengo, unfavourable as it was to Bonaparte's reputation, must have impressed him with the truth that it is scarcely ever a first movement that decides the fate of an action, but that victory will attend that commander who, after a battle has been obstinately contested for some time, finds means to bring forwards a considerable number of fresh troops. The success of a body of reserve under such circumstances is infallible, provided that its attacks be made on the occurrence of that disorder and fluctuation in the enemy's line which are inseparable from a long contested battle; and provided also that its advance is supported by a correspondent change in the movements of the main body. With this view, the French reserve is generally numerous, and composed of prime troops. Stationed in the rear of the centre, it draws closer to it as the action proceeds, for the purpose both of making it impenetrable and of being at hand to carry assistance to either of the wings. Meanwhile, the main body is solely occupied in firing; no regiment, whether infantry or cavalry, presumes to advance towards the enemy without receiving special directions; which are never given until the enemy, after the action

has lasted sometime, derange their order of battle by a false manœuvre, or present, from whatever cause, a weak point. Then is the time for a French regiment to advance to the charge; it is then that fresh troops march forwards to sustain it; and that all efforts are directed to take advantage of the enemy's confusion. It is of little consequence that the corps is exposed in its advance to a double fire from the enemy; the fire may be destructive, but it will speedily be at an end by the rapidity of the French movements; for no sooner has a part of the French line advanced to attack their opponents, than their place is occupied by the reserve, who soon give employment to their antagonists in front. The column which has advanced has thus the means of forming into line, either on the flank or the rear of the enemy, and proceeds to the charge with impetuosity. The enemy, taken in front and flank, and too much broken either to retreat in good order, or to face about and meet their assailants, can scarcely escape being defeated, and the rout soon becomes general, because in the beaten army all union of action and mutual support are at an end.—If, on the other hand, we suppose that, after a hot fire of some hours, the French line is broken in a particular point by the impetuous advance of an enemy's regiment, notice is immediately sent to the commander in chief, who detaches to the spot, without a moment's delay, a part of the reserve under an able officer. This detachment, on its arrival, finds the enemy victorious, but confused, and ill fitted to resist the attack of fresh troops; and the chances are that the enemy will not only be beaten, but that, when driven back, they will carry disorder into their own line. The battles of Jena, of Ratisbon, and of Wagram, all present the application of the same principles as that of Austerlitz. We find in all of them that the French succeeded in breaking the hostile line, in separating one part of it from the rest, and in making an immense number of prisoners:—and we see the French generally alluring their enemy to make the first movement, well knowing that these movements are more likely to be insulated attacks, than parts of a combined operation.

'After having thus analysed the causes of the French victories, we may safely ask, would they have ever been won had the opposing generals conducted themselves with ability? It is not enough to provide a reserve; that corps should be brought near the main body, both to awe the enemy, and to be ready to afford succour whenever it is required. It is not enough

to draw up the army well; an incessant communication must also take place between the commander in chief and every part of the line. It was, in a great measure, from a want of speedy communications, that Frederick II. lost those battles for which he had made the best arrangements: since, while exerting himself to snatch victory on the right, he would remain unacquainted with a mischance that had befallen the left.—It is no secret what are the decisive causes of the wonderful success of the French. Let the commanders, who do not yet comprehend them, begin by suppressing their baggage; by obliging their subordinate Generals to study manœuvres, and to fight at the head of their divisions; by making the captains of infantry march on foot at the head of their companies; and, above all, by new modelling their *Etat-Major*. Whatever be Bonaparte's talents, he will be found to have owed a great deal to the incapacity of his adversaries. It will scarcely be pretended that other armies of Europe are unable to acquire the active habits of the French. Were ever troops more speedy in their movements than those of the great Frederic, than the Austrians under Prince Eugene, or in our days, than the Russians under *Suwarrow*? All troops adapt themselves to the character of their commanders, on whom alone depend the safety and the glory of armies.'

The intimate acquaintance of the writer of this essay with his subject, and the solidity of his views, are no where more fully proved, than in the passages relating to Spain and Portugal. Though the work was composed in the last year, and previously to Massena's retreat to Santarem, it is written under the fullest impression of the necessity of the abandonment of Portugal by the French. The mere knowledge of Lord Wellington's system seems to have been sufficient to enable the discerning eye of this tactician to trace its ultimate effects on the French operations. After having bestowed on it the encomiums to which it is so well entitled, he makes a strong appeal to the English and the Spaniards, to weigh well the inexpressible advantages of nominating a Generalissimo, and of banishing all the national jealousies which might stand in the way of the appointment. In

the present state of things, however, and the remoteness of the scenes of operation, he is led to dwell more particularly on the importance of making the province of Catalonia the object of a separate command, and of investing an able leader with exclusive powers to act throughout the whole of that quarter. The following passage explains his opinion of the causes which have retarded the progress of the French in the peninsula, and of the means by which they might still be driven out of it:

'The great object of the nations who resist Bonaparte should be to render unavailing the application of the recent improvements in the French system of warfare. This has been done in Spain, partly by the hostile disposition of the inhabitants, and partly by the uncultivated state of the country. The French armies have thus been deprived of the daily resources which they drew in other countries from the people, and have been reduced to the necessity of collecting provisions in magazines. One cause of their success, *rapidity of movement*, has consequently been lost; and by the too confident calculations of Bonaparte, they have divided their troops in such a manner as to prevent, in a great measure, the advantage of unity in their operations. Massena has been ordered to pour a mass of force into Portugal, in the hope of overthrowing the English army, but he finds that he is opposed by neither a Mack, nor an Archduke Charles. Lord Wellington's able defence baffles the usurper's calculations, and absorbs the principal part of his troops, whose numbers are undergoing a rapid reduction from want of provisions and the effects of climate: meanwhile, the Spaniards have had a breathing time, and are continuing the struggle on the banks of the Ebro and the Tagus. It is in vain that Massena is invested with the most unlimited powers; Catalonia is too remote to be affected by this concentration of command in one chief. If the Spaniards are wise, they will lose no time in that quarter, but transport their disposable forces to Catalonia, before the French army, which has hitherto been merely an army of observation, becomes more considerable. It is by vigorous diversions in Catalonia that the siege of Cadiz might be raised, and Massena forced to retreat. Hitherto the Catalans, though superior in number to the French, have carried on the war with only mid-

ding success. They have killed a number of Frenchmen, and have intercepted their convoys: but they have neither gained ground nor succeeded in taking possession of towns. To do this, their forces must be increased, and the orders must issue from one commander:—not that there would, on that account, be any necessity for changing the mode of operation, which should continue to be an incessant harassing of the French, without any attempt to act in mass, a method which suits only a regular army like the English. In Catalonia, the neighbourhood of the sea gives the Spaniards great advantages, in regard to provisions, over the French. They may rely with confidence on the arrival of supplies, while the French are exposed at all times to want. The inhabitants being entirely devoted to the Spanish cause, provisions might be disembarked along the coast, and intrusted to them for delivery to their countrymen in arms, who might thus advance with rapidity, and in full confidence of being supplied. An active warfare against the French, and a frequent interception of their convoys, would drive them closer together. The circle from which the French draw their provisions becoming daily more restricted, the ultimate issue must be either flight or surrender. The favourable results which we have witnessed in Portugal are owing to the nomination of a single commander: but Catalonia is too remote to be under his direction; and the alternative is to name another chief for that province. If, contrary to every hope, Bonaparte should succeed in his execrable attempt on Spain, the blame will not rest with the people but with the government. If we prevent the French troops from moving with rapidity, or from receiving their orders from a common centre, we deprive them of a large proportion of their fatal power. This would be one consequence of the nomination of an able Generalissimo; and a complete secrecy in the plans, hitherto too much open to treacherous communication, would form

another inestimable advantage of the measure.

If we sufficiently attend to the stubborn impediments to the progress of the French in the peninsula, we shall have little difficulty in believing that Bonaparte would welcome a renewal of military operations on a grand scale in the north of Europe. The success which, as he calculates, might there follow his arms, would restore their eclipsed lustre, and strike new awe into the surrounding nations. It is evident, then, that the same reasons, which prompt him to seek a renewal of such conflicts, should make them be earnestly deprecated by every friend to the independence of Europe; and should lead us to hope that Russia will, as she undoubtedly may, assert her independence without engaging in war.

As a literary composition, the essay before us is liable to several objections. Its tone is sometimes exaggerated; it abounds in repetitions and abrupt effusions; and it is not always free from contradictions. It is also greatly deficient in arrangement; and so hastily has it been put together, that the sentences belonging to one paragraph appear sometimes to have been allowed to run into another. As a display of tactical knowledge, however, it has a title to be described in very different terms; the perusal of it has afforded us much gratification; and we may safely promise the same pleasure to all military readers, or to those who, without being professional men, find an interest in the discussion of military topics.

ORIGINAL.

The American Lady's Preceptor; a compilation of Observations, Essays, and Poetical Effusions, designed to direct the female mind in a course of pleasing and instructive reading. Second edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Baltimore, published by E. J. Coale. p. 300. 1811.

WE were much gratified by the cursory review we took of this compilation. In our examination of its contents, we were struck in a very forcible manner, with the taste and judgment the editor has displayed in the arrangement of his selections. He has made choice of such only, as render the work, in every respect, proper for the perusal of young ladies at school, and through the whole collection, varied as it is, the most austere moralist will not, we are sure, be able to discover a single sentiment offensive to innocence and purity, or that can possibly have, in any point of view, a deteriorating tendency. A book of the kind now presented to the public, has long been wished for in our female seminaries. The works usually given to the classes in these institutions, are, for the most part, wanting in one or two essential requisites. The female mind is not so well fitted as that of man, for abstract reading; it catches with greater avidity, at whatever appears variegated or diversified, and of course a compilation made expressly for the use of females, in an academy, should be of this complexion. It should present to the eye a *parterre*, divided into various differently coloured compartments, through which are scattered plants, capable of affording both nutrition and pleasure; in order that while cultivating the more important and useful of the two, the mind may be enlivened, at intervals, by turning its attention to matters, calculated more exclusively for recreation and amusement. This rule has been strictly attended to by the editor of the work before us. While he has avoided inserting in his miscellany

whatever is either very trifling or entirely useless, he has taken care that those, into whose hands it is put, shall not be chilled and fatigued by a dull and uninteresting chain of *well known* rules of morality, the seriousness and severity of which, would be sufficient to freeze the spirits and animation of a young and lively girl, before she could labour through one half of the collection. We find in it a harmonious combination of the serious and impressive, with the light and airy, of the instructive and useful, with the pleasing and agreeable; and from the commencement to the last page of the work, it is easily perceivable that the grand object of the compiler, is the inculcation of the moral and social virtues, and the strong and salutary tendency their cultivation will always have towards the happiness of man.

We think it unnecessary to speak in any other than general terms, of the merits of this work. A particular analysis is not requisite, nor would it be interesting. The work of a compilation, like the one before us, is of a different species from that of an original production; and, although of minor importance, it still ranks high. In the formation of an original work, the stores of the mind and imagination, as well as the taste and judgment, are called into use and operation, while those of the latter two are alone in requisition, in making a compilation. The merit then of selections, like those under examination, depends on the elegant and judicious manner in which they are arranged: we are not to suppose, that where there is no originality, there can be neither genius nor in-

vention exercised. Arrangement is of greater importance, than is by many imagined, and requires a peculiarity of talent and discrimination, that but few possess. Materials are always to be found, but we cannot as frequently discover a workman skillful enough to arrange them in such harmony and order, as to form them into an elegant and substantial fabric. The manner in which the compiler of this work has classed the different selections, forms its greatest utility: he commences by general reasoning on the utility of a proper employment of our time, and from that proceeds to lay down particular directions, for the consideration of women, in the course of their studies. He has culled for their perusal, extracts from the most celebrated authors, and has been studiously attentive, while holding up to the abhorrence of youthful minds the consequences of vitious and depraved habits, to present to their view, the most flattering and brilliant pictures, of the happy effects of an attention, while young, to virtuous and religious principles.

In a chapter of "Historical Sketches," that constitutes one of the most interesting portions of the volume, he exemplifies the precepts previously inculcated, by accounts of the characters, dispositions, virtues, and vices of a number of the most prominent female personages mentioned in history; and immediately descending into private life, he excites the admiration and emulation of his young readers, by a few biographical sketches of the most distinguished females that have brightened the horizon of literature and science, with the splendour of their genius and the extent of their erudition; presenting them with models, they may contemplate with delight, and imitate in safety, and examples of integrity and virtue, they may pursue without distrust. Upon the whole, we think that the work will be found a very useful one, if generally applied to the purpose for which it

is intended. We are very glad to find that it is received with much approbation in our female academies, as it proves that the merits of the editor have been properly appreciated, and that he has a fair prospect, and strong hopes, of being well remunerated for the laudable pains he has taken to render the compilation perfect.

If we have any fault to find with this collection, it is that the compiler has made it too *short*. The extracts are in general hardly *long* enough to render what they contain as impressive as it should be. We could enumerate four or five instances, where the abruptness with which the extract is concluded, is an evident defect: we will, however, notice but one. The extract from Richardson, on novel reading, is liable to censure on this account. It is entirely too laconic; it contains but one objection, and that one, however material and satisfactory it may appear to a thinking mind, will never be sufficient to prevent a sprightly, lively, unthinking school-miss from continuing to read her favourite romances with her accustomed delight and avidity. An objection to the pursuit of any thing obnoxious, either in conduct or study, when intended to be submitted to the consideration of a mind that is not disposed to ponder deeply on any thing, should never be stated alone; it should be preceded by something that may lead to reflexion, and the principal argument should never be brought forward, until, according to the judgment of the writer, what was previously advanced, has prepared and tuned the mind to serious meditation. We think that an essay might have been easily found, from which an extract could be made, comprising several solid and insuperable arguments to prove the injurious tendency of novel reading. We recollect to have seen, about a year ago, some very ingenious and handsomely written remarks on this sub-

ject, in an oration* delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gray, one of the trustees of the Young Ladies Academy of Philadelphia, before the members of that institution. From that address many things could have been taken, that would have been highly improving. But we have already transgressed our limits, and will offer no further remarks on this subject: it is however, an important one, and should be more attended to than it usually is, by the directors of our female academies.

The prefatory address is so conspicuous for its perspicuity, neatness of style, and good sense, that we recommend it to our readers, without hesitation:

* PREFATORY ADDRESS.

'The education of women, has, at all times, been an object of the most sedulous attention among the more enlightened nations of Europe. It is pleasing to remark, as it exhibits the least dubious proof of our progress in refinement, that this very important subject, has of late, excited scarcely an inferior degree of interest in our own country. All our large cities, can now claim a seminary for the instruction of females, in which the system of education is no longer narrowed by puritanical illiberality, or vitiated by the interference of any vulgar prejudices. It may, indeed, be truly affirmed, that the women of the present age, in the United States, are not excelled by those of any country, whether we look to purity of morals, delicacy of deportment, or those delightful embellishments which give splendour to the face of society.

'The only cardinal defect in the education of our females, which strikes us, is, perhaps, an undue appropriation of time to the acquisition of those light accomplishments, which serve well to enliven and decorate the early season of life, but which are attended with no durable advantages. The arts of painting, of music, of dancing, are expensively and most tediously taught in our schools, but how seldom are they practised, after the lapse of a few years, even by those who have reached the greatest proficiency.

'We mean not, however, to detract from the value of personal accomplishments—

they are, on the contrary, in our estimation very essential features to every scheme of liberal and polite education. But there are other objects to which, we think, they ought to be subordinate, and especially, that they should never be allowed to encroach on the more important cultivation of the intellectual powers. As we elevate the mind, we enlarge the sphere both of female utility, and female happiness—with an intellect invigorated by discipline, and properly imbued with the love of letters, a woman has resources on which she may perpetually draw in every emergency, or vicissitude of fortune.

'Thus accomplished, she, moreover, becomes better fitted to discharge, with success, the various, complicated, and interesting duties incident to her condition, and the pilgrimage of her existence is rendered not only smooth and easy, but dignified and useful.

'Convinced therefore, of the importance of encouraging a fondness for elegant literature, in the period of childhood, and not less of the necessity of guiding the immature judgment of girls in the selection of a proper species of reading, the editor has, with some labour, and no small care, prepared a work which he trusts will be found subservient to these ends.

'Of the value of a COMPILATION, like the one now offered to the public, little need be said. Elegant extracts from the purer sources of literature present us, (as has been happily expressed by one of the first classical writers of our own country,) "with wisdom in a nut-shell, and the quintessence of sweets in the acorn bowl of the fairies." They at least supply, at a moderate expense, the place of many books, and insinuate a taste for reading, which often lays the foundation of very extensive improvement in subsequent life.

'The editor cannot close this address, without a due acknowledgment for the abundant success of his first edition, which has been sold in little more than seven months—in grateful return of such public patronage, he has redoubled his attention in the revision of the second edition, and by additional appropriate selections, he hopes at least to retain the public opinion of this favoured little work.'

We take our leave of this useful work, sincerely wishing that it may experience an extensive circulation, and a rapid sale.

* The oration here alluded to, was published in a supplement to the Port Folio, for July, 1810.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Retrospection : a Poem, in Familiar Verse. By (the late) Richard Cumberland, Imperial 4to. 1811. 10s. 6d.

Omne capax movet urna nomen.—HORACE.

Revolving TIME, from his capacious urn,
Shakes *destinies* at each diurnal turn :
The rich, the poor, the weak, the wise,
and good,

Are plung'd impartial in th' eternal flood.
Name after name, as trees their foliage shed,
Are hourly number'd with the former
dead ;

While the survivors, of their friends bereft,
Cling to the few supports that yet are left.
But, when with hope contemplating the
sky,

Their thoughts still faster than their minutes fly,

They seem receding from their cares below,

And distant view this world of toil and wo.

THESE lines were an *impromptu* effusion upon hearing of the death of the late Richard Cumberland, esq. an author whose writings we have admired almost as long as the period of our literary memory, and whose character we have held in the highest estimation from the first hour that, through the means of his friends, we became acquainted with it, down to the present. We did not receive this, his last work, which he has entitled *retrospection*, until some time after the short poem that forms our motto was written : but we must confess, that it in a small degree soothed our melancholy to observe, that although he has clothed them in more elegant language, some of his reflections are coincident with our own. We have, upon more than one occasion, endeavoured to assert his genius ; and although at present we shall, as closely as it is in our power, keep in view the work before us, yet we may, probably, at some future time, expatiate more generally upon the number and variety of his literary productions.

There, is from the age of Homer

to the present hour, to be traced in minds of sensibility, which is the concomitant of genius, a retrospective propension, which, as it

" Grows with their years, and strengthens with their strength ;"

so, contrary to what may be observed respecting the progress of some of the other faculties, it triumphs over their decline, and even acquires force as the corporeal system becomes weaker. This is particularly observable as life advances ; whence the garrulity of old persons is known to arise, and, under the impulse of sense, the reflective energy to be stimulated. From this operation, the works of the father of poetry, those of many ancient philosophers, the historical, biographical, and ethic effusions of Plutarch, and, to descend at once to our own times, the moral and literary speculations of Dr. Johnson, and the present poem, have emanated.

Retrospection is the application of memory, excited by wisdom and guided by judgment ; and therefore it is at once the strongest and most vigorous operation of the human mind : it is, as has been in substance observed, the triumph of time over infirmity, the *mental mirror* which recalls the scenes and circumstances of former life ; and although the objects may every moment change, still the medium through which they have passed is like a *synoptic globe*, ready at each turn to renew their reflection in every point of view, and with every variety of form and colour, that the imagination can suggest.

" RETROSPECTION" has caused these reflections ; and the remembrance of the pleasures that we have received from the works of the late

Mr. Cumberland (his *dramatic works* in particular) induced us to be more diffuse in our introduction to the observations that we shall make upon this poem, which we consider as a *literary legacy*, than we otherwise should. It has been remarked, that few authors had more friends, or more enemies, than the deceased. Why he should have had any of the latter, except that the warmth and brilliancy of his genius, as the sun is said "to call insects into life," engendered them, we are at a loss to imagine. However, we are happy to observe, that in this his last work, written, as it may be said, upon the verge of dissolution, their malignity had no effect upon his mind; his thoughts were, we trust, turned to higher objects than literary cavils, or contemporary envy.

The poem of *Retrospection* is opened by Mr. C. with some observations on the *World*, such as are very likely to occur to men of genius and sensibility, especially if they imagine that their success has not been commensurate to their labours, and to their deserts.

"World, I have known thee long; and now the hour

When I must part with thee is near at hand;
I bore thee much good will, and many a time

In thy fair promises reposed more trust
Than wiser heads and colder hearts would
risque.

Some tokens of a life, not wholly pass'd
In selfish strivings or ignoble sloth,
Haply there shall be found when I am gone,
Which may dispose thy candour to discern
Some merit in my zeal, and let my works
Outlive the maker, who bequeaths them
to thee;

For well I know, where our perception ends
Thy praise begins; and few there be who
weave

Wreaths for the poet's brow, till he is laid
Low in his narrow dwelling with the worm.

"For this I'll not condemn thee, nor
complain

That I was only bruis'd, when others bled
Worthier thy mercy: 'tis enough for thee

To bear thy own reproach, for having
rear'd,
And with idolatrous devotion crown'd,
A tyrant, at whose bidding thou hast
thrown

All thy defences down; and now, alas!
Since I first knew thee, in the days of
peace,

How art thou chang'd, sad mother! Were
it now

My doom to leave thee, and to close my
eyes

Ere th' Almighty hath made bare his arm
To strike th' oppressor down, on what a
scene

Of perturbation, horror, and affright,
Would my last parting contemplations
dwell.

"When I knew peace, I knew not thee,
O World!

My commerce was with men of other days,
And teachers, long since silent, had my
heart.

Thou, Father Cam! and the o'erhanging
groves

That dip their branches in thy silent
stream,

Bounded my calm horizon: every eve
And every morning, when the holy bell
Sounded the call to worship, there I knelt
Where Bentley's ashes sleep, and Newton
stands

In living marble, which with * patient
thought

So deep is character'd that it should seem
The sculptor knew it was his only boast,
And gave him all his modest merit claim'd.

"Ah, Retrospection! thou recorder
now

A fatal change, that goads my aged breast
With bitterest self-reproach—This was
my home;

In this asylum I first drew my breath.
Here I was safe—Peace might have been
my choice,

Trouble hath been my lot—A change it was
That dazzled, not delighted me—a scene
Of novelties, that quickly ceas'd to charm.

"Yet I'll not be unjust to thee, O World!
Thy lessons, tho' they could not teach
content,

Were useful lessons. Tutor'd in my school,
I soon perceiv'd how intricate the maze
Thro' which the busy restless being Man,
Toils to o'ertake the phantom of his hope:
Ofttimes with foil'd and fruitless pains
pursu'd,

Or gain'd with loss of credit and content.
I found how many men were only great

* "Thus," says Mr. C. "Newton describes himself, in a letter to Dr. Bentley, in my possession."

When seen at distance, owing all their bulk
 And stature to the magnifying mist :
 For, on a nearer view, I chiefly saw
 The operation of that subtle gas,
 Which flattery introduc'd, and they suck'd
 in,
 Till, gorg'd and swollen with the morbid
 draught,
 Vain of a monstrous, but unwholesome
 mass,
 They deem'd that dignity which was dis-
 ease,
 I've heard, and silently sat by thee whilst
 Dogmatic ignorance, when proudly back'd
 With an imposing gravity of face,
 And copious flow of senatorial wig,
 Pass'd off for argument ; and seen withal
 The sycophant, who in his heart despis'd
 And ridicul'd the nonsense, smile assent :
 For some are born to fortune, some must
 build
 A fortune for themselves ; and 'tis the fool
 Who sits the ladder for the knave to
 mount."

We have quoted this *exordium*, though rather long, for two reasons : the first, because it exhibits an example of the force of *contrast*, a property in writing which Mr. C. has, in many parts of his works, insisted upon as absolutely necessary to form that systematic arrangement, and to endue it with those vivid, those fascinating powers, that a polished style and elegant opposition of figures require : and, secondly, which is certainly the better, and consequently more cogent reason, because it exhibits a picture of the mind of the author in the hour of its composition. Contemplating him in his study, we can suppose that, although he perfectly remembered what had passed, he viewed the present world as at a distance ; he considered the objects that were hourly receding as matters in which he had no longer any concern, and only through the haze of the quickly-passing time looked forward to the brilliant scene of eternity ; he had no longer any terrestrial hopes ; ambition, and all the subordinate passions, had vanished ; and when reflection operated, it naturally presented to him the peace of *college seclusion*, which he as naturally contrasted with

the bustle and tumult of *active life*, and, consequently, appreciated the former far above the latter. This is so general a propension in the minds of men, who have for years been actively employed, and sedulously attentive to professional duties, that it has in their declining age, particularly at those periods when convents afforded to them a retreat from the cares of the world, driven many in seclusion from indiscriminate society ; nay some, whose disgust was still stronger, it has impelled even to hermitages, and still greater austerities.

This idea, as we have heard, was once predominant in the mind of that eminent lawyer and statesman, Lord Somers, although at an earlier time of life than we have assigned to it. He, after opposition had disgusted him with the situation to which he was so great an ornament, has been said to have sighed for the seclusion which a *college* afforded : and we have ourselves known numerous instances of the prevalence of this passion ; but as its operation is obvious, it is unnecessary to state them.

With respect to Mr. C. his disappointments, and consequent dislike to the world, if such a tendency prevailed in his mind, seem, in some instances, to have had a real foundation ; in others, irritability sometimes arose from circumstances beneath the notice of a philosopher, and the number of which were only increased, because he paid more attention to malignant aspersions than they deserved, or, indeed, because he paid any attention to them at all.

To proceed, however, in our examination of this poem, we cannot help observing, that the author displays his thorough knowledge of mankind in many parts of it ; of which we shall quote the following lines as an instance. Speaking of flattery, he says,

"Can I forget
 Thee, Dodington ! than whom some better
 knew,
 Amidst the splendid flashes of thy wit,

The happy moment when, as if in sport,
To 'pelt with roses' Chesterfield and
Bute ;

Whom in thy heart thou didst not better
love

Than they whose rancour courted no dis-
grace.

And much I doubt, if Horace, in the praise
Of his great friend Mæcenas, hath dis-
play'd

Or more sincerity, or deeper skill."

Waving any observations on the
sincerity of Horace, though, we
think, his courtly character rendered
him liable to many, we must, as cri-
tics, remark the elegance and beauty
of the passage which the lines respect-
ing him terminate. The author, in
the vigour of his life, never wrote
any that were more *characteristic* or
more *classical*.

The character of Lord Halifax
seems to have emanated from the
intimacy in which he had lived with
that nobleman, who was his first pa-
tron. Whether this observation pro-
ceeded from *unextinguished* feelings,
we do not pretend to determine.

"But where no system is, chance gives
no heed

To cause or consequence, but veers about ;
And as it whirl'd Newcastle's windmill
round,

It swept my patron out of place and
pow'r."

We shall, though we must con-
sider our limits, quote the subsequent
passages, because they glow with all
the ardour of *true patriotism*, and
seem to have emanated from feelings
which even time could not suppress.

"Did genius perish in the grave with
Fox,

Integrity with Pitt ? Tho', grief to tell,
These stars, that late with rival lustre
shone,

And by their influence alternate rul'd
The hearts of men, are set to rise no more :
Yet heaven above us is not "hung with
black ;"

Still there is light, by which the pilot steers
The vessel, freighted with the sacred trust
Of all that to a British heart is dear,
Ev'n whilst the tempest rages at its
height.

Oh ! may the genius of our isle protect
And guard that chosen man, whoe'er he be,
Whom, in this perilous and awful hour,

The Monarch, or the Regent, of the realm
Dooms to this arduous duty ! May his
hand

With all the strength of temper'd steel be
nerv'd,

And firmly may he grasp the lab'ring helm.
In the deep swell of waters ! with his eye

For ever on the faithful compass fix'd,
Undaunted may he stand, and keep his
course.

Right onward in that heav'n-directed track
Which holds the tyrant of the earth in
chase,

And leads thro' sufferings, only for a time,
To that true glory which shall never fade."

This invocation, which now seems
A VOICE FROM THE TOMB, is followed
by a series of *political reflections*,
whose least merit is the *polished lan-
guage* in which they are displayed.
From those, however, the author,
struck by *retrospection*, turns to con-
template friends, who had cheered
and honoured the meridian of his life.
Glowing with their idea, he exclaims,

"Friends of my better days, awake,
arise !

Form your gay circle round the social fire.
Johnson, and Burke, and Garrick draw
your chairs,

And let us hear the moral-master talk !
Behold, where Reynolds enters, trumpet-
arm'd,

Prepar'd to hear when mirth convivial
flows,

Or not to hear when silence suits him best.
And look, the comic glance from Garrick's
eye,

Warns us that something strikes those
playful strings

That make sweet music in his tuneful
breast—

'Tis Jenyns—Hail, thou ever-welcome
friend !

The social graces marshal thee the way,
Tho' thou com'st buckram-arm'd in birth-
day suit

Of old King George's days, that glitter'd
once,

Tho' now its bloom be lost, its colours
gone,

And nothing glitters but the wearer's wit,
Sit here by Garrick, friend ! and fear him
not.

He has a roguish pleasantry about him :
But never did his gen'rous nature turn
A worthy man to ridicule ; with him
You're safe—I would not say as much for
Foote.

And see Fitzherbert, who, where'er he
comes,

Or finds, or makes, the company his friends:
 Ah why, thou gentle spirit, when thou bring'st
 Enliv'ning sunshine with thee, dost thou droop
 Thy languid head, and seem to court the shade?
 Well may I greet thee with a smile; for thou,
 Prometheus-like, can give these statues life.
 Thine is the happy talent to discern
 The apt propitious moment, when to draw
 Th' electric spark from Garrick; thine the art
 To elicit from the honied lips of Burke
 Sweet-flowing eloquence, and touch the spring
 That opens the sluice of Johnson's mighty mind,
 And gives the deluge of his genius vent.
 There wants but Goldsmith now to make us full;
 And Garrick says he loiters by the way,
 Because, forsooth, some idle knave has said
 That men of fashion should be always late,
 And by their want of manners show their taste.
 Ah, Oliver! your friend has found you out;
 For Johnson, with emphatic Yes declares—
 'David is right!' and that confirms the truth.
 But see, at length th' eccentric being comes:
 Seasons and times to Goldsmith are unknown.
 What he is not, he would be; what he is,
 He knows not, or forgets. Give him a pen,
 And clear as Helicon his period flows;
 Let him employ his tongue to speak his thoughts,
 It bubbles idly, and betrays the trust.
 Yet this is he whose prose I should not fear
 To match with Addison's, his verse with Pope's.*

When the bard, from this literary and social picture, which certainly is *characteristically delightful*, advances to the contemplation of *modern men and things*, he seems a little to suffer his more *vivid* ideas of those that have long since passed to predominate. His *ruling passion* was poetry; of course, his principal amusement *the stage*; he had frequently enchanted the public with his *dramatic pieces*,

and had felt, in their full force, the powers of those performers that had distinguished and adorned the *third quarter* of the *last century*; he, therefore, alluding to the *late* magnificent theatres, observes,

'How often have I said within myself,
 When in our modern Coliseum plac'd,
 Misnam'd a play-house'—This is not a stage
 For Garrick!—Then how wise is it in him,
 Who is the show-man of this gaudy pile,
 To banish nature, save when Shakespeare speaks
 Thro' Kemble's organs! Wise it is withal,
 When Kemble's curtain drops, that Mother Goose
 Should draw her's up, so foolery may send
 A foolish audience merrily to bed,
 And be the last impression we receive:
 For, by a new construction, it appears,
 They are the moralists that make us laugh.'

Had we seen this passage in manuscript, we should have hinted to Mr. C. that GARRICK, with the greatest dislike to *phantomime* that any manager ever had, was, in consequence of the *bad taste* of the town, obliged to introduce "*Queen Mab*," "*Harlequin Ranger*," and a number of other absurdities, after "*King Lear*," "*Hamlet*," "*King Richard III*," "*Much Ado About Nothing*," &c. and that he envied RICH the success of *Harlequin's egg*, in "*The Sorcerer*;" was uneasy at the appearance of the *Skellion*; and could not endure that the ladies should, at *Coven-garden*, be frightened at "*The Rape of Proserpine*," or the *spottishmen* rejoice at the race of "*Apollo and Daphne*;" though he would, perhaps, have given half his stock and company for them, or either of them. These are sacrifices at the shrine of *folly* which ever have been, and ever will be, made, while there are children, and adults with the minds of children, in the world.
 .. With respect to the dramatic opinion of Mr. C. it is, as might have been expected, extremely just. To

* Though but one is mentioned, the allusion, unquestionably, was meant to refer to both the *late* THEATRES as well as the present.

talk of the *old school* is nonsense ; though, judging from what passes before us, we do not see that a *new school* could do any harm : however, as he augurs better times in the theatrical world, we can only say—" May his prediction be truly prophetic !"

We must, although we shall not quote the passages, observe that *Dowson* and *Matthews* have received the highest honour from the pen of a man who was the best of judges of dramatic merit. His praise will live as long as the English language exists ; and as it was the spontaneous effusion of his mind, his *last opinion* upon the subject must be doubly, nay trebly, grateful to its objects.

The comparison betwixt *Burke* and *Johnson*, arising from the question which was the GREATER MAN, is pursued through several pages, and argued in a manner equally amusing, elegant, and perspicuous, in a manner which we have not the power to describe ; and therefore we shall exemplify it by a short specimen :

When Burke harangued
The nation's representatives, methought
The fine machinery that his fancy wrought,
Rich but fantastic, sometimes would obscure

That symmetry which ever should uphold
The dignity and order of debate :
'Gainst orator like this had Johnson rose,
So clear was his perception of the truth,
So grave his judgment, and so high the swell

Of his full period, I must think his speech
Had charm'd as many, and enlighten'd more.

But why have I aspir'd to speak of these,
And weigh them in the balance ? I, who stand,

And like a leafless tree enjoy no shade,
Save what the verdant generations give
That grow around me, and from whom I draw

That shelter which, in my more prosperous day
I stretch'd my branches to bestow on them.

They are the props on which my tottering trunk

Leans for support ; and they, at least, will bear

My sufferings and my services in mind ;
For they can witness, 'twas not my own

That brought this blight upon me ; 'twas the sin

Of those, whose perfidy devis'd the spell
That canker'd all my strength, and stripp'd me bare.

Without knowing the cause of these lines, we lament its effect upon the mind of the author, which must have been deeply impress'd with sorrow at the time he wrote them. He, however, to sooth his grief, contemplates the beneficial effect of the air and springs of *Tunbridge* ; when, thirty years since, he retired thither ; and after apostrophizing his books, and recollecting his former labours, continues,

' Here, wrapp'd in meditation, I enjoy'd
My calm retreat ; here, in the honest hearts
Of a brave peasantry, I now repos'd
That confidence, which never was betray'd
By them, nor from them shall it be with-

drawn
To the last moment of my life by me.
Four gallant sons, 'twixt sea and land, I shar'd :

My country had them all—and two had died

On distant shores, beyond th' Atlantic stream.

When England call'd her volunteers to arms,

And rear'd her banners on the neighbouring hill

That overhangs our harvest : At the call
Uprose my brave compatriots, seiz'd their arms,

Flock'd to the standard of unconquer'd Kent,

And bade me lead them forth.'

The retrospection of Mr. C. in this part of the work becomes extremely affecting ; it is, however, a little relieved by his recurrence to his "boyish days : " the portraits that he has drawn of *Dr. Bentley* and himself form an inimitable picture : his reflections upon the asperity with which *Bentley* was treated, and his observations upon his writings, do honour to the piety, the learning, and the judgment of

him, as a man and as an author; let us, however, now follow him through the enumeration of his comforts:

'Oh, keep that spirit in me, gracious Heaven!

For which my mitred ancestor was styled
'Benevolent:'—Best title man can wear.
In that blest temper let me view the world;
Where in the foremost rank of those who claim

The tribute and memorial of my love,
The next and nearest generation stands
Daughters and sons—a family of which
Some bear my name, and all partake my blood;

Nor need they blush, in whose ennobled veins

Ran other streams, that with my current mix;

They too can boast a full and prosperous growth

Of youthful scyons; to the female group
Nature has been benignant, and employ'd
The modest graces to complete her work;
Whilst of the hardier sex, though I have mourn'd

Four train'd to war, and to their country lost,

Yet my parental table is not shorn
Of all its branches; one remains, who bears
The nation's thunder o'er the subject seas,
Eager to lanch its vengeance on the foe:
And others too there are, a strong reserve,
Which only time is wanting to mature,
And ripen into manhood. Blest with these,
I am not desolate; for these, O World!
I've yet to thank thee.'——

The address to, and definition of, friendship are admirable, as may be observed by the conclusion:

'It gives a female charm to manly sense;
Softens the rigour of unbending truth;
And shows that virtue need not always frown.'

We shall from "*Retrospection*" give one extract more, because it most characteristically shows, that Mr. C. was not a slave to an opinion generally concomitant to age, that former times were better than the present; and then reluctantly conclude:

'Our moral poets praise 'The good Old Time;'

But when that good time was they do not say.

'Tis not in my remembrance; for, tho' old,
I knew not Nestor—and he said, 'Twas past.'

On his authority, we may conclude
'Twas in some period when no poet liv'd,
No Orpheus harp'd, and 'ignorance was bliss;'

For all, from Homer to our Cowper, own
It was not in their day, and gently breathe
A hint to their contemporary friends,
That they are base, degenerate, and vile;
Pigmies in stature; and in nothing else,
Except in roguery and vice, advanc'd.

There is a fine sublimity in this
That pleases every reader, who admires
The grave adagio of heroic verse:
It charms not me, for I can neither feel
Its kindness, nor do I admit its truth:
I do not like this railing at the times;
They might be better, and I've known them worse.

I've seen Newcastle piloting the helm;
He was not very learned in the stars,
And steer'd a little wildly now and then;
I've known an English fleet, triumphant now,

Chas'd into port by 'bolder prow' than theirs!

I call to mind the time when Hogarth's march

To Finchley, did not greatly wrong the truth:

I've seen the grave originals from which
Our Fielding modell'd his King Arthur's court:

The ladies of the day, indeed, were good,
And pure, and virtuous—as all ladies are:
But in their outward graces they pursu'd
A style and taste entirely their own;
For they were wider much than they were tall,

And 'straiter-lac'd' by far than they are now:

None then wrote novels, for but few could spell;

And 'twould have been so puzzling to the press,

That no compositor would undertake
To trace their lovely hieroglyphics out.'

His observations upon modern ladies are at once so elegant and just, that his memory will be deservedly revered by them, and his name be

'Even in his ashes honour'd.'

The commemorative praise which he bestows on *Dr. Akenside*, arises most naturally from

'The pleasures memory bestows;
pleasures to which we owe this work,
from which we shall now quote the concluding passage; respecting this, it is with real sensibility we observe,

that we are sorry to state, it contains 'the LAST WORDS' of a man who had, for considerably more than half a century, delighted and improved the public, who had lived highly regarded, and who died generally lamented.

Conclusion of the RETROSPECTION of
RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

'Time, who can stay thee? Who can call thee back?

Pass on, then, thou despoiler of our joys,
Our strength, our talents! What thou hast of mine

Won't make thee rich, nor much improv'-
rish me;

For I have some affections and delights
Lodg'd where thy pilfering fingers cannot reach.

No, I defy thee to impair my love
For my dear child, my widow'd Marianne:
Methou may'st take away, but her from me,
Till death divide us, thou shalt never take.
Each day, each hour, that Heav'n vouch-
safes to add

To a fond father's life, will more and more
Endear, and draw her closer to my heart.
Now, if the embers of an aged Muse,
Fann'd by the breath of candour, still can show

Some glimmerings of a flame not quite
extinct,

'Tis thou, my child, and others like to
thee,

Whose kindness cheers me, and retains me
still,

Tho' not unmindful of the illustrious dead,
Faithful and firm as ever to befriend,
To my last hour, the cause of living
worth.'

It is unnecessary to add to those remarks upon this poem which we have already made, as we have perused and extracted from its pages, much more than that we extremely admire it, as a most astonishing effort

emanating from the mind of a man in the *eightieth year** of his age; for, although a strong retention of the faculties may have been the concomitant of advanced life, of which, indeed, *Voltaire* and *Macklin*, are instances; yet this had so seldom happened to antecedent poets, that *Dryden* was, for the vigour of his mind and the strength of his genius, considered as a *literary prodigy* at the age of sixty-eight, when he published his fables: but it will be remembered, that the *ruling passion* both of *Dryden* and of *Cumberland* was poetry; and that, although both had, perhaps, from *exquisite sensibility*, reason to be displeased with the world, yet the disgust of the latter never induced him to abandon his pen: Mr. *Cumberland*, notwithstanding he believed that the shafts of adverse fortune were levelled at him, rose superior to their power, and wrote to the very extremity of his life. His works, excellent in most of the departments of literature, are, consequently, very voluminous: they form a *pile* which will, for ages, remain as a monument to his genius, his talents, his industry, and his urbanity. Nor will 'RETROSPECTION,' the last, though not the least, of his effusions, disgrace its precursors; but may, to the imaginary tomb which we have dedicated to his memory, be properly considered as an elegant *epitaph* of his own composition; to which, in preference to that of his choosing, may be added the following motto:

Explorant adversa viros. Perq. aspera dura
Nititur ad laudem virtus interrica clivo.
J. M.

* Some of the papers have stated him to have been eighty-five; but *seventy-nine years, two months, and sixteen days*, was the term of the existence of the late RICHARD CUMBERLAND, he being born on the *nineteenth* of February, 1732, in the master's lodge of TRINITY COLLEGE, Cambridge, inter silvas, Academi, and dying in LONDON, the sixth of May, 1811.

The thread of LIFE, the line of mortal doom,
Thus stretching from the cradle to the tomb,
Tho' cares oppress, and sorrows intervene,
Is blest, 'IF VIRTUE FILL THE SPACE BETWEEN.'

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Ten Minutes' Advice to every Person going to choose a Husband, digested under the several heads of Fortune, Fashion, Dancing, &c. &c. 12mo. 36 p. 1s. Book. 1811.

THAT noble animal, *the Horse*, has been the subject of many learned treatises. There is no species of composition,—didactic or amusing, lively or grave, in prose or in rhyme,—in which instructions or directions as to every possible occurrence are not supplied under one or other of the heads of equestrian literature. We possess, however, very little information with regard to a much more noble animal, *the Husband*. To supply this defect in part, is the object of the present work; in which the writer, sometimes with irony, and sometimes with serious earnestness, has endeavoured to direct the path of his fair reader in a part of her course through life, which is of the utmost importance to her happiness. The advice is given with extreme, we might say, *affected* brevity. It is not, however, likely to be misunderstood, or soon forgotten. We recommend, however, upon a second edition, that some of the topics should be a little more expanded; a recommendation we have not often occasion to make.

As a specimen of the author's manner, we shall give the preface, which conveys a prospectus, or outline, of this little work:

'Having observed with real satisfaction, that ever since the publication of that excellent and popular work, entitled, *Ten Minutes' Advice to every Person going to purchase a Horse*, no one is now liable to be any longer tricked, deceived, and bamboozled by grooms, dealers, and jockies; since, as the author observes, **ESTABLISHED RULES** are therein laid down, for discovering the imperfections and blemishes of that *noble animal*, I have thought it a duty to my fair countrywomen, to comprize, in as narrow a compass as I can, certain *'established rules* for discovering the imperfections and blemishes

of that still more noble animal, *a HUSBAND*; so that those who choose to deal in them, may no longer be tricked, deceived, and bamboozled, in a choice, still more important, if possible, than even that of a *HORSE*. The celebrated *Veterinarian*, to whom the public is indebted for the original *Ten Minutes' Advice*, has digested his learning under the various denominations of *strangles*, *marfundering*, *glanders*, *vices*, *marbs*, *lampas*, *giggs*, *splents*, *osselets*, and other erudite titles. I have not, however, ventured, to deal in terms so difficult and recondite; but I have arranged my councils, under the well-known and familiar names of *Fortune*, *Fashion*, *Dancing*, *Reformed Nuts*, and the like; paying attention in their turns, to every circumstance important to conjugal happiness. Should I have the good fortune to preserve one tender and affectionate heart from being tortured by hopeless regret, or to save the bright eyes of any one of my fair readers from being dimmed and obscured by floods of unavailing tears, great—great indeed, will be my reward.

'As the *'celebrated Veterinarian*, the author of the original *Ten Minutes' Advice*, has added, by way of appendix, *'Observations and Receipts for the Cure of the most common Distempers incident to Dogs*, so I had originally intended to offer my *Observations and Receipts for the cure of Puppies*. But after a full consideration of the subject, and a reference to those ladies who have ventured to take them in hand, I can only say that I have reason to believe that they are *incurable*.

'Should my present work be favourably received, I shall take an opportunity of adding *'Ten Minutes more Advice as to the Management of a Husband*.' For in both *'the Horse and the Rider*, the choice may be judiciously made; and yet the *ANIMAL* be afterwards entirely *spoilt* for want of proper attention.'

We cannot dismiss this article without observing, that the reader may employ the allotted time with less pleasure and improvement than in the perusal of the *'Ten Minutes' Advice to every person going to choose a Husband*.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 282.)

A SAMPLE of what Lisbon was may still be seen in those parts of the town which escaped demolition. In that quarter called the *Mororia*, which is evidently the most ancient part, the streets are ill paved, very irregular, and so narrow that the projections of the upper stories of the houses almost meet those of the opposite side, so that the sun and air are thereby excluded. These streets, which are supereminent in darkness, dirt and stench, remain at this day nearly in the same state in which Lisbon is described by *Mariana* to have been at the time the town was taken from the Moors by Don Alphonso Henriquez, in the twelfth century. The houses are here narrow, lofty, with a great number of stories, and are beautified with a profusion of gothic and Moorish ornaments. The new streets which have been erected are all parallel and straight, intersecting each other at right angles. They are broad, perfectly uniform, and level. They stand in the valley which was totally destroyed. It is not a little singular that the limits of the earthquake should be so strongly marked. The houses on the steep declivity of the mountain immediately above, remained in a great measure uninjured. The house in which I lodge overhangs this

valley, and notwithstanding its immense height, received no ill effects from the convulsion. A strict attention to uniformity is observed in the construction of the houses in the new town. They are five stories high, and are built of white stone. The appearance which they make is very handsome. They are not built like separate houses, so that on a coup d'œil, they seem rather to be the sides of immense palaces. On each side of the way there is a spacious foot-path, raised above the surface of the pavement, and flagged for passengers. It is defended against carriages by stone posts. The three principal of these streets commence in the large square called *Praca do commercio*, which is on the bank of the river where the valley begins, and terminate in the *Praca do Rocio*. The centre is called *Rua Augusta*, the others which are parallel to it *Rua da Praca* and *Rua d'Oro*, streets of silver and gold. They are inhabited by gold and silversmiths, and artizans in other metals, who, as is usual in the south of Europe, work on the ground floor, close to the door. Their shops make a most glittering and brilliant appearance, but your ears in passing by are assailed by such an intolerable din that it is scarcely possible to hear

yourself speak. The noise is equally pleasant as that with which you are frequently entertained in the streets of London while walking in the wake of a waggon loaded with iron bars. The *Praca do Commercio* is the largest square in Lisbon. It is six hundred and ten feet long, and five hundred and fifty broad. Here was formerly the terrace or parade of the Royal Palace, called *Terreiro do paco*. On the east it is bounded by the Tagus. The buildings which surround it are handsome and uniform, each wing terminating in a pavilion at the water's edge. One side is occupied by the public library and courts of justice. The others are appropriated to the Custom-house and Exchange. Under the whole there is a spacious arcade, similar to the piazzas of Covent Garden, admirable for symmetry and strength, and equally useful as ornamental. From this square the Portuguese compute their latitude and longitude. In the centre stands the celebrated equestrian statue of the late king. It is of bronze, and was cast in one entire piece, which is said not to have occurred in any work of similar magnitude since the restoration of the art. Altogether, it is the noblest work of the kind I have ever seen. The appearance of the figure and horse is strikingly magnificent. The statue is elevated on a lofty pedestal, adorned with emblematical groups, which do equal credit to the taste and execution of the sculptor, whose name was *Joachim Machado de Castro*. Among them the fine figure of an elephant is particularly conspicuous. The founder's name was *Bartholomew da Costa*. The bust of the *marquis de Pombal*, who was the chief promoter of the undertaking, formerly adorned the front of the statue. This was displaced by the dastardly resentment and dirty malignity of his triumphant enemies after his fall from power. In place of the portrait of this great minister, they have substituted the arms of Lisbon. On being told of the circumstance, Pombal observ-

ed with as much magnanimity as sang froid, "I am glad they have done it: it was a bad likeness." At the other extremity of the new streets is the *Praca do Rucio*. Here is the great palace of the Inquisition. Over the pediment in the centre of the edifice is a group of figures representing Religion trampling on a prostrate heretic. The caverns and dungeons are said to extend under a great part of the square, which is next in size to the *Praca do Commercio*. The houses which surround it are mostly mean and dirty. They are occupied chiefly by low wine-shops and coffee-houses, which consequently make it the grand resort of noisy politicians, tobacco smokers, idlers, and beggars. In each of these squares is an encampment of French.

The town is open on all sides, and without any other defence than the batteries and forts on the river. It is true that on an eminence in the old Moorish part of the town there is a small fortification called *O castello dos Mouros*, and by the English, the Castle of Lisbon: but this is merely a name. The fortress is very weak, and totally incapable of protecting the town against an attack, even were the inhabitants disposed to make trial of its strength. It is, however, of equal service to the Portuguese as if it were as strong as Gibraltar. They would defend one with the same gallantry as the other. Neither would be made use of by them for any other purpose than to fire salutes on a royal birthday, on the festival of St. Antonio, or on some equally important occasion. When the French approached, the guns of this castle maintained a most respectful silence.

There is here no court end of the town as in London. The nobility and gentry reside indiscriminately in all quarters. The most agreeable part is that which, from its elevated situation, and the salubrity of the air, bears the Spanish name of *Buenos Ayres*. This hill is the highest in Lisbon, and is chiefly chosen on account of its su-

perior cleanliness, as a residence by the English who resort hither for the benefit of their health. The natives who live here are comparatively few. Earthquakes have also been always much less felt in this situation, which is another reason of its being preferred by foreigners. Many of the houses in this quarter are handsome, and have not only large gardens contiguous, but you see vineyards, cornfields, and orange groves, interspersed among the buildings, which, when contrasted with the dirtiness of the streets below, give it an appearance extremely pleasant and rural. The view from the hill is very picturesque and extensive. Few of the houses in Lisbon have any thing very striking in their architecture, though many are dignified with the pompous appellation of palaces. They are generally four or five stories high, of which the attic apartments from being the most airy and pleasant, are used as dining and drawing-rooms. The bed chambers are in the lower stories. In good houses nobody inhabits the ground floor, which is occupied as a coach-house or stable, and frequently by merchants as a warehouse for goods. Many of the palaces of the nobility, so nearly allied is their grandeur to meanness, are disgraced by having this part of the house appropriated as a dram-shop, or decorated by the appendage of a barber's bason. The windows of the upper stories open into balconies, where during the heat of the day the Portuguese damsels sit under awnings of silk to inhale the refreshing breezes from the river, to make signals to some passing lover, or to listen to the music of the guitar. Their elevation, however, does not always protect them from the aromatic gales and sweet-smelling odours of the inferior regions—"All sounds and stinks come mingled from below." The interior decorations in houses of some of the nobility are very costly. The apartments in several which I have seen, now occupied by English officers, are magnificent, yet there is in

them, though much splendour, but little taste, and a total absence of what an Englishman calls comfort. Notwithstanding it is frequently cold enough for a fire in the winter months, they never make use of either grates or chimneys. The windows are all thickly latticed with iron: and though jealousy is by no means out of fashion, these bars are seldom efficacious when opposed by inclination or a spirit of intrigue. The entrance to the houses is shocking. The street doors are usually left open. The hall doors are without knockers. On pulling a bell they are opened by a long string from above, and by an invisible hand, which reminds you of *Open sesame* in the Arabian Nights. The situation of Lisbon is exceedingly eligible for a metropolis. The Tagus washes the foundations of the houses throughout the whole extent of the city. The harbour is deep and capacious. At present the river is entirely covered with ships. The Russian fleet, and many British men of war lie at anchor immediately opposite to the town. The breadth of the river at its mouth is only a league. At the *Praca do Commercio* it is still narrower, but above the town it spreads itself into an immense bay, twelve miles from shore to shore. The opposite bank of the river, in its narrowest part, rises abruptly into steep precipices. The Tagus is navigable but little way above Lisbon. It runs between inaccessible rocks, and its current is broken by many rapids and cataracts. In the reign of Charles II, a proposition was made to the Portuguese government, by a company of Dutchmen, to trace roads over the rocks, to make dykes, and to cut sluices and canals, so as to facilitate the passage of boats as far as Madrid. They proposed also to render the Manzanares navigable which empties itself into the Tagus. The revenue was to be defrayed by a tax levied on the conveyance of goods. Councils were forthwith held to deliberate on the expediency of the measure. The grave sages,

however, of which they consisted, did not cherish so ardent an attachment to *artificial navigation* as that which was entertained by the celebrated Mr. Brindley, who was accustomed to speak of rivers with the most sovereign contempt. During his examination before the house of commons, on being asked by a member, for what purpose he apprehended rivers to have been created? this gentleman is well known to have answered: *To feed navigable canals.* The reply which was made to the proposal by these wise counsellors, after weighty consideration, was: "that as God had not seen fit to make those rivers navigable, it was a clear proof that he did not choose they should be so, therefore, to attempt to make them otherwise than they were, would be contradicting his providence." With this commendable determination these philosophers broke up the council. In Algarve they never prune a tree. It is thought irreligious to direct its growth. "God knows best," they say, "how a tree should grow."

The foundation of Lisbon is ascribed to Ulysses. By the Greeks, says tradition, it was called *Olus-hippon*. This, by the Romans, was pronounced *Olisipon*, which by a latter corruption has become changed into Lisbon. Clear as is this etymology, which is as satisfactory as some of Noah Webster's, the Portuguese historians reject it with disdain, indignant that their capital should be disgraced by so *modern* an original. It was founded, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo, by Elisha, the son of Javan, and grandson of Noah. By him it was called *Eliseon* and afterwards *Elisbon*, and by corruption Lisbon. What, say they, can be more evident. To doubt would be presumption. Far be it from me not to give implicit belief to assertions so gravely advanced, and so clearly proved. Camoens has thought proper to adopt the more vulgar idea. Which of the two is most authentic I shall leave to be decided by graver philosophers, not being over fond of matter-of-fact.

I confess, however, that I can as readily persuade myself to credit the poet as these learned historians. The following is the passage in the *Lusiad* which speaks of the foundation of Lisbon. The beauty of the verse loses none of its lustre in the translation of Mickel:

"Lusus the loved companion of the God
In Spain's fair bosom fixed his last abode,
Our kingdom founded and illustrious
reigned
In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium
feigned,
Where winding oft, the Guadiana roves,
And Duero murmurs through the flowry
groves,
Here with his bones, he left his deathless
fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his
name.
That other chief th' embroidered silk dis-
plays,
Took o'er the deep whole years of weary
days.
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid
To wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born
maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine
On Tago's banks he rear'd the hallowed
shrine:
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers
of Troy,
On Europe's strand more grateful to the
skies
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisbon rise."

The Portuguese historians with a modesty peculiar to themselves declare that the descriptions of Elysium, and of the garden of Eden as given by the poets, are not merely shadows of imagination, but real pictures of their country and its capital. Europe says one of them, Antonio de Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the world. Spain the best part of Europe, and Portugal the best part of Spain. It is manifest, observes another, Luis Mendez de Vasconcellos, that the Europeans are superior to the rest of the world, and that they who inhabit the most temperate regions are most perfect by nature. It is therefore evident that as Lisbon is situated in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the heavens must necessarily

make its inhabitants most perfect of all incorporeal beauty, and mental excellence. The same grave author in a work called *O sitio de Lisboa*, which was written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has since been printed by the academy, accordingly proves from Plato and Aristotle, that Lisbon is the first of earthly cities. A Portuguese divine in speaking of the temptations offered to our Saviour by Satan, who showed him from the mountain all the kingdoms of the earth, exclaims: "Ah fortunate is it that the kingdom of Portugal was concealed from his view by the mountains of Spain, or our blessed Lord would never have been able to resist the offer." It is a common observation among them *Porem todos dizem, que o reino de Portugal he a melhor terra do mundo*. 'All the world allows that our country is the finest on earth.' They also say *Portugal he pequeno, porem he um tunon de azucar*. 'Portugal is small, but it is a lump of sugar.' In proportion as the Portuguese think highly of themselves, they entertain for all other nations the most sovereign contempt. I was conversing with one of them a few days since, in whose company I chanced to be dining, upon the affinity between the Spanish and Portuguese idioms. On my observing that the provincial dialect of the Portuguese did not differ so much from the Castilian as many provinces of the peninsula, he struck me dumb with astonishment by saying "Provincial dialect do you call it sir? Give me leave to observe that it is our language which is pure, the Spanish is a corruption of the Portuguese, not ours of the Spanish." His impudence in making such an assertion as this, rendered me incapable of giving him an answer. I had much difficulty to refrain from laughing in his face. Some one who must have known little of the matter, has said that they had a good language, but that they did not know how to speak it. The fact is, their

language is bad, and their manner of speaking it worse. I had rather hear the howling of their dogs, or the chimes of their bells, than listen to one of these jew-looking gesticulators, swelling with self-importance like a bursting frog, and sputtering his gibberish. Though I can speak it fluently, I can never bring myself to de-file my mouth with it. I always answer in Spanish. There is a Castilian proverb: *Strip a Spaniard of his virtues and you will make him a good Portuguese*. Almost all proverbs are truths: never was any one more so than this. Without a particle of the courage, nobleness, generosity and frankness of the Spaniard, he has all his ferocity, and revengeful disposition, super added to the qualities of cowardice, hypocrisy, malignity, cruelty, meanness, and the most egregious vanity. Such is the general character of these courageous patriots. The Portuguese fear and hate a Spaniard. A Spaniard detests and despises a Portuguese. The present cause in which the two countries are engaged, is far from obliterating this national antipathy. I seldom see a Spanish soldier in the streets without hearing him loaded with opprobrious epithets by the rabble, and abused for being a Spaniard.

The Portuguese writers who are fond of this kind of magnificent rodomontade, say Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. This remark is absurd, and there is no truth in it. The ground on which it stands is hilly, but no such division can be discovered. Of late Lisbon has increased rapidly in size. It is computed to be two leagues in length, but its breadth is narrow in proportion, seldom exceeding a mile, and oftentimes being very inconsiderable. The population from this extent might be supposed greater than it actually is, as the houses in many parts are laid out on a very large scale. The number of inhabitants, according to the most accurate estimate, is upwards of two

hundred and fifty thousand, of whom more than twelve thousand are shut up in convents.

The weather here has been for some days past most intolerably hot. At noon the sun

“Darts on the head his forceful ray
And fiercely sheds intolerable day.”

The heat is so excessively relaxing, that when joined to the labour of climbing up the perpendicular streets, and to their pestiferous odours walking for some hours of the day, is next to impossible. The inhabitants regularly sleep after dinner at this season. The *siesta* is indulged in by all ranks. At this hour every thing is still and dead. At four the labouring classes begin to appear, and after sunset the principal inhabitants are seen abroad. The evenings are beginning to be cool, and the air at the close of the day is very refreshing. During the continuance of a drought they make processions to procure rain. A deluge and tempest follow, on which occasion they say that when *Nosso Senhor* is good, he is too good. A Portuguese trying to mount a horse prayed to St. Antonio to assist him. He then made a vigorous spring and fell on the other side into a puddle. Getting up and wiping his clothes, he observed, “*St. Antonio has assisted me too much.*” You may say with truth of this climate, that it never rains but it pours. Days of perpetual, silent rain are very rare; when it once begins the water comes down in a deluge. “*Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.*” At this time it is easy to imagine how agreeable the streets are. The water rushes down them like rivers, and often with such violence as to make them utterly impassable. In many places I have seen the current three feet deep. As to walking, if you go under the houses, you are drenched with the water spouts; if you attempt the middle of the street you have to encounter a torrent; between the two there is a mountain of dung. Such is the force

of the water, that you may stand a chance of getting drowned in an attempt to cross. Instances have actually occurred of men and horses being carried away by the cataract, and almost precipitated into the river. Some people are considerate enough to make a bridge, by placing a plank on blocks or barrels, over these rapids. At the bottom of the *Calzada Estrella*, and at those crossings which are most frequented, *gallegos* post themselves at these times to convey passengers on their shoulders. The brooks round Lisbon which it was easy a little before to step over, and which in summer totally disappear, during the heavy rains, rush in torrents down the hills. The waters gather together in the valleys so they cannot be forded. In the months of November and December travelling is impracticable. After the rains have subsided, it is necessary to wait a month till the waters have retired to their proper channels. The rainy season lasts till February, after which hardly a drop falls for five or six months. The swelling of the streams it is feared will retard the operations of the army, which is shortly to march into Spain. Snow is extremely rare in this country. About fourteen years ago a little happened to fall at which the common people were so terrified that they ran into the churches to implore the protection of St. Anthony, imagining that the world was coming to an end.

The *gallegos* form no inconsiderable, and certainly not the least respectable part of the inhabitants of Lisbon. These useful men leave their poor native province Galicia, and emigrate partly into the other provinces of Spain, and partly into Portugal, where they engage in the most menial offices. Here all kind of drudgery is performed by them. The noble minded Portuguese disdain to engage in such servile employments as porters, waiters, carriers, &c. They scorn the idea of carrying a burden, or wheeling a barrow, which they say is only wor-

thy of a beast. The *gallegos* are very patient and laborious. They are so scrupulously honest that their faithfulness has become a proverb. Notwithstanding they are avaricious, no allurements of gain will induce them to commit a dishonest action. Their dress is peculiar. They wear a brown cap. Many of them have no other lodging than what they casually find in cellars, stables, or cloisters. With their earnings they often return home to their families, when they have gained a sufficiency, and pass the remainder of their days in their native country. They make excellent servants, and are employed in most English families, as well as by many of the Portuguese, as cooks and *chambermaids*, &c.; they make beds, girls seldom being employed in that capacity. Portuguese servants are not only too lazy to work, but they are generally thieves, not to mention their uncleanness. The lower classes here prefer raggedness and filth with all its concomitants, to the smallest exertion. Wherever you go you see a parcel of huge dirty fellows stretching themselves at full length on the ground. In this position they will sometimes continue from morning till night, in a state of the most perfect apathy. You will oftentimes, it is true, see them employed while thus lying in the sun, but their employment consists only in performing for each other the kind office of abridging their respective retinues, which they execute without the assistance of a comb, placing their heads alternately in one another's laps. In this occupation they however merely imitate

their betters. All classes here occasionally employ themselves in this meritorious manner. It often serves to beguile a tedious hour, or to fill up a pause in conversation. Persons of condition, so far from being ashamed to allow others to lessen the number of the inhabitants that dwell on the surface of their skulls, will not hesitate in company to perform the same office for themselves. This is not seldom done by them at cards. Young ladies in their visits seldom fail reciprocally to engage in this useful pastime; they vie with each other who shall slay most in a limited time. A friend of mine lives in a family where there are several damsels, who are wonderfully expert at this amusement. They take great pleasure in thus obliging their visitors, and I have several times been asked by them if I would not permit them to confer the favour on me. I saw the other day in the *Praca do Rocio*, a man seated on the pavement with a baboon on his shoulder picking the lice from his head. He seemed very dexterous in the performance of his work. I was told that he belonged to a fellow who gains his livelihood by thus employing his talents for the public good. Not long since I was dining at a house where the servant who stood behind my chair was, while I was eating, industriously cracking his captives on the back of it. I requested him to defer his *bloody business* till I had concluded my dinner. When two friends are thus using their fingers instead of combs, those prisoners that they take are usually bitten between the teeth.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

M. Delaporte's Journey in England, Ireland, and Scotland. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. Translated from the Paris Edition of 1774.

'The simplicity with which foreigners in general describe the customs and manners of other countries, always delighted me. Even their errors and prejudices are not without instruction.'—ANON.

Geography of England—The City of Oxford, University, &c.—Guy Earl of Warwick—The Parian Marble—Bedford—Curious Paintings—Child eight years of age sentenced to death—Reasons for the same—Woman in the pillory—The Architect and the Duke of Bedford—Privilege of Peers—Man preparing Poison, &c.—Persecution of Catholics apologized for—Oaths, Fines, &c.—Sabbath, Original strictness in keeping—Men in Cornwall metamorphosed into Stones—Mode of trying Witches—Shocking instance of Ignorance and Barbarity—A Witch—Believer's Recantation—Duke of Bedford and the Maid of Orleans—Lily the Astrologer—Witches and Wizards—Distribution of Alms at Kingston—A Female Highwayman—Singular Species of Goat—Mode of Fattening Geese—Cattle—Sparrows—Game—English Climate—Portsmouth—Offensive Establishments in Canada—Hostilities—Murder of M. Jumonville—Generosity of the Savages—Moderation of the French—Mode of treating French Prisoners—Naval Strength of England; its Opulence, &c.—The English Inventors of most of the Instruments used in Navigation—Peers, and People, &c.

HITHERTO, Madam, the city of London, and some counties between Dover and the capital have been the objects of my epistles. I have, since that period, made several incursions into the interior, and to the extremities of the kingdom, of which I am going to give you an account.

This island, the largest in Europe, and the most flourishing in the universe, is divided into two kingdoms, England and Scotland; the former into fifty-two provinces or counties, in the course of one hundred and eight leagues from the east to the west, and a hundred and seventeen from the north to the south. It is watered by three principal rivers; the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber; the

first derives its source from the Tame and the Isis, not far from Oxford.

This city is the most ancient of all that profess the Protestant religion. Each of the numerous colleges here has its library, and the former resemble so many palaces, where upwards of a thousand students and bursars, are maintained. It has the privilege of sending members to parliament; is governed by its own statutes, and elects a chancellor, who is almost always a person of the first quality, having a vice-chancellor under him, who executes the duties of his office.

The English boast much of the theatre at Oxford, where the students perform their classical exercises; of a cabinet of natural history, antiquities, &c.; a chemical laboratory, and a garden of exotics. But what distinguishes this province most, are the ancient victories of the celebrated Earl of Warwick, the famous bower of fair Rosamond, the magnificent house of the Duke of Marlborough, and, above all, the celebrated tablets of Parian marble. I have here read the history of Greece, engraved in large characters, more than two hundred and sixty years before the Christian era, and, as some of the characters were impaired by time, I was shown copies in which the omissions were supplied by learned men who had very closely investigated the subject.

Proceeding to the right, on my way to Cambridge, I passed through the town of Bedford, agreeably situated, though rather small and ill built, as the river Ouse runs through it. I had a letter of recommendation to one of the inhabitants, who possessed a cabinet which much excited the cu-

riosity of strangers. This is nothing less than the whole body of the laws of England, exhibited in a number of paintings which ornament his gallery. Here we see a child, only eight years of age, condemned to death for setting fire to a barn. His judges, in this case, found a degree of deliberate wickedness, and were also persuaded that malice had been the principal motive of this crime ; but, as I still expressed some astonishment at the case, I received for answer—

“The English think a person may be convicted of a crime, as soon as ever the culprit may have the will to commit the same. It is true that children are very seldom supposed to be responsible for their actions before they are ten years of age ; their punishment is therefore mitigated. At fifteen, however, they are deemed equally as culpable as grown persons ; but, with respect to capital crimes, the law exempts none from punishment, but children under eight years of age. If a person, sound in mind, has perpetrated a crime, and becomes insane previous to his trial, proceedings against him are stopped, because the law supposes him unable to defend himself. The execution of a criminal is less calculated for the punishment of the individual than the example of the whole community. As for drunkenness, it is here regarded more as an aggravation than an excuse for a crime ; and it would be deemed next to madness to endeavour to excuse one crime by pleading another as the cause of the first !”

Arranged next to this picture was that of a woman condemned to the pillory for having made her house a place of prostitution. “You see that woman,” said my attendant, “suffering the punishment of the law, without being able to allege either the authority or the command of her husband for what she has done ; because, all the interior economy of the house, is supposed to be under her immediate control ; and therefore, not acting under the authority of any one,

she is equally as responsible for her actions, as if she was a widow.” “Under other circumstances,” he added, “an English woman is so dependent upon her husband, that even civil offences, committed by his order, by his instigation, or in his company, do not subject her to the law of the country.”

But who is that stout fellow, said I, who has caught up another by the middle, and seems as if he meant to throw him from that terrace into the walk below ? It is, said my attendant, an architect, who hit upon this singular method for obtaining the payment of a large sum owing him by the Duke of Buckingham. You know that our peers may contract debts, and brave their creditors with impunity, as no action can be brought against their persons. One day, the Duke of Buckingham having received a considerable sum of money, his architect being informed of it, he chose the place, here represented, to wait for the Duke and solicit the payment of his debt. The Duke expressed much regret upon being unable to satisfy him at the moment, but by way of softening his refusal, praised the talents of the architect, and spoke very highly of some work in particular done at his Grace's seat. While he was expatiating at large, upon a statue that could only be seen to advantage from a terrace, he incautiously led the architect there to see it, who, availing himself of this moment of being alone with the Duke, seized him by the waist, and being much stronger than Buckingham, held him over the edge of the parapet, rather lofty, threatening that if he did not pay him that instant, or if he offered to make the least alarm, he would dash him down upon the pavement. Take your choice, said he, either to die on the spot, or to give me an order upon your banker, payable on sight. Here is pen, ink, and paper, write, or die this instant ! The Duke, sensible of his danger, thought proper to comply ; while the architect,

hastening from the terrace, and turning the key of the garden gate upon the Duke, left the house immediately; and mounting his horse, which was waiting for him at the door, flew to the banker's, and received his money without any obstacle.

It will appear to you, Madam, very strange, that the English people have not yet appealed against this privilege of parliament, as well as against that which once rendered their houses entirely open to the officers of the Customs. If you imagine such privileges are honourable to a small number of the community, you may be sure they are infinitely prejudicial to the rest of the nation, and particularly to commerce, in favour of contraband goods, which may be deposited in these privileged houses.

They pointed out to my observation, in the same painting, two men extremely busy, one occupied in preparing poison, and the other administering it, and both destined to undergo the same punishment: for the English look upon those who commit the crime, and those who provide the means, equally culpable. And though their laws make a difference between the thief, and he who advises the theft, or receives what is stolen, they know of none between a felon, and those who assist him in his escape; or who rescue or prevent his apprehension. They condemn a father who favours the escape of his son, and punish a son who assists his father in a similar object, though not without the benefit of clergy, of which the criminal is deprived.

This picture gave rise to some explanation relative to the crimes of felony and high treason. A man in England becomes culpable, if, after renouncing the established religion, he should appear again in the country, and make profession of the Catholic faith. Non conformists are also prohibited from having their children baptized, or the ceremony of marriage performed by any ministers, those of the establishment excepted.

A married woman, who follows any other religion, according to the law, cannot enjoy more than a third of her dowry, nor be the instructor of her own children, nor execute her husband's testament. The rigour against the Catholic clergy, is still greater; if taken in the act of exercising their public functions, excepting in the houses of ambassadors, the law condemns them to perpetual imprisonment. An English Catholic priest, returning from beyond sea, and refusing to take the oaths prescribed, is deemed guilty of high treason, as are also such persons as harbour or protect him.

An Englishman conveying an infant out of the kingdom, to be brought up in the Catholic faith, is liable to pay an hundred pounds sterling to the informer, and both the child and its conductor are declared incapable of maintaining any suit at law, &c. &c.

Such I was told was the severity of the English laws against those who refuse to embrace the established faith; but they are very rarely put in execution; and in excuse for their severity, it must be confessed, that the times in which they were made, perhaps, rendered them necessary. The restless spirit of the Catholics at the beginning of the reformation, their attachment to the queen of Scotland, the gunpowder plot, the attempt to assassinate king William the third, and the late attempts of the Pretender have compelled parliament to lay hard restrictions upon the Catholics.

But to proceed; my eyes being still fixed upon the walls of the gallery, I asked what was the meaning of a man painted in the middle of the field with a gun, and of another person who seemed to threaten him? This I was informed was the law which imposed a fine upon a soldier, a sailor, or an artisan, or any common person convicted of making use of an oath, which penalty was doubled every time after the first. But as the

penalty upon a gentleman is five shillings, for profane swearing, as a more explicit illustration of the painting, I was given to understand that the man who carried the fowling piece, being found unqualified, observed to the justice, after paying the penalty, that he should then become informer in his turn, when affirming upon oath, that the gentleman who stopped him, swore several times, he was fined accordingly; one half of which penalty was given to the poor, and the other half went to the informer.

Whoever profanes the sabbath, the only fete, as one may say, observed in England, renders himself obnoxious both to God and religion. The early kings of Great Britain prohibited commerce on Sundays, under great penalties. By others, music, dancing, playing, singing, and all amusements except the promenades, the places of prostitution, coffee-houses, taverns, and ale-houses, have been prohibited in their turns. Hitherto the reading of public newspapers, that choice gratification of national curiosity, is not suspended. Yet the wherries in which we cross, or pass up and down the Thames, are on Sundays without watermen, and double turnpike money is paid all round the capital. Nevertheless, the confessions of criminals, at the time of execution, always turn upon the article of Sabbath-breaking! It is not long since the barbers, in certain places, attempted to get rid of shaving on a Sunday, and there were not wanting a number of persons who approved of this regulation. This rigorous observance of the Sabbath originated in the laws made against the Puritans under queen Elizabeth. Charles the first attempted to devert these laws of their rigour, in permitting decent sports after divine service on Sundays. But these indulgencies were converted into accusations with others brought against him by the fanatics; one of whose parliaments caused the Book of Sports to be burnt by the hands of the common

hangman. In the county of Cornwall several rude stones are to be found ranged in circles. These, the Puritans say, and the people believe them, are men, who were metamorphosed, as a judgment upon them for playing at fives on a Sunday.

In the hours between church-time, in London, one may see people standing at their doors with their arms folded, without any amusement but that of staring at the passengers. In fact, Sunday is a day of melancholy and ennui to all but those who make a scruple of going to taverns, ale-houses, or worse places.

You could not forbear laughing to see in one corner of this cabinet, a picture representing several old women muddling together in a pond. One of these, I was informed, took it into her head to accuse her neighbour of being a witch. You are a witch yourself, replied the other, and to convince my neighbours of it, I challenge you to the proof by water. This being accepted, the two heroines are represented as stripping even to the *chemise*, when their hands and feet being tied, they beg of the spectators (a cord being passed round their bodies) to plunge them in. One of the two sank to the bottom and was drawn up; but, the other struggling some time, this was deemed a proof of witchcraft! The mob now asking her, whether she had any friends or accomplices, the poor terrified creature mentioned the name of a village, to which the rabble immediately repairing, fixed upon another aged creature, dragged her from her spinning-wheel to a neighbouring pond, where they compelled her and several other females to undergo repeated duckings; several of the authors of this outrage, however, were punished.

Some years before, a similar event took place in Hertfordshire, within a few miles of the metropolis, of which the judges availed themselves to make a proper example. In this case the ignorant multitude were resolved

upon ducking an old man and his wife, whom they pretended were guilty of sorcery. The man survived this cruel trial some hours, but the poor woman died in the arms of those who drew her out of the water. One Thomas Colley, indicted for this murder, was executed for the same, and his body hung in chains. Before his execution took place, he was happily convinced of his errors respecting witchcraft, and willingly signed a declaration couched in the following terms, which was very properly read by the minister who attended him, to the surrounding people:—"Friends, I hope you will take warning by the fate which you see has befallen me, and not suffer yourselves to be blinded by the opinion that there are any witches or wizards. This vain and extravagant notion has caused me to commit a barbarous murder. I am fully convinced of my past error, and with the sincerity of a man, ready to appear before the great judge of judges, I declare that I do not believe in witchcraft. I hope in God that none of you will believe you have any right to persecute your fellow creatures under the error which I have abjured."

It is remarked, as a singular circumstance, that a few ages before the Duke of Bedford caused the celebrated Joan of Arc, to be burnt as a witch—England believed at that time that witches really existed, and that the Maid of Orleans owed her surprising victories to the agency of the devil! Formerly supposed witchcraft was punished as felony. At present fortune-tellers, &c. are only imprisoned. During the civil wars, England was overrun with necromancers, astrologers, and magicians. One Lilly, who was in the pay of parliament, always predicted victories over the royalists. This kind of imposition, like others, had its day; but even those who patronised these adventurers, soon found it necessary to withdraw their confidence altogether.

Relative to the fondness of the

English for believing in witches and wizards, I have heard of three women in the country, who being accused of dealing with the devil, were cited before the magistrate. One of them was charged with entertaining a number of airy beings in her dwelling, from whence a kind of vapour used to issue which no one knew what to make of. By the use of certain enchanted infusions, it was further stated, she also drew a number of persons to her dwelling, who, on leaving it, seemed transformed into swine, by their rolling in the mud, &c. The other woman was charged with cutting up living bodies for the purposes of witchcraft; and the third with making small figures of paste, the bad effects of which no one failed of experiencing who were so unhappy as to eat of them. The parson of the parish, who knew the parties accused, undertook to plead their cause; but he was also accused of the *black art*! At length, however, after hearing a number of contrary evidence, and some of the most extraordinary depositions that ever were taken, it appeared that the first of these women sold ale that she brewed herself, which also, with tobacco and some spirits that she sold, did cause many persons, at times, to get drunk, and wallow in the mud like swine, &c. That the second, charged with cutting up living bodies, was the wife of a butcher whom she sometimes assisted in his business; and that the third, accused of making images of paste, was in fact, the fabricator of her own gingerbread, upon which with a wooden instrument, she impressed a variety of figures, according to her fancy!!!

The English have always been charmed with things that seem to deviate from the common course of nature; hence their opinion of Merlin the enchanter, and others. In fact, all the ancient poets and historians are full of miracles, apparitions, prodigies, and hobgoblins; and the late liberty of thinking, introduced into this country, has scarcely cured some of the best in-

formed minds of this kind of credulity.

In the absence of matters of more moment, I must refer you to some trivial events that occurred in my rout. At Kingston, in Surrey, I saw a distribution made of clothes and linen to the value of an hundred guineas, among poor persons not receiving alms of the parish. This charity is said to have been left by a John Smith who had himself been a beggar. He left annual legacies to several parishes, excepting two villages in particular, where, during his life-time they had caused him to be whipped as a vagrant.

I heard an account of a gentleman travelling on horseback, and who met with near Kingston, a woman extended on the highway, crying out for assistance most pitiouly, she said she had been ill treated by robbers, and that she only wished to be able to proceed to the next village. The gentleman touched with compassion, made no scruple to dismount and lift her up; in the act of which, she presented a pistol to his breast, and demanded his purse. Totally disconcerted by a proceeding so unexpected, having thus deprived him of his money and his watch, she at once threw off all disguise, seized his horse, and rode off full gallop, leaving the poor gentleman making a thousand protestations against getting off his horse in future to help any more *women in distress*.

The great multitude of highway robberies is the only thing which (in 1752) renders travelling dangerous in England; as, otherwise, the roads are highly convenient. The laws are much more particular here with respect both to carriages and wheels, than they are in France; and though the English are not so careful in planting trees by the road sides as we are, the useful manner in which the ground is kept in summer and winter, almost makes an atonement for this neglect in ornament.

In some part of my journey, I saw a species of goat, the beard of which

is so long, and the hair so good, that they fabricate perriwigs of it. The beard is renewed every year; and the females of this kind are remarkably fruitful.

Here I must introduce a singular receipt for fattening geese, that I saw put in practice in a village through which I passed. First, the goose was rolled up in a cloth, from which bandage nothing but its neck and its head were left free. It was then hung up in a dark place, having its eyes and ears closed with wax, so that neither being able to see or hear, in this state it had no occasion either to move or to cry; but being fed continually with barley-meal, and given its drink out of a pot of water into which some sand was introduced, I was told that under this process, in the course of four or five days, its liver only would sometimes weigh four pounds.

In the greatest part of the countries I have passed through, neither the great nor the small cattle run in herds: in fact, the ground is so divided and enclosed, that it will not permit them. Abandoned to themselves, they thus pass the day and the night in pastures contiguous to the farms, and appear, like the men of the country, to partake of that air of liberty which is expanded all over the island. This security the cattle owe to the care of the Saxon kings, who compelled the wolves to take their last refuge in the mountains of Wales.

The English still assign rewards to persons who destroy sparrows. Each sparrow, they say, consumes a bushel of grain per year, for its subsistence.

Violent as the exercise of the chase may be esteemed, the females in England seem to admire it as much as the men. I have heard of some ladies who plume themselves as much upon mounting a horse and leaping a ditch, as a huntsman. The season commences in September, and such is the effect of the game remaining undisturbed the preceding four months, that when this takes place,

partridges may almost be taken by the hand. Till the season commences even proprietors are not allowed to kill game upon their own grounds; and the rigorous observation of the laws in this respect, supply a reason why devastations upon the game, so common in other countries, are not known here.

Though it is now winter, I scarcely perceive the rigour of the season. It is difficult to persuade people in France that it is colder there than in England, though it must be admitted that the fogs with which this island is covered, prevent it from experiencing very sultry weather, and excessive cold. These dense vapours are probably as beneficial for the earth, as they are prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants.

A proof that the climate of England is more moderate than ours is, that trees and plants may be reared in the open air, that in France would require the hot house, or the utmost care of the gardener.

Arriving at Portsmouth, I found very active preparations making for war with France. Admiral Boscawen had already begun to attack our vessels in America, and the only reason given for this rupture was, the necessity of destroying our commerce. This, in fact, appears to have been the principal object of the British administration, to be convinced of which, truth, it is only necessary to recollect what has passed between the two nations in America and in Europe, since the last treaty of peace.

This treaty was scarcely signed before the English formed the plan of several establishments in Canada, equally as opposite to the interests of France, as contrary to the faith of treaties. These plans were announced in all the gazettes, till the publicity of them attracting the attention of the court of Versailles, Louis XV. caused a memorial to be presented to the king of England, proposing to appoint commissioners of both nations to regulate the limits of the respective

colonies in an amicable way. In accepting this proposition, his Britannic majesty declaring that he had transmitted positive orders to prevent any interruption of the commerce of France, by his subjects making any establishments upon those territories upon which the French had a prior right.

The commissioners, Messrs. Shirley and Mildmay, on the part of England, and M. M. Gallissioniere and Silhouette, on the part of France, had scarcely commenced their labours, before a large reinforcement of troops new colonists, ammunition and artillery, arrived at Nova Scotia, for governor Cornwallis from England, the better to enable him to expel the French from a country upon which his majesty had assured us no attempt should be made. The object of the English government was to compel the French to retire, in order to give place to the new comers. Of course, the greatest number of the French families were obliged to abandon their possessions, taking refuge in other districts belonging to New France.

Encouraged by this success, the English governor wishes to use the same means against other French settlers established beyond the Peninsula, in consequence of this they demanded of the marquis de la Jonquiere, that protection which his majesty owes to all his subjects; and an officer and a small detachment being sent accordingly, had orders nevertheless, merely to prevent the English from making any settlement upon our territory: but by no means, to raise any kind of works: the English governor was also apprized of the march of this division, and the object for which they were sent.

This affair was followed by another more important: for the course of some months, the English had been in the habit of intercepting the French vessels employed in carrying provisions from Quebec to the posts upon the Canadian frontier. Complaints on this head to the British governor

at Nova Scotia and the court being alike unnoticed, M. de la Jonquiere thought himself justifiable in using reprisals. This led general Cornwallis to construct a number of forts, which the French did also for the security of their possessions.

M. de la Jonquiere, dying in 1752, M. du Quesne, his successor, was informed, from all quarters, of the avowed intention of the court of London, to attack the French colonies. Speeches were printed in England which were to be addressed to the savages, to induce them to take up arms against France. Many savages were at length collected, and threatened the tranquillity of the country; but M. du Quesne sent a detachment, and dispersed them. The English seeing themselves foiled in their object, and not being able to impute any hostility to the French, made preparations for building a fort upon our ground. They even brought forward a detachment to cover the working party, while M. de Contrecoeur appearing to be ignorant of their object, contented himself with sending a letter by an officer, calling upon them to withdraw. If commerce was their object, he said, he should be compelled to confiscate their property; but, if on the contrary, they meant to form a solid establishment in a country which did not belong to them, it would then be his duty to oppose them by force.

M. Jumonville, the name of the officer bearing this letter, while advancing with his detachment, was received by the savages with respect and attention: he soon found himself environed by the English, which was announced by a discharge of musquetry upon his people. M. Jumonville, waving his hand to the English commandant, showed his despatches, and demanded to be heard; the firing ceased, and the English crowded around him. He read the letter of which he was the bearer. Can you possibly devise the answer made to a French officer thus sent to a nation

not at war with France? M. Jumonville had not gone half through his reading, when he was shot dead by the English, and fell bathed in his own blood?

The savages enraged at what they saw, threw themselves between the French and their enemies; the fire however recommenced, and eight of the French detachment remained dead upon the place, the rest were made prisoners. A Canadian, who had the good fortune to save himself, spread horror and alarm in all the settlements through which he passed in his way to inform M. de Contrecoeur of what had happened.

The English, proud of this victory, raised other forts upon our territory; their troops increased every day, and the French prisoners were sent to Boston pleading in vain the rights of nations, and the most inviolable maxims of natural law. Our commandant at length taking measures for repressing these excesses, the Indians came in crowds to offer their services; all were eager to punish the murderers of their benefactors, so that the principal object of M. Contrecoeur was to moderate their zeal, and to prevent a remedy from being worse than the disease.

While he was thus deliberating upon the means of sparing the effusion of blood, he sent a detachment under M. de Villiers, the brother of the deceased de Jumonville, to reconnoitre the enemy. He arrived on the spot stained with the blood of his brother; and the eight dead bodies remaining there still, this excited the highest indignation of the soldiers. The English fort was in view, and a party from it, that had placed themselves in ambuscade, made a discharge upon the French; but they were soon forced to re-enter the fort which was quickly invested and attacked. At length, M. de Villiers giving the English to understand that if they wished to treat, he would cease firing, a captain was sent out to capitulate. M. de Villiers represent-

ed to him the horror of assassination, which the French, he informed him, could easily punish, by delivering the whole of the garrison up to the savages; but he added, he would give the English a proof of moderation, and of the sincere desire of the French governor to preserve peace between the two nations; he would make no prisoners, because he did not believe they were at war; all he required was the delivery of the persons that accompanied M. de Jumonville, and that they should then evacuate the fort.

The articles of capitulation being agreed and signed, stipulated that the English should march out with the honours of war, and that the French should undertake to prevent the English settlers from receiving any harm from the savages. To recover the French prisoners by this treaty was impossible; they had been sent to England, where indeed the Duc de Mirepoix reclaimed them, and had them sent over to France.

However, since this epocha, the English squadrons never fall in with ours, without capturing them. French vessels are now daily brought into all the British ports richly laden. The moment they arrive, they begin by giving up their victuals, of all kinds, to the populace, during which time the officers as well as the passengers, are exposed to the most brutal treatment.

What the wretched seamen suffer in the infected dungeons into which they are thrown, in order to induce them to enter into the English service is shocking. Deprived of wholesome food, and the sick and the healthy being confined together, are means most fatal in reducing the number of the sufferers.

But amidst the threatening preparations for a sanguinary war, Portsmouth supplies me with a very elevated idea of the naval strength of England. All that we read of in the once superb Tyre, and in antiquity, sacred and prophane, appears to me re-united in this magnificent port, which exhibits a rampart opposed to the

fury of the waves, a shelter for vessels exposed to the tempests; a species of dominion gained over an element the most independent and unconquerable; an entrepot of that opulence which commerce spreads through the country, and a common centre of correspondence and society, where the funds of divers kingdoms are exchanged and multiplied; where, after leaving their original source under one form, they re-enter under another, rendering all parts tributary and pouring into one world, as it would appear, the riches of many. And yet till the reign of Charles II. Portsmouth was of small note.

Upon the whole, to the eye of a politician and a philosopher, there is scarcely any spectacle more interesting than England. The spirit of grandeur and opulence has become the predominant character of its inhabitants; and from their morals and their operation upon the state, much may be hoped, and much may be feared. The unwearied application, and the indefatigable courage of the English, and their skill in all the branches of calculation, have, in a great measure, rendered them the masters of other nations. And as the English were really the inventors of most of the instruments used in navigation; it would appear, also, that they have in a manner, the exclusive use of them.

In this portrait, which I have traced of the English I have endeavoured to hold the just medium between that fanaticism which always declaims most furiously against the nation; and that enthusiasm, which on the other hand blindly admires the English even in their vices. I have to be sure, described the people with their ferocity, and the great with their benevolence. An English peer is an ardent defender of the rights of his country, because he is the depository of them. At the same time he supports the just prerogatives of the crown; because it is from this sacred source, that his rank and dignity are derived.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF GENERAL SIR JOHN STUART, K. B.

Roma ferox —————

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas

Extendat oras; qua medias liquor

Secernit Europen ab Afro,

Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus.

Hor. lib. iii.

IT is, at all times, with the greatest pleasure that we record the glorious actions of those heroes who have so emulously contributed to exalt the naval and military character of this united kingdom; but, at present, such has been the effect of the victories on the peninsula, that pleasure has soared far beyond its general acme, and, expanding upon the pinions of fame, has become, with us, enthusiastic exultation. The late operations in Portugal seem to throw a new light upon even the brilliancy of former victories, and, connecting themselves with events which, indeed, were their harbingers in the splendid track of glory, again to bring forward upon the *historical canvas* those heroes who have immortalized their names in the annals of their country, of Europe, nay in the annals of nations

'Where yet the Roman eagles never flew.' With the portraits of those men we have had the good fortune very frequently to embellish our work; and, therefore, to adorn this number of it, we are happy to include that of general *Sir John Stuart*, an officer whose name has been long since enrolled in the temple of fame, with those of his valiant and victorious compatriots.

It is to be lamented, we mean historically lamented, that, with respect to the early part of the lives of many men of professional eminence, the notices are, in modern times, very slight. This was not the case in the ancient world: Plutarch has been minute in recording even the transactions of the boyish days of his heroes: we know

the birth and juvenile progress of Alcibiades, Cymon, Pericles, &c. &c. other ancient authors have either *set* him a pattern or *followed* his example; but, in the present times, it has been, in many instances, irreparably neglected: and the memoir which we now contemplate is, of this neglect, alas! an additional proof.

Respecting the early years of the life of general Stuart, although his latter have been so conspicuous, we do not know any more, than that he was born in America about the period of 1758: that, as was then the custom of the opulent Americans, with respect to their children, at a proper age he was sent to England for education, and placed at Westminster school; where, it is said, he continued a much longer time than is common to young gentlemen destined to the military profession.

In the year 1780, we find, that soon after the death of his father, he obtained an ensign's commission in the foot guards, and, as it appears, was almost immediately sent upon active service; for, in the transatlantic campaign of 1781, he was present at the desperate battle of Guildford,* in North Carolina, where he exceedingly distinguished himself, but, unfortunately, received a dangerous wound in the groin, which was attended with such severe pain, and such lingering circumstances, that, although thirty years have since elapsed, he still occasionally suffers from its effects.

We have no correct means of tra-

* This battle was fought betwixt the English, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, and the Americans, under General Greene. The latter retired from the field, or, in other words, 'Victory perched on the standard of the English.'

cing the progress of General Stuart through the subordinate commissions to which he was, in gradation, promoted, during the interval of peace which succeeded the American war. At the commencement of hostilities by the French, it appears that he was a field-officer, and that the reputation for which he had laid so good a foundation at his entrance into military life, had expanded with his rank, or rather, we should say, that every opportunity afforded him for exertion produced an accession to his fame.

In the year 1795, the atrocities of the French in the West Indies, most energetically demanded repression. Victor Hugues not only retained possession of Guadaloupe, but extended his arms and his influence to the neighbouring isles. St. Vincent's was, at that period, exposed to all the calamities of civil war; the inhabitants of St. Domingo were also instigated to revolt; and the revolutionary infection seemed to catch from *island to island*, and from *man to man*, and to envelop every system in confusion.

To endeavour to stop this metaphorical conflagration, we find that Sir John Stuart, now a brigadier-general, was employed: his opposition to the most savage chief, and his conduct in the most trying situations of the most horrid war, that perhaps, ever raged, were such as greatly increased his military reputation.

Egypt, which has, from the earliest periods of commerce, been considered as the direct road to its Oriental emporium, became, at this time, an object of ardent contemplation to the French, determined upon its subjugation, because they saw in it two advantages; the first, the foundation of a new empire, the renovation of Theban grandeur, and the re-establishment of ancient cities, ports, and every appendage to commercial opulence. Through their visionary eyes, they beheld the revival of the government of the Caliphs, the kingdom of the Mamelukes, or the domination of the Soldans, as each dynasty passed

in review; but still, in the second instance, the prospect which its conquest afforded of impeding our East Indian commerce, and smoothing the way to its source, seemed to present more solid, because more immediate, advantages. The preparations, consequently, made on the part of France to obtain its possession, stimulated the jealous sensibility of the Directors of the East India Company to active efforts. Under the auspices of this government, an expedition was set afloat: the command of the land forces which it included, was given to Sir Ralph Abercrombie. This armament sailed from Marmorice on the 22d of February, 1801, came in sight of Alexandria on the 1st of March; and, on the morning of the 8th, having experienced considerable delay, in consequence of fresh winds and a high surf, the troops began their debarkation.

It is here unnecessary to state the minute particulars of their regimental divisions; the whole of the British force consisted of 15,330 men, who, we must observe, displayed the most consummate skill and gallantry in effecting their landing, though exposed to a most severe cannonade, and under the close-directed fire of incessant showers of grape-shot.

On the morning of the 12th, the whole army having been collected, reviewed, and found to be in excellent spirits and a high state of discipline, moved forward towards Alexandria. They shortly came within sight of the enemy, who had taken up, across the line of the English march, one of those skilful positions, the choice of which displays a thorough knowledge of military tactics. This position was on a long rough ridge, with his right to the canal of Alexandria, and his left towards the sea. Strong, however, as was this position, it was deemed necessary to force it; and General Abercrombie resolved accordingly to attack the foe on the following morning.

Early, therefore, on the morning of the 13th, the British army, in two lines, marched to the attack. The first plan

was, to turn the enemy's right flank. The French, however, perceiving their purpose, and impelled by their characteristic confidence and alertness, quitted their advantageous position, descended from the heights, and attacked the leading brigades of both the advancing lines. The 90th regiment formed the advanced guard of the front line; and the 92d that of the 2d line: those brave regiments received the first charge of the enemy, and repelled it with a firmness, courage, and discipline, which at once secured the fortune of the day, and put these regiments very high in the list of those who have so widely extended the military glory of their country. The remainder of the army followed the example thus set them, and evinced equal coolness, discipline, and skill, by an immediate change of position, which the unexpected movement of the enemy rendered necessary. Having thus repelled the French charge, the English army continued to advance, and ultimately forced the French to put themselves under the protection of the fortified heights of Alexandria.

Upon reviewing this battle, and remembering at the same time, that the Gallic army were as yet entire, it is impossible not to feel a sentiment of admiration, at the courage and firmness of our own men. The French charges are always formidable, not so much on account of their weight, as from their spirit and alertness. This charge was received in the manner above described; and the celerity and good order with which our whole army changed its position, on the unexpected movement of the enemy, was equally honourable to their discipline and to their courage.

From this affair till the morning of the 21st of March, General Abercrombie remained encamped in a position about 4 miles from Alexandria, having a sandy plain in their front, the sea on their right, and the canal of Alexandria and the lake of Abou- on their left.

On this memorable morning, the enemy, having collected all his force in the country, again descended from his heights, and marched, or rather rushed forwards, to attack the British.

The action was commenced about an hour before day-light, by a false attack on the British left. In a few minutes, amidst the scattered firing of the manœuvring band, the real charge, and one of the most dreadful attacks during the whole course of the war, was directed against our right. With the most admirable skill, without detracting any thing from their deceptive genius, the French contrived to bring their whole force to bear on the British right. Their infantry were sustained by their cavalry, and both seemed to vie with each other in maintaining their former reputation. Twice were they repulsed by the firmness of our brave army, yet they again returned to the charge. Infantry were mixt with cavalry as the columns gave way on either side. The celebrated French regiment, the "*Invincibles*," fought with a spirit almost worthy of their name. After piercing the line, and carrying every thing before them, they attempted to storm a battery three different times, but were repulsed with great slaughter; having been received not only by repeated volleys of grape-shot, but what was still more terrible and unexpected, by a charge with screwed bayonets, which nearly annihilated this celebrated corps, 'the soldiers appertaining to which fell exactly in the same position in which they had fought.'

Meanwhile that portion of the British army which had been thrown into some confusion rallied, and immediately proceeded to attack the enemy. The 42d regiment of foot, which had fought with the most heroic gallantry, having, in consequence, suffered beyond its proportion. Brigadier-general Stuart, with his wonted promptitude, flew to its assistance. He accordingly pushed on the foreign brigade; and the Queen's German regi-

ment, being on the right, commenced its operations in a well-directed and most dreadful fire by files, at a distance of about forty yards from the front rank of the French infantry; but as both sides kept advancing, they were soon within the length of a musket of each other.

This conduct of Brigadier-general Stuart contributed much to the fortune of the day. He timely supported the 28th and 42d regiments, which, having supported the main brunt of the battle, had suffered exceedingly, and were almost exhausted of their physical powers to stand or move. These regiments composed a part of the reserve under the late Sir John Moore, who was wounded on this occasion. Never, indeed, was a battle fought, in which both armies, and indeed almost every individual concerned, exhibited such astonishing valour, and such a durable firmness and constancy. The battle of Alexandria, in a word, was one of those in which nations fight for something more valuable than a mere present purpose, and in which the whole spirit of the nations is infused into their armies. The subject of contest was for national glory, and each army fought with a courage, a discipline, and enthusiasm, concomitant to so splendid a prize.

In summing up the narrative of this battle, it would be unpardonable to omit, that General Abercrombie received a mortal wound; of which he a few days afterwards died, equally loved and lamented. In this place we can say no more of him, than to repeat the just and striking words of Lord Hutchinson—"As his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

The conduct of Brigadier-general Stuart, and of the brigade under him, received due notice and thanks in the general orders issued by the commander-in-chief, shortly after the battle.

General Stuart continued to take an active part in the remainder of the Egyptian campaign; but our limits will not permit us to follow him through these detailed operations. In 1802, he was promoted to the rank of major-general; and for his services in Egypt was presented by the Turkish government with the order of the Crescent.

The peace of Amiens soon followed, and gave a short repose to military men and to the nation. The war, however, recommenced, and Major-general Stuart was sent in command to Sicily.

We now arrive at another period of the life of General Stuart; that era, indeed, that has raised him to the reputation which he at present enjoys. In all the former circumstances of his military career, he acted subordinatedly to others. He had merely to execute orders and plans which had not originated in his own mind. He had certainly opportunities of exhibiting great talents in their execution; but no scope had as yet presented itself in which, having to act alone, and as chief in command, he could display his own independent powers and absolute talent. In the battle of Maida he acted by himself; and by his valour and conduct, by his skilful arrangements and his invincible confidence in himself and his army, achieved a reputation which will live as long as the name and glory of the British nation exist.

The king of Naples had been compelled to sign a peace with the government of France; and as the French leaders had, at that time, enough on their hands, they were contented to accept this submission, and to wait for the conquest of Naples till they had released themselves of some of their present embarrassments. The vigorous diplomacy of England, seconded by some partial but brilliant military success, again animated the nations of the continent, and in the year 1805, Europe became the scene of an universal effort to resist the common oppressor.

The magnitude of the allied armies, and still more, the general and universal zeal with which they all embraced the common cause, gave well-founded hopes that the infuriate career of France might at length be arrested, and that her weak and divided government would not have the strength to support itself against the combined armies of Europe. The King of Naples very well understood the situation in which he was placed. He knew that France had granted him a peace only for the more effectual fulfilment of his ultimate ruin. He, therefore, correctly concluded, that it was rather an armistice than a peace; and an armistice of that kind, which the person who had granted it would have no hesitation in rescinding the moment it could be done with convenience to himself.

It is certain, that in this conclusion he was, as we have just observed, correct; for at the close of the German campaign which followed the infraction of the peace, a French army was ordered to march to Naples. The King was, consequently, compelled to place himself immediately under the protection of the English in Sicily. Naples was, of course, conquered as soon as entered, and Joseph Bonaparte seated on its throne.

It is not necessary here to state either the conduct of the French, or the resistance of the brave Neapolitans: but it may still be proper to add, that the latter became so formidable to their oppressors, as to occasion an army of 32,000 men, commanded by Massena and Regnier, to be sent for their subjugation.

In consequence of the efforts of those patriots, the English government ordered General Stuart, at that period in Sicily, to watch his time and opportunity, and under the guidance of his own discretion, act for their relief as the exigency of the case required. Shortly after, the General deemed that this time and opportunity had arrived. In the month of July, (1802), the fortress of Gaeta, which

had been long besieged by Massena, and most bravely defended by its commandant, the Prince of Hesse Philipsthal, still held out. Its situation in the gulf of Gaeta rendered it, in some measure, accessible from the sea, therefore, the operations of Sir Sidney Smith, whose character, in a great degree, resembled that of the brave governor, most admirably seconded the astonishing exertions of the gallant garrison.

In the whole course of the war, no fortress was more strongly attacked, or more bravely defended. The activity of the governor was every where; he was busy in the fortifications night and day. This example animated his men to a courage and enthusiasm similar to his own. Though his garrison did not exceed sixteen hundred men, he made a sortie, to demolish the works, defended by twice as many thousands. Massena at length brought 100 pieces of cannon to bear on the castle. The governor, however, was still undismayed. Massena, irritated at this brave resistance, though at the same time he testified his respect for it, put the whole country under martial law, and erected military commissions in all the towns. Under this administration, the kingdom, from one end to the other, became a scene of rapine, massacre, and devastation.

At this point of time General Stuart, with a force of 4,500 men, embarked from Sicily, and, on the 3d of July, landed at St. Euphemia, on the opposite, or Calabrian shore.

General Regnier was at Reggio when he was informed of General Stuart's having effected his landing. Without loss of time, he collected whatever force was within his immediate reach; and commanding whatever further force should come up, to form itself into a second division, and instantly to follow him, he marched towards the coast to meet the English. On the night of the third he reached the village of Maida; and, to wait for his second division, took up a strong position. The French gene-

erals were formerly thought to excel in the choice of such positions. This of General Regnier's resembled almost an entrenched camp. It was as follows ; and cannot be explained too distinctly, as it is a main feature in the battle.

A little beneath the village of Maida, is a long woody hill, every part of it almost, being covered with brushwood, and more particularly on the flanks. His front was extended along the brow of this hill, his flanks being protected by the underwood. At the bottom of the hill was a marshy meadow ; through which, along the whole front of his line, flowed the river Annato ; a stream small and fordable, but protected by its marshy banks. Such was the position in which General Regnier encamped on the night of the 3d July, with the purpose of waiting the arrival of his second division, and whatever other force might come up. He intended to march against General Stuart on the following morning. In the mean time, General Stuart, on the same day, the 3d, was informed that General Regnier had made his movement ; that he had arrived, and was encamped at Maida : and, that his present force consisted only of about 4,000 infantry and 300 cavalry ; but, that he expected to be immediately joined by at least 3,000 more, and that, in order at once to wait for this junction, and to cover himself till their arrival, he had taken up the above-mentioned strong position at Maida.

In these circumstances, General Stuart resolved to push forward, and attack him. Accordingly, very early the following morning (the 4th of July), he marched forwards with the body of the army, amounting to about 4,800 men, including artillery.*

Their line of march was along the sea shore, across a plain ; so that, as they approached the enemy, he being on the heights, was enabled to observe all their movements. He, according-

ly, did view them, and, in consequence, resolved on a movement on his part, which was as fortunate as unexpected to the British.

It has been mentioned, that General Regnier, on the night of the 3d, encamped on the heights of Maida, for the purpose of waiting for the reinforcements which he expected to come up to him on the second division. General Stuart hastened up to him on the morning of the 4th, with the hopes of reaching him before the arrival of these reinforcements. The second division, had arrived and joined General Regnier in the night, who, thus reinforced, had an army of at least 7,000 men ; a number nearly double the amount with which Sir John Stuart was approaching him. This superiority of force, and that force consisting of French veterans, added to the impregnable strength of his position, might very justly excite some apprehensions as to the issue, in the mind of the English commander.

"Had the French remained in their position," said the general, in his official despatch, "the advantages of the ground were so favourable, and all access to them so impracticable, that I could have done nothing. But, being animated by his superiority of cavalry, which I totally wanted, General Regnier quitted this advantage, and crossing the river in his front, with his entire force, he came down to meet us on the open plain."

It was now 9 o'clock in the morning of the 4th July. Both armies fired a few loose shots to conceal their mutual manœuvring ; this lasted, however, but a few minutes ; both were equally eager to engage, and in a moment, as if by mutual consent, suspended the firing on both sides ; in close compact order and awful silence, they marched up to each other. "The prowess of the rival nations," says Sir John Stuart, in the same official despatch above quoted, and he says it with equal justice and military en-

* A particular account of this battle of Maida, will be found in the London Gazette inserted in the Magazine, Vol. L. p. 228 ; but as the present seems to include some additional points historically curious and important, we insert it.

thusiasm, "seemed now to be fairly at trial before the world, and the superiority was greatly and gloriously decided to be our own."

The battle was now commenced in earnest; the bayonets of the two armies fairly crossed each other; and an Englishman and a Frenchman, looked each other full in the face. At this awful crisis the enemy became appalled; they broke and endeavoured to fly; but their previous daring had rendered it now too late. The English were upon them, and rushed into their ranks whenever they divided.

General Ackland availed himself of this opportunity, to press them with his usual vigour, and the 78th and 81st regiments, by their conduct on this occasion, confirmed, and indeed, augmented their former reputation. The enemy's left fled before them in all directions, and the plain, on all sides, was covered with the dead and wounded.

The French commanders have generally distinguished themselves by their dexterity in rallying after a defeat. Their right wing now made a noble effort to recover the fortune of the day. Brigadier-general Cole, however, gave them a suitable reception, and the 27th regiment much distinguished themselves in this part of the battle. The French cavalry, endeavouring to turn their left, were sharply opposed by lieutenant-colonel Ross, who had that morning landed from Messina, with the 20th regiment; and happening to come up during the action, while observing the attempted movement of the French cavalry, he threw his regiment opportunely into a situation near a small river, upon their flank, and there, by a heavy and well-directed fire, entirely disconcerted their scheme.

The battle was now over. The field was covered with a most horrible carnage. Thirteen hundred of the enemy were killed, and eighteen hundred taken prisoners.

"When I oppose this immense loss of the enemy to our own small com-

parative loss," says General Stuart, "his majesty will, I hope, discern in this fact the happy effects of that established discipline, to which we owe the triumphs by which our army has been latterly so highly distinguished."

The intelligence of this battle was received in England with the enthusiasm which it merited. It most certainly made a splendid addition to the long catalogue of British deeds of valour. It augmented our military character and renown, inspirited our allies, and animated the universal body of our country. It taught the enemy a very useful lesson, namely, that we did not owe our superiority to our mere maritime dexterity; but that our soldiers had hands and hearts, had nerves and courage, which those who chose to stand the proof would feel, and those who survived, however reluctantly, must acknowledge.

The thanks of Parliament were accordingly voted to all the general officers concerned, as likewise to the whole body of the army; and certainly no army had ever more bravely earned them.

His majesty was likewise pleased to signify his peculiar satisfaction, by investing General Stuart with the military order of the Bath. All the regiments concerned were permitted, by a general order, to bear the word "Maida" in their colours, and medals were issued and distributed to the officers.

Very shortly afterwards, General Stuart was appointed to the command of the 74th regiment, and, nearly at the same time, made Lieutenant-governor of Granada.

He is at this time in Sicily, the safety of which kingdom depends entirely upon him and his army; though it is to be observed that the events which have since occurred, events to which, in the poem to this memoir, we exultingly alluded, have not only increased the security of that kingdom, but of every other to which the protecting arms of Great Britain have been extended.

POETRY.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

BALLAD.

From a curious old collection.

The Politic Lovers ; or, the London Merchant outwitted.

IN London city late did dwell
A merchant, rich and known full well,
Who had a daughter fair and young,
With beauty bright, with beauty bright,
and charming tongue.

At Hackney she did board last spring,
Only to learn to dance and sing.
Her father he a 'prentice had,
Which was in love, which was in love,
with this fair maid.

But when the father found it out,
There was a heavy scolding bout,
He did command his 'prentice sure
Never to see, never to see,
his daughter more.

The 'prentice and his darling love
Found new ways to keep on their love,
The secret is a pretty joke,
'Twas manag'd by, 'twas manag'd by
the father's cloak.

For when the father he did go
To see his daughter, you must know,
The 'prentice would a letter pake
Within the cape, within the cape
of master's cloak.

So when to Hackney he was got,
The weather being something hot,
The daughter to the father said,
Pray give your cloak, pray give your cloak
unto the maid.

Then straightways from the cape would
they
Her lover's letters soon convey,
Wherein the daughter she did find
That still her love, that still her love
was true and kind.

The daughter writ an answer then,
And put it in the cape again,
The father said, my daughter dear,
Ne'er entertain, ne'er entertain
my servant here.

The daughter then did weeping say,
Dear father, I'll not disobey.
Upon which words he then did cry,
You shall have all, you shall have all,
girl, when I die.

But when the merchant he came back,
The 'prentice soon the cloak did take
And in the cape he straight did find
A letter from, a letter from,
his mistress kind.

The 'prentice said, oh master pray,
What made you thus angry this day,
To chide your daughter so severe,
And say, that I, and say, that I
must ne'er come there.

He said, a wizzard you must be,
Or how could you know this by me !
But yet when he to Hackney went,
The 'prentice still, the 'prentice still,
a letter sent.

So when he to his daughter came,
She ask'd him questions of the same,
Which made her father stamp and stare,
And cry'd a witch, and cry'd a witch
I'm sure you are.

At length the merchant he would know,
How 'twas his man had tidings so,
And then he did protest and swear,
That he should have, that he should have,
his daughter fair.

The man reply'd, will you not blame
The messenger that brought the same ;
He then began to curse and ban,
That he would ne'er, that he would ne'er,
forgive the man.

In the cape of your coat then know,
You brought our letters to and fro :
Which made the merchant smile and say,
My daughter you, my daughter you
shall wed, this day.

Printed by and for A. M.*

* Our readers may be assured that the two old Songs, which were inserted in our Magazine for November last, bear the date there given to them, and that the above Ballad is from the same collection. We hope to be able to present to them a few others by favour of the gentleman who has transmitted these.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ODE TO CONSUMPTION.

AVAUNT, gay mockery of truth !
 Thou canker in the bud of youth !
 Thou gilded serpent, whose bright show
 Conceals the poison bags below ;
 Consumption, hence ! thou, hand in hand
 With madness, broodest o'er the land :
 Bright mischief, hence ! the churchyards
 groan

With victims by thy power o'erthrown.
 Insatiate thou of human blood,
 Most delicate glutton in thy food,
 The best and fairest choosing still,
 And breaking hearts thou canst not kill.

Thine ear drinks heirless father's groans ;
 And childless widow's hollow moans ;
 And plighted maiden's agony ;
 And this to thee is harmony.
 Thou seest the parent first awaking,
 Through hope's fond dreams seest terror
 breaking ;

Seest doubt and fear come rushing on ;
 And markest, when all hope is gone,
 Despair's fix'd look, and careless eye,
 And quiv'ring lips, that breathe no sigh,
 And this to thee is ecstasy ?

O smiling mischief ! angel bright,
 Thy victim seems to human sight !
 Beauty, her only warning given,
 Thou trickest out a bride for heaven.
 So thin, she floats upon the eye
 Like light clouds o'er the evening sky ;
 It seems as no terrestrial creature
 Could so throw off all earthly feature.

Bright vision of the element,
 'Tis now thy dazzling fairness lent
 The sky thy veins of softest blue ;
 The rainbow thy cheek's rosy hue ;
 The sun the lambent flames that fly,
 Dazzling and burning from thine eye.
 So beautiful thou art. 'Tis sad
 To view thee. Beauty makes us glad :
 But still as grows thy loveliness
 Dread signs of wo our joys repress.
 The panting breath ; the ghastly smile ;
 The short and frequent cough ; the toil
 With which thy gayest speeches come ;
 All have a tongue to speak thy doom :
 The lightning flashes of thine eye,
 Tell in their brightness thou must die !

Watches, with sad and fearful glance,
 The sister beauty's charms advance ;
 She trembles at the form's light grace,
 At youth's pure blush and lovely face ;
 Shivers to mark those eye beams clear ;
 Deems thee, thou cruel spoiler near,
 And dies a living death in fear :
 As he, once wreck'd in summer's breeze
 Dark rocks and hovering tempest sees.

Dreadful that fear : more dread the hope
 When nought the husband's eyes can ope,
 Which hang enraptur'd on the charms
 That tear the lov'd one from his arms.
 Thy shaft is sped ; she dies not yet,
 Consumption soon thou'lt claim thy debt
 Stay thy fleet course, art can no more,
 Love cannot heal, nor skill restore.—
 The woodbine thus, when some rude
 shower

Has snapp'd the fair but fragile flower,
 Suspended by one slender thread,
 Hangs mournfully its drooping head :
 Then, if some maid in pitying guise,
 To its lov'd tree the blossom ties,
 Awhile it lives beneath her care
 As sweet in scent, in form as fair.
 Again the fair one seeks the tree
 Her renovated flower to see ;
 But drooping now the pallid head,
 Which late in flaunting beauty spread ;
 But wither'd now, the tubes whose store
 Of sweets the humming pilgrims bore ;
 But shrunk and curl'd, the leaves whose
 green

Late glitter'd thro' the dew-drops sheen ;
 And the fair girl in pensive hour
 Sighs o'er her desolated flower.

Such are thy works ! I may not scan
 The ruin thou hast wrought in man.
 The cannony in battle-field
 To death less glorious harvest yield :
 They sweep the corn sheaves standing
 near,
 Thou pluck'st from each the fairest ear :
 Thou throb'st in valour's pulses high :
 Light'st treacherous fire in genius' eye,
 And giv'st ambition strength—to die !

MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

Bertram House, May
 30, 1811.

O ! many a mother who has trod
 O'er one fair victim's funeral sod,

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of the internal state of France. Translated from the Original of Mr. Faber.

The Medical Monitor, Part I. Containing Observations on the Effects of Early Dissipation. By F. Senate, M. D.

The Loves of Celestine and St. Aubert, a Romantic Tale, partly founded on fact. Containing Sketches of eminent Irish Characters. By Charles Philips, A. B.

A Biographical Illustration of the Encyclopædia Britannica, containing forty-five portraits in outline.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By J. Belcher, Boston.

The Fourth Volume of Doctor Paley's Works, containing Sermons and Tracts.

By Samuel T. Armstrong, Boston.

Christian Researches in Asia. To which are prefixed two Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge on Commencement Sunday. By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D.

By Wm. King and Watson, New York.

The Children's Hymn Book, being a selection of Hymns from various authors, designed for the use and instruction of the rising generation.

By E. Sargeant, New York.

An Essay on the Constitution of the Apostolic Churches, &c. &c. This Essay, founded on the Holy Scriptures, is particularly interesting to all disciples of Christ, not only because of its great novelty (none of the kind, perhaps, being ever published in this city before) but because of its nature; being a statement of truths and facts, in attention to which the interests of all Christians are involved.

By R. Harper, Gettysburg, (Penn.)

The Jurymen's Right, Or, a Dialogue between a Barrister at Law and a Jurymen. Being a choice help for all who serve on juries.

By B. and T. Kite, Philadelphia.

Observations on the changes of the Air, and the concomitant Epidemical Diseases of the Island of Barbados; to which is added a Treatise on the Putrid Bilious Fever, commonly called the Yellow Fever. By William Hillary, M. D. With Notes by Benjamin Rush, M. D.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

To publish—Practical Remarks upon Insanity, with a Commentary on Dissections of the Brains of Maniacs.

The plays of James Shirley, now first collected, with occasional notes, and a critical and biographical memoir of the author, are printing in 6 octavo volumes.

Professor Playfair has in the press, a 2d edition, with additions and engravings, in a 4to vol. of Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth.

Speedily to be published, a Historical Essay on the temporal power of the popes, on the abuse of their spiritual ministry, and on the wars which they have declared against sovereigns, particularly those who had a preponderance in Italy, translated from the French.

Mr. J. P. Tupper, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has in the press, An Essay on the probability of Sensation in Vegetables, with additional observations on Instinct, Sensation, and Irritability.

Mr. Barker, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preparing a small edition of Cicero de Senectute and Amicitia, with English notes, for the use of schools.

Mr. Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, will speedily publish the Banks of Wye, a poem.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By John P. Watson, Philadelphia.

To re-publish—"A True and Complete Portraiture of Methodism," by the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, now a Methodist Preacher in England. To be illustrated by Notes descriptive of the American Methodists.

By Thomas and W. Apple, New York.

To publish—The Complete History of Eliza Wharton, a Novel founded on fact. By a Lady of Massachusetts.

By T. A. P. Charlton, Augusta, (Ga.)

To publish by subscription—Reports of 2 Cases, argued and determined, in the Superior Courts of the Eastern District of the State of Georgia.

By Thomas B. Wall and Co. Boston.

To publish—A work, to be entered in the New England Journal of Medicine & Surgery, & the collateral branches of science.

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Buchanan's Discourses and Christian Researches in Asia.

(*Continued from p. 304.*)

HAVING accompanied Dr. Buchanan, in our last number, through all the sickening horrors of Jugger-naut, we will now attend him through a very different scene, a view of the Hindoo Christians of Tanjore. With much of the early history of this church our readers are already acquainted. Ziegenbalg was founder of it. The encouragement he received from King George the First, from Archbishop Wake, and from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, has been already recorded.* In the year 1719, he finished the Bible in the Tamul tongue, having devoted fourteen years to this "grand work." He died in 1720, and was followed by a succession of other zealous and learned men; among whom were Schultz, Jœnicke, Gericke and Swartz, who were made the instruments of adding many to the Church of Christ. The account which Dr. Buchanan has given of his visit to Tranquebar and Tanjore, is highly interesting; and we should have found the temptation to transcribe it irresistible, had we not already given the substance of it in our volume for 1807, p. 335. We must

request, however, that such of our readers as have not Dr. Buchanan's work in their possession, will cast their eye over that passage, before they proceed. They will otherwise deprive themselves of much gratification.

Dr. Buchanan observes, that the Tanjore mission is at present in a languishing state. The war on the continent of Europe, has dried up two of its former sources of supply, the Royal College of Copenhagen, and the Orphan house at *Halle*, in Germany. "Their remaining resource from Europe is the stipend of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, whom they never mention but with emotions of gratitude and affection; but this supply is by no means commensurate with the increasing number of their churches and schools." Whence then does the mission derive its support? Dr. Buchanan answers this question; and that answer may well shame the Christians of England, as well as the English Christians of India:

"The chief support of the mission is derived from itself. Mr. Swartz had in his lifetime acquired a considerable property,

* See vol. for 1807, p. 510, and for 1810, p. 329, et seq.

through the kindness of the English government and of the native princes. When he was dying, he said, "Let the cause of Christ be my heir." When his colleague, the pious Gericke, was departing, he also bequeathed his property to the mission. And now Mr. Kohloff gives from his private funds an annual sum; not that he can well afford it; but the mission is so extended, that he gives it, he told me, to preserve the new and remote congregations in existence.* p. 171, 172.

Mr. Kohloff greatly lamented the want of Bibles for the ten or twelve thousand Christians of Tanjore and Tinavelly, as well as of a printing press, that grand instrument in the diffusion of Christian light. Something has already been done to supply the want of the Bible (see vol. for 1810, p. 558, &c.), and much more, we doubt not, may be expected from the zeal of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose attention has been particularly drawn to this quarter of India. A printing press, we trust, the missionaries will also obtain. "They justly observed, if you can no longer send us missionaries to preach the gospel, send us the means of printing the gospel."

"The mission press at Tranquebar," adds Dr. B. "may be said to have been the fountain of all the good that was done in India during the last century. It was established by Ziegenbalg. From this press, in conjunction with that at Halle, in Germany, have proceeded volumes in Arabic, Syriac, Hindostanee, Tamul, Telinga, Portuguese, Danish and English. I have in my possession the Psalms of David in the Hindostanee language, printed in the Arabic character; and the History of Christ in Syriac, intended probably for the Syro-Romish Christians on the seacoast of Travancore, whom a Danish missionary once visited; both of which volumes were edited by the missionaries of Tranquebar. There is also in Swartz's library at Tanjore, a grammar of the Hindostanee language, in quarto, published at the same press; an important fact which was not known at the College of Fort William, when professor Gilchrist commenced his useful labours in that language." p. 173.

There is so much that is gratifying in the following extract, which concludes the account of Dr. Buchanan's visit to Tanjore, that we cannot withhold it from our readers. It will serve incidentally to illustrate two points; first, that there is no such danger to be apprehended in attempting to promulgate the Gospel in India, as many have supposed; and secondly, that the happiest effects attend its progress.

Tanjore, Sept. 3, 1806.—Before I left the capital of Tanjore, the Rajah was pleased to honour me with a second audience. On this occasion he presented to me a portrait of himself, a very striking likeness, painted by a Hindoo artist at the Tanjore court.* The missionary, Dr. John, accompanied me to the palace. The Rajah received him with much kindness, and presented to him a piece of gold cloth. Of the resident missionary, Mr. Kohloff, whom the Rajah sees frequently, he spoke to me in terms of high approbation. This cannot be very agreeable to the Brahmins; but the Rajah, though he yet professes the Brahmical religion, is no longer obedient to the dictates of the Brahmins, and they are compelled to admit his superior attainments in knowledge. I passed the chief part of this morning in looking over Mr. Swartz's manuscripts and books: and when I was coming away, Mr. Kohloff presented to me a Hebrew *Pealeh*, which had been Mr. Swartz's companion for fifty years; also a brass lamp which he had got first when a student at the college of Halle, and had used in his lucubrations to the time of his death; for Mr. Swartz *used to preach to the natives in his private study.* I thought I saw the image of Swartz in his successor. Mr. Kohloff is a man of great simplicity of manners, of meek deportment, and of ardent zeal in the cause of revealed religion, and of humanity. He walked with me through the Christian village close to his house; and I was much pleased to see the affectionate respect of the people towards him; the young people of both sexes coming forward from the doors on both sides, to salute him and receive his benediction.

September 4th, 1806.—Leaving Tanjore, I passed through the woods inhabited by the Collaries (or *Chivars*), now abandoned by Christianity. When they understood

* It is now placed in the public library of the university of Cambridge.

who I was, they followed me on the road, stating their destitute condition, in regard to religious instruction. They were clamorous for Bibles. They supplicated for teachers. 'We don't want bread or money from you,' said they; 'but we want the word of God.' Now, thought I, whose duty is it to attend to the moral wants of this people? Is it that of the English nation, or of some other nation? p. 174—176.

Dr. Buchanan takes occasion to observe, in this stage of his progress, that there are five principal languages spoken by Hindoos in countries subject to the British empire, viz. the Hindostanee, which pervades Hindostan generally; the Bengalee, for the province of Bengal; the Telinga, for the Northern Siccans; the Tamul, for Coromandel and the Carnatic; and the Malayalim, or Malabar, for the coast of Malabar and Travancore. Of these, there are two into which the Scriptures are already translated; the Tamul, by Ziegenbalg; and the Bengalee, by the Baptist missionaries from England. The remaining three are in progress of translation.

Our author next conducts us to the island of Ceylon. The population of this island, subject to the British government, is estimated at a million and a half, of which one-third is supposed to profess Christianity. The Dutch divided this population into 240 churchships; three native schoolmasters being appointed to each. It was the policy of the Dutch government never to give an official appointment to any native who was not a Christian. This wise policy is continued by his majesty's government in Ceylon. A very contrary course appears to be pursued by the East-India Company's governments. They 'do not,' says Dr. Buchanan, 'patronize the native Christians; nay, they give official appointments to Mahomedans and Hindoos generally, in preference to natives professing Christianity.' Can this indeed be so? If it be, we cannot wonder at the difficulties which the teachers of Christianity experience in their attempts

to convert the natives. Such a system must serve, as Dr. Buchanan observes, to confirm their prejudices; to expose our religion to contempt in their eyes, and to preclude the hope of the future prevalence of Christianity at the seats of government. This reminds us of a remark made to Dr. Buchanan by the missionaries at Tranquebar, (p. 163,) 'Religion,' they observed, 'flourishes more among the natives of Tanjore, and in other provinces, where there are few Europeans, than at Tranquebar and Madras; for we find that European example in the large towns is the bane of Christian instruction.' This then being the case, not only the influence and authority of government, as far as that influence can be exercised, short of actual persecution, but the general example of Europeans, being adverse to the propagation of Christianity, we have more cause to wonder that Christianity should have made any progress at all, than that it should have made so little. We do not, by any means, venture to say, that it would be the duty of the government of India to give any exclusive preference to persons professing Christianity. But surely such persons ought not to be placed in a worse situation, by that government, for having adopted its own faith. When we consider the direct and ample support given by a government calling itself *Christian*, to the institutions of Hindooism and Mahomedanism, and the favour shown to the professors of these religions; and then advert to all the circumstances of discouragement under which the Christian cause continues to labour; we can only ascribe it to the divine power and efficacy of the Gospel, that it maintains even its present contracted sphere. The time, we trust, is not far distant, when a more becoming line of policy will be pursued; and when the rulers of our Asiatic empire also, will be nursing-fathers of the church of Christ. But to return to Ceylon.

The following important extract

is taken from Dr. Buchanan's Journal, dated at Jaffnapatam, September 27, 1806:

'I have had the pleasure to meet here with Alexander Johnstone, Esq.* of the Supreme Court of Judicature, who is on the circuit; a man of large and liberal views, the friend of learning and of Christianity. He is well acquainted with the language of the country, and with the history of the island; and his professional pursuits afford him a particular knowledge of its present state; so that his communications are truly valuable. It will be scarcely believed in England, that there are here Protestant churches, under the king's government, which are without ministers. In the time of Beldaus, the Dutch preacher and historian, there were thirty-two Christian churches in the province of Jaffna alone. At this time there is not one Protestant European minister in the whole province. I ought to except Mr. Palm, a solitary missionary, who has been sent out by the London Society, and receives some stipend from the British government. I visited Mr. Palm, at his residence, a few miles from the town of Jaffna. He is prosecuting the study of the Tamul language; for that is the language of this part of Ceylon, from its proximity to the Tamul continent. Mrs. Palm has made as great progress in the language as her husband, and is extremely active in the instruction of the native women and children. I asked her if she had no wish to return to Europe, after living so long among the uncivilized Cingalese. No, she said; she was 'all the day long happy in the communication of knowledge.' Mr. Palm has taken possession of the old Protestant church of Tilly-Pally. By reference to the history, I found it was the church in which Beldaus himself preached (as he himself mentions), to a congregation of two thousand natives; for a view of the church is given in his work. Most of those handsome churches, of which views are given in the plates of Beldaus's history, are now in ruins. Even in the town and fort of Jaffna, where there is a spacious edifice for Divine worship, and a respectable society of English and Dutch inhabitants, no clergyman has been yet appointed. The only Protestant preacher in the town of Jaffna is Christian David, a Hindoo Catechist sent over by the mission of Traauebar. His chief ministrations are in the Tamul tongue; but he sometimes preaches in the English lan-

guage, which he speaks with tolerable propriety; and the Dutch and English resort to hear him. I went with the rest to the church; when he delivered extempore a very excellent discourse, which his present majesty George the Third would not have disdained to hear. And this Hindu supports the interests of the English church in the province of Jaffna. The Dutch ministers who formerly officiated here, have gone to Batavia or to Europe. The whole district is now in the hands of the Romish priests from the college of Goa; who perceiving the indifference of the English nation to their own religion, have assumed quiet and undisturbed possession of the land. And the English government, justly preferring the Romish superstition to the worship of the idol Boodha, thinks it right to countenance the Catholic religion in Ceylon. But whenever our church shall direct her attention to the promotion of Christianity in the East, I know of no place which is more worthy of her labour, than the old Protestant vineyard of Jaffna-Patam. The Scriptures are already prepared in the Tamul language. The language of the hill of Ceylon is the Cingalese or Ceylones; p. 184—186.

Dr. Buchanan, on his second visit to Ceylon, in March 1808, found the south side of the island in the same state of destitution, as to religious instruction, with the north. He found but two English clergymen in the island. 'What wonder,' said a Romish priest to him, 'that your nation should be so little interested about the conversion of the Pagans to Christianity, when it even does not give teachers to its own subjects who are already Christians.' Numbers of the native Protestants every year apostatize to Boodha. Governor Maitland expressed his conviction, that some ecclesiastical establishment ought to be given to Ceylon. Both he and the senior chaplain at Columbo, the Hon. Mr. Trialet, afford their patronage in the most liberal manner to three missionaries of the London Society, established in different parts of the island; and the government allows to each of them an annual stipend. The whole of the

* New Sir Alexander Johnstone, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

New Testament has been translated into Cingalese, and three books of the Old; but even this portion is not circulated; 'there is no supply of books for the use of the people.' Dr. Buchanan justly expresses his astonishment, that, though there are 500,000 native Christians in Ceylon, there should not be one complete copy of the Scriptures in the language of this island. Did the professional engagements of Sir Alexander Johnston* permit, Dr. Buchanan thinks him the fittest person to superintend the further translation of the Scriptures. 'It is a proof,' he adds, 'of the interest which this gentleman takes in the progress of Christian knowledge, that he has caused Bishop Porteus's Evidences of Christianity to be translated into the Cingalese tongue, for distribution among the natives.'

Dr. Buchanan next adverts to the state of the Malayan Archipelago. The Dutch possessions in the Indian Ocean are devolving on Great Britain. These islands contain great numbers of Protestant Christians; for wherever the Dutch established themselves, they endeavoured to Christianize the natives, and they succeeded. A large proportion of the natives profess the religion of the Bible; and the Bible already exists in a Malay version. Here then there is room for the benevolent exertions of both the Bible Society, and the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. 'One hundred thousand Malay Bibles will not suffice to supply the Malay Christians.' The Scriptures were translated by the Dutch into the Eastern Malay only, that being the general language of their extensive possessions in that quarter. But the language of Sumatra differs from this, and is called the Western Malay. In the college of Fort William, T. Farret, Esq. of the Company's ser-

vice, who had resided twelve years in Sumatra, was preparing a version in the Western Malay, when his progress was interrupted by the reduction of the college establishment. He still prosecutes his work, however, at Madras, with the aid of a learned Malay of rank. Dr. Buchanan suggests, that as there is a college in Bengal for instructing the English in the languages of Hindostan, there should be an institution in Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, for cultivating the Malay tongue. This settlement being placed in the centre of British navigation in the East, may be expected to become the emporium of Asiatic commerce. Dr. Buchanan resided there for about a month, and was surprised by the variety of languages, and of races of men, he met with in Penang. He considers it as a most favourable station for the study of the Malay and Chinese languages, and for pouring forth from the press useful works for the civilization of maritime and austral Asia; and its diversified population appeared to him to possess a communicative disposition, and an unusual thirst for knowledge.

The contrast between the Christian and Pagan Malays is very striking. Such is the barbarism of the latter, especially in the interior of such large islands as Sumatra, that they actually kill and eat their criminals and prisoners of war. Nay, they frequently eat their own relations, when aged and infirm; and that not so much to gratify appetite as to perform a pious ceremony. The following account of this extraordinary ceremony is given by the learned Dr. Leyden in his Researches:

'When a man becomes infirm and weary of the world, he is said to invite his own children to eat him in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and

* This amiable and excellent person has lately passed some time in England. He is now on his return to Ceylon, full of those benevolent purposes which Christianity never fails to inspire.

offspring assemble, and as they shake the tree, join in a funeral dirge, the import of which is, 'The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.' The victim descends, and those that are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains in a solemn banquet.' p. 195.

Dr. Buchanan is at the same time of opinion, that no quarter of the globe is more favourable for Christian missions than the Malayan Archipelago. The Dutch have proved that success is attainable, and the facilities which we now possess for conducting such undertakings, are very great.

But besides the Eastern and Western Malay, there are two other languages spoken in this immense cluster of islands,—the language of Java, which is a third dialect of the Malay; and that of the Celebes, called the Bouguese language. Literature was formerly cultivated in the Celebes, and their songs and romances are said by Dr. Leyden, to be famous among all the islands of the East. 'The man,' observes our author, 'who shall first translate the Bible into the language of the Celebes, will probably be read by as many islanders as have read the translation of Wickliffe.'

We now come to Dr. Buchanan's account of the Syrian Christians in India. A part of this most interesting account has been already anticipated in our volume for 1807, p. 654 and 751, to which we refer our readers. We have before us, however, much that is new:

'When the Portuguese, under Vasco de Gama, arrived at Cochín, they were agreeably surprised to find upwards of a hundred Christian churches on the coast of Malabar. But when they became acquainted with the purity and simplicity of their worship, they were offended. 'These churches,' said the Portuguese, 'belong to the Pope.'—'Who is the Pope,' said the natives, 'we never heard of him.' The European priests were yet more alarmed, when they found that these Hindoo Christians maintained the order and discipline of a regular church under episcopal jurisdiction; and that, for 1300 years past, they had enjoyed a succession of bishops

appointed by the patriarch of Antioch. 'We,' said they, 'are of the true faith, whatever you from the West may be; for we come from the place where the followers of Christ were first called Christians.' p. 200, 201.

The persecuting zeal of the Portuguese, directed by the inquisition at Goa, succeeded in compelling the churches on the sea-coast to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope; but they insisted on retaining their own language and liturgy: and this point was conceded to them. But the churches in the interior, would not yield to Rome, and preferred to seek protection from the native princes. Dr. Buchanan having obtained leave from the Rajah of Travancore, proceeded to visit those churches. From his journal while on this tour, we will make a few extracts:

'*Chinganoor, a Church of the Syrian Christians, November 16, 1806.*—When we were approaching the church of Chinganoor, we met with one of the *casanours*, or Syrian clergy. He was dressed in a white loose vestment, with a cape of red silk hanging down behind. Being informed who he was, I said to him in the Syrian language, 'Peace be unto you.' He was surprised at the salutation; but immediately answered, 'The God of peace be with you.' He accosted the Rajah's servants in the language of the country, to know who I was: and immediately returned to the village, to announce our approach. When we arrived, I was received at the door of the church, by three *kasshe-shas*, that is, presbyters, or priests, who were habited in like manner, in white vestments. Their names were Jeon, Zoharias, and Urias, which they wrote down in my Journal, each of them adding to his name the title *Kasshe-sha*. There were also present two *akamshas*, or deacons. The elder priest was a very intelligent man, of reverend appearance, having a long white beard, and of an affable and engaging deportment. (The three principal Christians, or lay-elders belonging to the church were named Abraham, Thomas and Alexandros. After some conversation with my attendants they received me with confidence and affection; and the people of the neighbouring villages came round, women as well as men. The sight of the women assured me that I was once more,

(after a long absence from England) in a Christian country. For the Hindoo women, and the Mahomedan women, and in short, all women who are not Christians are accounted by the men an inferior race; and, in general, are confined to the house for life, like irrational creatures. In every countenance now before me I thought I could discover the intelligence of Christianity. But at the same time, I perceived all around, symptoms of poverty and political depression. In the churches, and in the people, there was the air of fallen greatness. I said to the senior priest, 'you appear to me like a people who have known better days.' 'It is even so,' said he, 'We are in a degenerate state compared with our forefathers.' He noticed that there were two causes of their present decay. 'About 300 years ago, an enemy came from the West, bearing the name of Christ, but armed with the inquisition: and compelled us to seek the protection of the native princes. And the native princes have kept us in a state of depression ever since. They indeed recognize our ancient privileges, for we rank in general next to the *Mairs*, the nobility of the country; but they have encroached by degrees on our property, till we have been reduced to the humble state in which you find us. The glory of our church has passed away; but we hope your nation will revive it again.' I observed that 'the glory of a church could never die, if it preserved the Bible.' 'We have preserved the Bible,' said he; 'the Hindoo princes never touched our liberty of conscience. We were formerly on a footing with them in political power; and they respect our religion. We have also converts from time to time; but, in this Christian duty, we are not so active as we once were; besides it is not so creditable now to become a Christian, in our low estate.' He then pointed out to me a Namboory Brahmin, (that is a Brahmin of the highest cast,) who had lately become a Christian, and assumed the white vestment of a Syrian priest. 'The learning too of the Bible,' he added, 'is in a low state amongst us. Our copies are few in number; and that number is diminishing instead of increasing; and the writing out a whole copy of the sacred Scriptures is a great labour, where there is no profit and little piety.' I then produced a printed copy of the Syrian New Testament. There was not one of them who had ever seen a printed copy before. They admired it much; and every priest, as it came into his hands, began to read a portion, which he did fluently, while the women came round to hear. I

asked the old priest whether I should send him some copies from Europe. 'They would be worth their weight in silver,' said he. He asked me whether the Old Testament was printed in Syriac, as well as the New. I told him it was, but I had not a copy. They professed an earnest desire to obtain some copies of the whole Syriac Bible; and asked whether it would be practicable to obtain one copy for every church. 'I must confess to you,' said Zecharias, 'that we have very few copies of the prophetic Scriptures in the church. Our church languishes for want of the Scriptures.' But he added, 'the language that is most in use among the people, is the Malayalim, (or Malabar) the vernacular language of the country. The Syriac is now only the learned language, and the language of the church: but we generally expound the Scriptures to the people in the vernacular tongue.'

'I then entered on the subject of the translation of the Scriptures. He said 'a version could be made with critical accuracy; for there were many of the Syrian clergy who were perfect masters of both languages, having spoken them from their infancy. But,' said he, 'our bishop will rejoice to see you, and to discourse with you on this and other subjects. I told them that if a translation could be prepared, I should be able to get it printed, and to distribute copies among their fifty-five churches at a small price. 'That indeed would give joy,' said old Abraham. There was here a murmur of satisfaction among the people. If I understand you right, said I, the greatest blessing the English church can bestow upon you, is the Bible. 'It is so,' said he. 'And what is the next greatest,' said I. 'Some freedom and personal consequence as a people.' By which he meant political liberty. 'We are here in bondage like Israel in Egypt.' I observed that the English nation would doubtless recognize a nation of fellow-Christians; and would be happy to interest itself in their behalf, as far as our political relation with the prince of the country would permit. They wished to know what were the principles of the English government, civil and religious. I answered that our government might be said to be founded generally on the principles of the Bible. 'Ah,' said old Zecharias, 'that must be a glorious government which is founded on the principles of the Bible.' The priests then desired I would give them some account of the history of the English nation, and of our secession from their enemy, the church of Rome. And in return, I requested they would give me

some account of their history. My communications with the Syrians are rendered very easy by means of an interpreter, whom I brought with me all the way from the Tanjore country. He is a Hindoo by descent, but is an intelligent Christian, and was a pupil and catechist of the late Mr. Swartz. The Rev. Mr. Kohloff recommended him to me. He formerly lived in Travancore, and is well acquainted with the vernacular tongue. He also reads and writes English very well, and is as much interested in favour of the Syrian Christians as I myself.' p. 209—213.

'*Romnich, (a Syrian Church,) Nov. 12, 1806.*—I have now visited eight churches, and scarcely believe sometimes that I am in the land of the Hindoos. I attended divine service on the Sunday. Their liturgy is that which was formerly used in the churches of the patriarch of Antioch. During the prayers, there were intervals of silence, the priest praying in a low voice, and every man praying for himself. These silent intervals add much to the solemnity and appearance of devotion.'

'Here, as in all churches in a state of decline, there is too much formality in the worship. But they have the Bible and a scriptural liturgy; and these will save the church in the worst times. These may preserve the spark and life of religion, though the flame be out. And as there were but few copies of the Bible among the Syrians (for every copy was transcribed with the pen) it is highly probable, that if they had not enjoyed the advantage of the daily prayers, and daily portions of Scripture in their liturgy, there would have been in the revolution of ages, no vestige of Christianity among them.'

'The doctrines of the Syrian Christians are few in number, but pure, and agree in essential points with those of the Church of England: so that although the body of the church appears to be ignorant, and formal, and dead, there are individuals who are alive to righteousness, who are distinguished from the rest by their purity of life, and are sometimes censured for too rigid a piety. In every church, and in many of the private houses, there are manuscripts in the Syriac language: and I have been successful in procuring some old and valuable copies of the Scriptures and other books, written in different ages and in different characters.' p. 214—216.

Our limits will not permit us materially to extend the review of this work in our present number; but before we close our book we wish to

present our readers with one more extract from Dr. Buchanan's Journal. It is dated at

'*Candemad, a Church of the Syrian Christians, November 23, 1806.*—"This is the residence of Mar Dionysius, the metropolitan of the Syrian Church. A great number of the priests from the other churches had assembled by desire of the bishop, before my arrival. The bishop resides in a building attached to the church. I was much struck with his first appearance. He was dressed in a vestment of dark red silk; a large golden cross hung from his neck, and his venerable beard reached below his girdle. Such, thought I, was the appearance of Chrysostom, in the fourth century. On public occasions he wears the episcopal mitre, and a mualim robe is thrown over his under garment; and in his hand he bears the crosier, or pastoral staff. He is a man of highly respectable character in his church, eminent for his piety, and for the attention he devotes to his sacred functions. I found him to be far superior in general learning to any of his clergy whom I had yet seen. He told me that all my conversations with his priests, since my arrival in the country, had been communicated to him. 'You have come,' said he, 'to visit a declining church, and I am now an old man; but the hopes of its seeing better days, cheer my old age, though I may not live to see them.'—I submitted to the bishop my wishes in regard to the translation and printing of the Holy Scriptures. 'I have already fully considered the subject,' said he, 'and have determined to superintend the work myself, and to call the most learned of my clergy to my aid. It is a work which will illuminate these dark regions, and God will give it his blessing.' I was much pleased when I heard this pious resolution of the venerable man; for I had now ascertained that there are upwards of 200,000 Christians in the south of India, besides the Syrians who speak the Malabar language.—The next subject of importance in my mind, was the collection of useful manuscripts in the Chaldaic and Syriac languages; and the bishop was pleased to say, that he would assist my inquiries, and add to my collection. He descended with great satisfaction on the hope of seeing printed Syriac Bibles from England; and said they would be a treasure to his church.' p. 217, 218.

It is impossible for one, who is a member of the Church of England, not to feel a peculiar degree of gra-

tification in perusing this account of the Syrian Christians. The similarity of our faith and mode of worship, of our ecclesiastical constitution, and even of our minutest rites and ceremonies, to those which prevail in the Syrian Church, is certainly very remarkable, and affords an additional presumption of the apostolical origin which we have been disposed to attribute to them. We have in both churches the same gradations of rank, bishop, priest, and deacon. Both churches use a liturgy, in which the people as well as the minister take a part. In both, infant baptism is practised. And if we descend to circumstances of inferior moment—circumstances, however, which have had their share, if not in producing separation from the Church of England; yet in furnishing arguments to justify that separation—we find in the Syrian Church a parallel to the mitre and lawn of our bishops, and to the surplices of our clergy. No one will do us the injustice to suppose, that we lay any very great stress on these minor points. We nevertheless think it our duty to advert to them, because they may not be without an effect in quieting the scruples of some tender

consciences; or at least in rescuing existing usages from a portion of the ridicule and contempt with which they are frequently loaded. That our ecclesiastical institutions, whether they respect the government of the church, or the conduct of its worship, may be abused to purposes of ambition, or degenerate into a mere lifeless form, we admit with deep concern. But of what institution may not similar things be predicated? At the same time, it is undoubtedly a lawful ground of satisfaction to us, as members of the Church of England, to observe, that when another church, with which we have had no intercourse whatever, but which has existed in unimpaired succession from the apostolic age; after dwelling for thirteen or fourteen centuries in a state of almost entire separation from the rest of the Christian world, is at length discovered among the rocks and fastnesses of Malayala, she professes the same fundamental doctrines, recognizes the same orders in the Christian ministry, practises the same general mode of congregational worship, and uses many of the same ceremonies, with ourselves.

FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.

The Life of Thomas Paine, Author of Common Sense, the Crisis, Rights of Man, &c.

By James Cheetham. New-York: printed by Southwick and Pelsue. 1809.

IT is now about twenty years ago that Thomas Paine published his book entitled, "Rights of Man," a work certainly obnoxious to the government of this country, but received at that time with authoritative approbation in France. That same country, still smoking with the sacrifices of her revolutionary martyrs, has just witnessed the publication of a pamphlet as the annunciator of the policy and theory of its government, in which despotism in its simplest

form is made the subject of undisguised panegyric. The change of sentiment apparently necessary to reconcile the mind to these extremes, strikes a hasty observer as something extraordinary; but those who look more deeply into the tendencies of political doctrines, not as involving abstract questions, but as displaying practical results, will perceive that anarchy only holds the stake till the sword shall have decided which demagogue shall be the tyrant, and that

from the horrors of fanatical liberty, society has no sanctuary but in the gloom of despotism.

The work of Mr. Chas, to which we have above alluded, has been very properly reprobated by those who have given it public notice in this country;* but what shall we say to opinions which hold, that we ourselves are tending towards that despotism to which Mr. Chas gives so decided a preference? What shall we say to opinions which charge such men as Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham, and indeed the British press in general, with maintaining the cause of despotism in terms little less open and avowed, than this miserable French writer himself; and what impression ought such opinions to make, when we perceive them to be grounded upon a comparison drawn between passages selected from the great mass of the speeches and writings of these British statesmen, or out of the voluminous works of our principal historians, and an entire production professedly written in support of arbitrary government, and apparently undertaken with the sanction and authority of a tyrant? In a country where the conflicting principles of different constitutions, are actively combined, accidents and events will be daily occurring, to give to one or the other an inconvenient ascendancy. It is natural and reasonable for the patriot statesman to lend his force to the failing side, and to lean against the preponderancy which disturbs the equilibrium. The proximate danger engrosses his present solicitude; and his affection for the whole centres for a while in the part affected. What he seems to oppose, he virtually promotes, by strengthening its antagonist, and countervailing its excess and abuse? Is such a man fairly dealt with, and is a fair specimen produced of his general political principles, by extracting from his speeches or writings sentiments struck off in the heat

of controversy, or arguments designed for the correction of a prevailing abuse or error? Yet in this manner we have seen it lately attempted to be shown, that Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham have avowed themselves the advocates of despotism, and that by their writings and speeches they have broached a political creed as disgraceful as that of the French author we have mentioned. And this is stated as a proof of the dangerous tone and temper of the times, that disposes us to embrace the chains which are said to be preparing for us.

In perusing a man's writings, a picture of the author himself is sometimes insensibly drawn in the imagination of the reader. By the perusal of the works of Thomas Paine, a most disgusting idea is presented to our thoughts, both of the man and his manners. This idea is completely verified by the account which Mr. Cheetham has given us of his person and deportment. The paintings of Zeuxis attained a sort of ideal perfection by combining the scattered excellencies of the human countenance: to conceive the countenance, or the mind, of Mr. Thomas Paine, now that death has withdrawn the living model, we must condense into an imaginary focus all the offensiveness and malignity that are dispersed throughout actual existence. Mr. Cheetham seems to have no hostility towards the man, and to be disposed to draw no inferences against him but what fairly arise from the facts. We may add too, that his facts appear to be collected from very credible sources of intelligence: from persons with whom Paine passed great part of his existence, and who, though not appearing to have much intercourse together, agree in the substance of their communications on this subject. The author's first introduction to him is thus related in his preface:

*After his return to the United States from France, I became acquainted with

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 34, Art. 10.

him on his arrival in New York in the year 1802. He introduced himself to me by letter from Washington City, requesting me to take lodgings for him in New York. I accordingly engaged a room in Lovett's Hotel, supposing him to be a gentleman, and apprized him of the number. On his arrival, about ten at night, he wrote me a note, desiring to see me immediately. I waited on him at Lovett's, in company with Mr. George Clinton, jun. We rapped at the door: a small figure opened it within, meanly dressed, having an old top coat, without an under one; a dirty silk handkerchief loosely thrown round his neck; a long beard of more than a week's growth; a face well carbuncled, fiery as the setting sun,* and the whole figure staggering under a load of inebriation. I was on the point of inquiring for Mr. Paine, when I saw in his countenance something of the portraits I had seen of him. We were desired to be seated. He had before him a small round table, on which were a beef-steak, some beer, a pint of brandy, a pitcher of water, and a glass. He sat eating, drinking, and talking, with as much composure as if he had lived with us all his life. I soon perceived that he had a very retentive memory, and was full of anecdote. The Bishop of Landaff was almost the first word he uttered, and it was followed by informing us, that he had in his trunk a manuscript reply to the Bishop's Apology. He then, calmly mumbling his steak, and ever and anon drinking his brandy and beer, repeated the introduction to his reply, which occupied him near half an hour. This was done with deliberation, the utmost clearness, and a perfect apprehension, intoxicated as he was, of all that he repeated. Scarcely a word would he allow us to speak. He always, I afterwards found, in all companies, drunk or sober, would be listened to: in this regard there were no *rights of men* with him, no equality, no reciprocal immunities and obligations, for he would listen to no one.

He seems to have left this country for America in 1774, at the instance of Dr. Franklin, just on the eve of the rupture between this country and her colonies; a crisis well adapted to unfold his particular talents, and to gratify his vengeance towards his own country, where his domestic unworthiness, official misconduct, and gross

manners, had exposed him to general detestation. His age at this time was thirty-seven.

His first engagement in Philadelphia was with Mr. Aitkin, a respectable bookseller, who, in January, 1775, commenced the Pennsylvania Magazine, the editorship of which work became the business of Mr. Paine; for which he had a salary of fifty pounds currency a year. According to Mr. Cheetham, this work was well supported by him, and it was here that he published his song upon General Wolfe, which by his biographer is called beautiful; but taste either in prose or poetry does not appear to us to be among Mr. Cheetham's qualifications. When Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, suggested to Paine the propriety of preparing the Americans for a separation from Great Britain, it seems that he seized with avidity the idea, and immediately begun his famous pamphlet on that measure, which, when finished, was shown in MSS. to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Samuel Adams, and entitled, after some discussion, "Common Sense," at the suggestion of Dr. Rush. The success of this pamphlet is well known. From the legislature of Pennsylvania he received 500*l.* and was made their clerk some years after. He was at first very well received in the families of Dr. Franklin and others of respectability; into which it ought not to be disguised that he was rendered welcome, not only by political publications, but by a turn he discovered for philosophical subjects.

'As a literary work,' Mr. Cheetham observes, 'Common Sense, energetically as it promoted the cause of independence, has no merit. Defective in arrangement, inelegant in diction, here and there a sentence excepted, with no profundity of argument, no felicity of remark, no extent of research, no classical allusion, nor comprehension of thought. His observations on the origin of government, but lightly

* The author remarks, that Falstaff's description of Bardolph's nose would have suited Paine's.

touching the subject, are trite; those on monarchy and hereditary succession, of no greater solidity, are not new. It was on the latter, however, that he valued himself. His invectives against monarchy, were intended against the monarchy of England, rather than against monarchy in general; and they were popular in the degree in which the measures and designs of the British cabinet were odious.*

On the 4th of July, 1776, Congress declared the colonies "free and independent states," which was as soon after the publication, says this most vain of men, in his will, as the work could spread through an extensive country. Paine seems to have accompanied the army of independence as a sort of itinerant writer, of which, says Mr. Cheetham, 'he was an appendage almost as necessary and as formidable as its cannon. But I do not believe,' continues the same author, 'that even a number of the *Crisis* would have saved the American army, and cause, from annihilation, if Howe had been an active and persevering, an enlightened and energetic commander. Washington's patience and care, his admirable prudence and coolness, although often, in the course of the war, provoked to battle by a thousand irritating circumstances, by internal faction, and by British sneers, saved America to freedom, while the idle dissipation of Howe, his devotion to licentious pleasures, his unmartial spirit and conduct, lost it to the crown.'

For the most disgusting specimens of vanity, pomposity, and tyranny, we shall not be disappointed, if we look among the bitterest opponents of rank, and the most tumultuous champions of democracy. Ask the wives, and children, and servants of these men, how the sceptre of domestic rule is swayed by them; ask their kindred, and tenants, and dependants, and intimate associates, whether the pleasures of equal society are enjoyed under their roof. Place one of them

at the head of an office, invest him with military or political command, and then consult those who hold dependant and subaltern stations under him, whether courtesy, and gentleness, and attention to their personal feelings or convenience, are emanations from his tender regard to the rights and equality of man.

'Bitterly,' says Mr. Cheetham, 'as he pretended to be opposed to TITLES, when grasping the pillars of the British government, he endeavoured to subvert it, he was yet so fond of them, in reality, that he not only assumed to himself a title to which he had no claim, but he seems to have gloried in the fraudulent assumption. In his title-page of his *Rights of Man*, he styles himself 'Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Congress of the United States, in the late war.' The foreign affairs of the United States were conducted, as we see, by a Committee, or Board, of which he was secretary or clerk; clerk more properly, at a very low salary. His business was merely to copy papers, number and file them, and generally, to do the duty of what is now called a clerk in the Foreign Department; he was, however, determined to give himself a higher title. Unsubstantial in essence as superadditions to names are, he nevertheless liked them, and seemed to be aware that, universally, they possess a charm to which he was by no means insensible. From this and many other circumstances, we may infer, that his objections to being himself a lord of the bed-chamber, or a groom of the stole, a master of the hounds, or a gentleman in waiting, would not have been much stronger than were his wishes to be retained in the excise. But he was totally unfit to be secretary of state, the title which he had impudently assumed. He had neither the soberness of habit, the reservedness of deportment, the urbanity of manners, the courteousness of language, the extent of reading, nor the wide range of thought, which a station so distinguished requires. He was formed, as has often been observed, to pull down, not to set up. His fort was anarchy. Order was the perpetual and invincible enemy of his talents. In tranquillity he sunk into the kennel of intemperance: in a commotion of the political elements, he rode conspicuously on the surge.'

* Madame Roland, says Mr. Cheetham, describes him admirably. 'Among the persons whom I was in the habit of seeing, Paine deserves to be mentioned. I think him better fitted to sow the seeds of popular commotion, than to lay the foundations or

It is curious to hear this American, on the character of his own nation in this respect. 'There is perhaps no nation so fond of titles as our own. Every man in office, or who *has been* in office, is addressed by the appellation of it. Mr. President, Mr. Constable, Colonel such-a-one, and Judge such-a-one; though the colonel out of commission is working at his bench; and the country Judge out of court is serving his customers in a tavern. This is universal, and we feel neglected if our title be forgotten. Yet we smile contemptuously at the weakness of nations by which titles are acknowledged.'

Paine's controversy with Silas Deane, in which he forfeited his place of secretary or clerk to the committee for foreign affairs, for breach of confidence, is next very circumstantially detailed by Mr. Cheetham.

'In the opinion of congress, Paine, in whom it was ascertained that official trust could not be reposed, now sunk into villainess. Dismissed from his clerkship to the committee for a scandalous breach of office, his prospects, except the popular hold which he still had on the people, to whom his misconduct was not perhaps known, was almost as discouraging, as when, a second time dismissed from the excise in England, he was assailed with the continuous pains of hunger. His salary for officiating as clerk to the committee, penurious and spunging as he was, was scarcely adequate, considering the depreciation of the currency in which it was paid, to the expenses of his board. Thus situated, thus abandoned by the assembled wisdom of the states, he hired himself as a clerk to Owen Biddle of Philadelphia: having finished his disputation with Deane, and being, it is probable, uneasy in the service of Mr. Biddle, he somehow obtained, early in the year 1780, the subordinate appointment of clerk to the assembly of Pennsylvania.'

As to the compensation which Paine received in America, for his revolu-

tionary writings, they appear to be the following: In 1785, congress granted him three thousand dollars, after having rejected with a burst of indignation, a motion for appointing him historiographer to the United States, with a salary. Two only of the states noticed by gratuities his revolutionary writings. Pennsylvania gave him, by an act of the legislature, five hundred pounds currency; and New York gave him the confiscated estate of Frederick Davoe, a royalist, situate at New Rochelle, in the county of Westchester, consisting of more than three hundred acres of land, and in high cultivation.

Paine came over to England in 1787—during the following year he was arrested for debt, and bailed by some American merchants. But as Mr. Cheetham observes,

'Daily occurrences were now kind to his hopes. The French revolution, the pretended object of which, like the pretended object of all revolutions, was at first mild and beneficent reform, was advancing with accelerated velocity to its acme of spoliation and blood. Paine, peeping out of his lurking-hole in the purlieus of London, watched with ecstasy every advance. The assembly of the Notables had been succeeded by the States-General, at the suggestion of the Proteus Sveyes, without any delegation by the people, and therefore by usurpation, had declared itself the National Assembly. The king was taken captive by men, who, vowing to each other republican attachments, were individually planning assassination and pillage to encompass and wear his crown. An unread, an unlettered populace, just enough oppressed by old masters to become the willing victims of greater oppression from new, were artfully and mercilessly freed, by those who were to be their tyrants and scourges, from those high obligations which they owed to themselves, their country, and their God, and with which they could not dispense without suffering, as they did, the greatest calamities, the most excruciating pains. —Overjoyed at appearances in France,

prepare the form of government. He throws light on a *revolution*, better than he concurs in the making of a *constitution*. He takes up and establishes those great principles, of which the exposition strikes every eye, gains the applause of a *club* or excites the enthusiasm of a *tavern*.' Roland's Appeal, vol. 1, p. 45. New York, 1798.

Paine, from imprisonment in London for debt, passed, while those measures were in train, to Paris, for commotion. p. 108.

The *Reflections of Mr. Burke* were published in 1790: and Paine went over from France to England, to endeavour to excite London to imitate the transactions of Paris. In 1791, he published his "*Rights of Man*," first part, in answer to Mr. Burke. Upon which, his biographer observes as follows:

'This miserable production was, from similarity of causes, as popular in England as his "*Common Sense*" had been in America. France was in confusion; England was getting into confusion. With Dr. Price and his clubs, Paine was for cashiering. He went, however, in language a little further than they did. What he wanted of the elegance of the English reformers he made up in impudent and vulgar boldness. Having experienced an unprecedented sale of his pamphlets; having perceived that the anarchical spirit was up; being sure that the government would be overthrown; and that, as in France, the wholesome doctrine of reform would be superseded by the bloody work of revolution; he returned in the following May to Paris. That he was well received at the seat of universal havoc cannot be doubted. His British fame; the popular celebrity of his despicable work, had preceded him, and rendered a particular report to his co-plotters unnecessary. The fraternizing spirit which pervaded England, of whose existence he could give irrefragable assurances, must have delighted those artificers of the greatest human misery that human means ever inflicted.' p. 116.

We cannot omit a remark of Mr. Cheetham's, on the treatment which Paine experienced from the British government, alien, reprobate, and libellous, as undoubtedly he was:

'Whatever party and passion, prejudice and malignity, ignorance and injustice, may roundly assert, Paine experienced from the British government a mildness, a forbearance, which no man, urging amongst us in the boldest language of sedition, a dissolution of the union, a destruction of the national government, and a consequent civil war, could expect from the government of the United States. The first part of the '*Rights of Man*,' not a jot less intemperate and rebellious than

the second, was published not only with impunity, but without notice from the government. I do not mention the fact in commendation; Paine ought to have been punished. Alarm, if the government was alarmed, was a poor apology. When did fear beget respect? When did imbecility avert danger?' p. 124.

Mr. Cheetham gives us a great many pages on the absurdities and impertinencies of the book on the rights of man, which may be more useful to his American brethren than to us in England. In speaking of the contrast drawn by Paine between the hereditary and representative systems, and of the credit he gives to what he calls the pure representative system, of exemption from the craft and mystery of courts, our author makes the following remark, which is somewhat interesting from the pen of a staunch American:

'I hazard nothing in remarking, unless it be hazardous to state the truth, that, however excellent the system of our government may be in theory, the whole operation of our system of politics in practice, with the chiefs who lead the two parties, and who by hook or by crook govern the nation, is one of mystery, craft, and imposition. In these articles, which abound amongst us, no nation can vie with the United States. That I hold to be impossible.' p. 144.

The reader shall now be informed by this American writer, of the circumstances which occasioned the departure of Mr. Paine from this country, never again to return. It may be profitable to him to hear how the conduct of our government appeared in the eyes of one who had lived long under the discipline of a republican system:

'Government was at length roused to a sense of what was due to its own dignity, and to the safety and tranquillity of the kingdom. On the 21st of May, 1792, the king issued a proclamation for suppressing 'wicked and seditious publications,' alluding to, but not naming, the *Rights of Man*.' On the same day the attorney-general commenced a prosecution against Paine, as author of that work. A prosecution had been previously commenced against Jordan, the publisher of it; but as

he made concessions which were satisfactory to the government, the prosecution was discontinued.

'The king's proclamation was an act of graciousness. The work was clearly seditious in the malice of intention as well as in the criminality of object. As thousands of persons besides the booksellers had industriously published it, the law, if the administrators of it had been vindictively inclined, had full scope for operation. The proclamation notified to the kingdom the diabolical intentions of the author, the tendency of his demoralizing work, and the penalties which all publishers of it incurred of those admirable laws, not which were made for the case, but of those ancient and free laws which the United States have adopted for the government of the press. It was, therefore, preventive, not retributive justice. MACKINTOSH had published, as he now doubtless regrets, his *Vindicia Gallicæ*, an elaborate and eloquent defence of the French revolution, of all its excesses, all its robberies and butcheries, in reply to Mr. Burke's *Reflections*. He too considered the British government as having abused its constitutional trust, but he was an advocate of tranquil and constitutional reform; not of a dissolution of the state, not of revolution, not of blood. No legal impediments, therefore, were thrown in the way of the publication of his book, nor any legal animadversions pronounced upon it, for in no nation is the press allowed to go greater lengths than in England. Fox contending in parliament, in moments of reformation-zeal, some of the maxims of Mr. Burke, quoted Mackintosh's defence in a strain of the finest eulogium. This enlightened friend of enlightened and durable freedom, speaking, however, of the Rights of Man in terms of indignant contempt, called it, as it really was, a *libel* on the constitution. The proclamation, view it in whatever light we may, was intended to render unnecessary the operation of the laws, by preventing the commission of offences against them, and to preserve the lives, the liberty, and the property of the subjects, by averting that revolution which was the object of Paine.

'Loyal associations now sprung up to counteract the revolutionary efforts of the revolution clubs. Passion met passion, until, in the struggle, on the one side for a dissolution of the government, on the other for its existence, the nation became more and more agitated. In this state of things, Paine published, about August, 1792, his 'Address to the Addressors.' This is a miserable lampoon on the ora-

tors in parliament who had spoken on the king's proclamation, as well as on those placemen into whose offices Paine would willingly have crept before he left England, in the year 1774. He states that a prosecution had been commenced against him—declares the incompetency of a *jury* to decide on a work so recondite and important as the Rights of Man—talks quite philosophically of the propriety of taking the *sense of the nation* upon it by *polling each man*—pronounces the laws in relation to the press as fundamentally bad, the administration of them by the courts as notoriously corrupt, and denies that the 'Rights of Man' is seditious, for that it 'contains a plan for augmenting the pay of the soldiers, and meliorating the condition of the poor!' While he was preparing this stuff for the press, he published letters to the chairmen of several of the meetings which were convened to compliment the king on his proclamation. He was now evidently awed by the vigour of the government and the patriotic spirit of the nation. All over England he was carried about in effigy with a *pair of stays* under his arm, and the populace, stay-makers and all, alternately laughed and swore at the impudent attempts of a *stay-maker* to destroy their government.

'His trial was to come on in the following December. Whilst he foresaw and no doubt dreaded the imprisonment which awaited him, a French deputation announced to him in London, in the preceding September, that the department of Calais had elected him a member of the National Convention. This was doubly grateful; grateful in the escape which it afforded him from a just punishment, without the imputation of cowardice; grateful in the honour which bloody anarchists had conferred upon him by electing him a member of their order. Without delay he proceeded to Dover, where a custom-house officer examined his baggage, and finally *let him pass*. He had not, however, sailed from Dover for Calais more than twenty minutes, when an order was received from the government to detain him. He states his detention and examination at Dover in a letter to Mr. Dundas, dated Calais, September 15, 1792' p. 156—160.

'Upon the trial of Louis XVI, Paine, who had been employed in America, as a copier of papers to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and dismissed by the Congress for perjury, sat in judgment. He had voted in the Convention for the trial of the king; but upon his trial, he was in favour of imprisoning him during the war, and of transporting him afterwards. 'It

has already been proposed,' he observed, in his speech to the Convention, 'to abolish the punishment of death; and it is with infinite satisfaction, that I recollect the *humane* and excellent oration pronounced by Robespierre on the subject in the Constituent Assembly.' The whole of the speech is hypocritical, fawning, time-serving, and pusillanimous. He felt that in the *terrible republic*, whose course and conduct he had recommended to England, there was neither freedom nor safety.' p. 173.

We shall make no observations on the detestable work of this wretched man, called the 'Age of Reason:' it is gone to rest with Chubb, and Tolland, and Morgan, and Tindal: we will not disturb it. It is curious, however, to hear his notions of toleration, and his disagreement with the National Assembly on this subject, in the tenth article of its 'Declaration of Rights.' In this article it is declared, that no man ought to be molested on account of his opinions, not even his religious opinions, *provided his avowal of them does not disturb the public order established by law.*

'Paine thinks, and so he expresses himself, that the *proviso* is an outrage on the rights of man almost as great as any ever committed even by the British government! Society, he is clearly of opinion, has nothing to do with doctrines, whether they *disturb its tranquillity or not!*

'It is questioned, he says, by some very good people in France, as well as in other countries, whether the *tenth* article sufficiently guarantees the right it is intended to accord with. Besides which, it takes off from the *divine dignity of religion*, and weakens its operative force upon the mind, to make it a subject of human laws.'

'Now what is it in the article that "takes off from the divine dignity of religion?" That which allows all freedom in religious opinions but such as *disturbs the public order established by law!* According to Paine, therefore, *divine dignity in religion* consists in *disturbing the public peace!*

'In this he goes, I think,' says Mr. Cheetham, 'but I am not quite sure, further than Mr. Jefferson. 'The legitimate

powers of government extend to such acts only as are *injurious to others.* But it does me no injury for my neighbour to say [that] there are twenty Gods or no God.† It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg.'* p. 185.

From the time of his imprisonment in France, which lasted for eleven months, his drunkenness, brutality, and the pestilential stench of his person, added greatly to the detestation in which he began to be held by all mankind, even by the partizans of revolution and blood. 'His habitual drunkenness,' says Mr. Cheetham, 'seems to have commenced with the delirium of the French revolution. The practice had gained upon him in London.' We find him soon after his release from his French prison writing a letter to General Washington, to whom he had dedicated the first part of his 'Rights of Man,' in which he thus addresses him: 'As to you, Sir, treacherous in private friendship, and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor.'

From vilifying Washington, he returned to the abuse of the Christian religion, says his biographer. In October, 1796, he published his second part of the 'Age of Reason.' His nonsensical production called 'Agrarian Justice,' came out in the ensuing year, which seems to be nothing more than a repetition of the ridiculous propositions for equalizing landed property in order to maintain the poor, contained in the second part of the 'Rights of Man.' Of which Mr. Cheetham properly says, that of all the theories of the wretched innovators of the present age, those miserable empirics who have disturbed and desolated the world, this is one of the most visionary; and yet it is probable that, like other fanciful and leveling schemes, it has its advocates.

It would be an injustice to Mr.

* Rights of Man, part 1, p. 69, Phil. ed. 1797.

† Mr. Jefferson writes 'lengthy' for long. Notes, p. 248, New Appendix.

‡ Notes on Virginia, p. 235, New York, 1801.

Cheetham not to present our readers with some very well expressed and manly sentiments which occur in this part of his volume :

'It appears throughout both the first and second part of the *Age of Reason*, that, as in government, his object was not the maintenance, as a man of letters, if such he considered himself, of a speculative point about which philosophers in their elaborate investigations of abstruse subjects may very harmlessly differ, but the propagation of licentious doctrines amongst the lower orders, with a view to weaken, if not to destroy, in practice, that awful fear which restrains them from the commission of sins against God and crimes against man. Admitting that he was not unfaithful to himself in the crude deistical opinions which he rudely diffused, yet as he wrote not for reading and thinking men, could he have had any other object than that of mingling with his wasteful anarchy in the affairs of government, a more detestable anarchy in the more solemn affairs of religion? Our wellbeing here, without considering the more weighty matter of hereafter, is so inseparable from, so identified with religion, that we have nothing to expect from a relaxation of its high obligations, but robberies more vast, ruin more complete, tyranny more intolerable, than the plunderings and butcheries and despotisms of which France was for so many years the hapless subject. What religion could be substituted of equal excellence with that which sways Christendom, and mollifies the natural ferocity of man? I am putting the divinity of it out of the question, and considering it only in reference to its benign influence upon society. I have associated with deists; I have listened to the dogmas of deism; and although priestly intolerance and persecution, the abuses of the Christian religion, are principally the alleged causes of their aversion from the one and their attachment to the other, yet I have found them in spirit more intolerant and persecuting, if possible, than any thing which distinguishes the sufferings of the Hugonots, or the bloody reign of Mary. Elihu Palmer, the deistical spouter, was, in the small circle of his church, more priestly, more fulminating, and looked for more reverence and adoration from his disciples, than the Lauds and Gardiners of England. Without the means, he affected all the haughtiness of Wolsey. Professing to adore reason, he was in a rage if any body reasoned with him. He viewed himself as an oracle, whose sayings no

one was to question. Paine was equally a dogmatizer; equally a dealer in authority. They who tested every thing but their own opinions, suffered not their own opinions to be tested.' p. 209—211.

In the same year he published also a letter to the people of France and the French armies, on the event of the 18th Fructidor. This is the most absurd for its nonsense, and despicable for its servility, of all his absurd and despicable performances. On the subject of the number fixed upon to constitute the Directory, 'After preferring a plural to an individual executive, the next question is,' he observes, 'what shall be the number of the plurality?' And here we request the grave attention of some of our most accurate calculators of the class of reformists :

'Three are *too few*, either for the variety or the quantity of business. The constitution has adopted *five*, and experience has shown that this number of directors is sufficient for all the purposes, and therefore a greater number would only be an unnecessary expense.'

'The number which France had hit upon, and which, I agree with him,' says Mr. Cheetham, 'is *quite sufficient*, he seems to think designed by *nature* for all governments, although human wisdom, in no part of the world, except in France, has as yet adopted it. '*Nature*, he says, has given us exactly five senses, and the same number of fingers and toes; pointing out to us, by this kindness, the propriety of an executive directory of five, precisely as in France. If one sense, he continues had been sufficient, she would have given us no more: an individual executive, he therefore infers, is unnatural and unphilosophical, 'individuality being exploded by nature.' Surely tyranny never had a more fawning parasite, freedom a more decided enemy.' p. 219.

He continued in France to the year 1802, drunk it seems every day, mixing with the lowest company, and so filthy in his person, as to be avoided by all men of decency. Mr. Cheetham's observations are here worthy of attention :

'I feel great difficulty in repressing the indignation which rises from reviewing the nefarious publications and conduct of this man. Robespierre, he says, was a

tyrant. Why? Because he sent men to their account on suspicion. Speaking of his own case, when in prison, he remarks, that owing to the prevalence of this doctrine of suspicion, 'there was no time when I could think my life worth twenty-four hours.' What difference was there between Robespierre and himself? Suspicion was enough with Robespierre; suspicion was enough with Paine. Robespierre called out conspiracy, and off went a head; Paine, when he himself was not the subject of the same despotism and cruelty, echoed the cry, and Pichegru and his associates were banished. Pichegru, he asserts, was guilty of a conspiracy against the state. In what was he conspirator? Paine tells us—'in framing laws in favour of emigrants and refractory priests.' This was the conspiracy! Admitting that the framing of such laws was treason, where is the proof; what is it? The 'evidence,' Paine answers, of 'circumstances.' Without accusation, then, without trial, *circumstances*, susceptible of a thousand interpretations, authorised the banishment of Pichegru, and the destruction of the *paper constitution*!

Pichegru and his banished associates were legislators. If, wishing to relax the rigour and the proscriptions, and to lessen the miseries of the revolution, they had 'framed laws favouring emigrants and refractory priests,' had they not, as legislators, a right to do so? It did not follow, because such acts were framed, that the acts would become laws. If, as members, they had no voice in legislation, they were puppets; and if they erred in opinion, is error of opinion criminal in a legislator? And banish them too without trial! Is this republicanism? Is this freedom?

In the early stages of the revolution, the armed force, at the beck of the dominant party, overawed the legislative body. Boissy D'Anglas's constitution had guarded against this dreadful evil, as far as a *paper constitution* could do so. The armed force was not to approach nearer to Paris than twelve leagues. But the party in the government to which Paine was attached, and of which he was an infamous tool, meditating the overthrow of Pichegru and his friends, ordered the armed force within the constitutional limits, as instruments of their designs. This indication of a bloody purpose excited alarm. Paine justifies the march of the troops; Paine vindicates this atrocious violence committed on the *paper constitution*. 'Conspiracy,' he observes, 'is quick of suspicion, and the fear which the *faction* in the council of five hundred manifested

upon this occasion, could not have suggested itself to *intelligent men*. Neither would innocent men have expostulated with the directory upon the case.' 'The leaders of the *faction* conceived that the troops were *marching against them*, and the conduct they adopted in consequence of it, was sufficient to justify the *measures*, even if it had been so. From what other motive than the consciousness of their own designs could they have fear?' 'The murderous sayings of Jeffreys to Sydney, are inferior in atrocity to this. Paine transfers guilt from a meritorious act. The constitution is outraged by the march of the troops. The *faction*, as he indecorously denominates a part of the legislative body, express fear in behalf of the constitution. This fear, so natural, so commendable, so patriotic, he converts into guilt; and this guilt, he profligately asserts, was sufficient to justify the marching of the troops against the legislators!' Can there be baseness, can there be despotism greater than this?

His letter to the army was his last work in France. Wearied with the republic, though obstinately bent on maintaining his principles against his feelings, he now sighed to return to the United States, 'whose election of the chief magistrate is almost as bad as the hereditary system.' He knew not indeed what to do with himself. He could not return to England, where he had been wisely outlawed, and he was aware that he was odious in the United States. Washington justly considered him an anarchist in government, and an infidel in religion. He had no country in the world, and it may truly be said that he had not a friend. Was ever man so wretched? Was ever enormous sinner so justly punished? He must, however, return to the United States, for he was poor; the plunderers of France having plundered only for themselves. He still retained his farm at New Rochelle, and he was sensible that, greatly increased in value, it would abundantly supply all his wants.

On the 13th of October, 1802, he arrived at Baltimore, under the protection of the president Jefferson. But it appears that curiosity induced nobody, of any distinction, to *suffer* his approach. While at — hotel, he was principally visited by the lower class of emigrants from England, Scotland, and Ireland, who had there admired his Rights of Man. With them it appears 'he drank grog in

the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; admired and praised, strutting and staggering about, showing himself to all, and shaking hands with all. The leaders of the party to which he had attached himself paid him no attention. He had brought to America with him a woman, named Madame Bonneville, whom he had seduced away from her husband, with her two sons; and whom he seems to have treated with the utmost meanness and tyranny. Mr. Cheetham gives this account of his manner of living at this time:

'In the spring of 1804, he returned to his farm at New Rochelle, Purdy having left it, taking with him the two Bonneville's, and leaving their mother in the city. Not choosing to live upon the farm himself, he hired one Christopher Derick, an old man, to work it for him. While Derick was husbanding the farm, Paine and the two young Bonneville's boarded sometimes with Mr. Wilburn, in Gold-street, in the city, but principally with Mr. Andrew Dean, at New Rochelle. Mrs. Dean, with whom I have conversed, tells me that he was daily drunk at their house, and that in his few sober moments he was always quarrelling with her, and disturbing the peace of the family. She represents him as deliberately and disgustingly filthy; as choosing to perform the offices of nature in his bed! It is not surprising, therefore, that she importuned her husband to turn him out of the house; but owing to Mr. Dean's predilection for his political writings, her importunities were, for several weeks, unavailing. Constant domestic disquiet very naturally ensued, which was increased by Paine's peevishness and violence. One day he ran after Miss Dean, a girl of fifteen, with a chair whip in his hand, to whip her, and would have done so, but for the interposition of her mother. The enraged Mrs. Dean, to use her own language, 'flew at him.' Paine retreated up stairs into his private room, and was swiftly pursued by his antagonist. The little drunken old man owed his safety to the bolts of his door. In the fall of the year, Mrs. Dean prevailed with her husband to keep him in the house no longer. The two Bonneville's were quite neglected.

From Dean's, he went to live on his farm. Here one of his first acts was to discharge old Derick, with whom he had wrangled, and to whom he had been a ty-

rant, from the moment of their engagement. Derick left him with revengeful thoughts.

'Being now alone, except in the company of the two Bonneville's, of whom he took but little notice, he engaged an old black woman of the name of *Betty*, to do his housework. Betty lived with him but three weeks. She seems to have been as intemperate as himself. Like her master, she was every day intoxicated. Paine would accuse her of stealing his New-England rum, and Betty would retort by calling him an old drunkard. Often, Mrs. Dean informs me, would they both lie prostrate on the same floor, dead-drunk, sprawling and swearing, and threatening to fight, but incapable of approaching each other to combat. Nothing but inability prevented a battle.' p. 241.

We cannot withhold from our readers part of a letter written to Paine from an illiterate brother democrat and infidel, after a sordid quarrel which had taken place between them:

'From the first time I saw you in this country, to the last time of your departure from my house, my conscience bears me testimony that I treated you as a friend and a brother, without any hope of extra rewards, only the payment of my just demand. I often told many of my friends, had you come to this country without one cent of property, then as long as I had one shilling, you should have a part. I declare when I first saw you here, I knew nothing of your possessions, or that you were worth four hundred per year, sterling. I, sir, am not like yourself. I do not bow down to a little paltry gold, at the sacrifice of just principles. I, sir, am poor, with an independent mind, which perhaps renders me more comfort than your independent fortune renders you. You tell me further, that I shall be excluded from any thing, and every thing contained in your will. All this I totally disregard. I believe if it was in your power you would go further, and say you would prevent my obtaining the just and lawful debt that you contracted with me; for when a man is vile enough to deny a debt, he is not honest enough to pay without being compelled. I have lived fifty years on the bounty and good providence of my Creator, and I do not doubt the goodness of his will concerning me. I likewise have to inform you, that I totally disregard the powers of your mind and pen; for, should you, by your conduct, permit this letter to appear in public, in vain may you attempt to print or publish

any thing afterwards. Do look back to my past conduct respecting you, and try if you cannot raise one grain of gratitude in your heart towards me, for all the kind acts of benevolence I bestowed on you. I showed your letter, at the time I received it, to an intelligent friend; he said it was a characteristic of the vileness of your natural disposition, and enough to damn the reputation of any man. You tell me that I should have come to you, and not written the letter. I did so three times; and the last you gave me the ten dollars, and told me you were going to have a stove in a separate room, and then you would pay me. One month had passed, and I wanted the money, but still found you with the family that you resided with, and delicacy prevented me to ask you for pay of board and lodging; you never told me to fetch the account, as you say you did. When I called the last time but one, you told me to come on the Sunday following, and you would pay or settle with me; I came according to order, but found you particularly engaged with the French woman and her two boys; whether the boys are yours I leave you to judge; but the oldest son of the woman, an intelligent youth, I suppose about fourteen or fifteen years of age, has frequently told me and others, that you were the complete ruin of their family, and that he despised you; and said that your character, at present, was not so well known in America as France.

'You frequently boast of what you have done for the woman above alluded to; that she and her family have cost you two thousand dollars; and since you came the last time to York, you have been bountiful to her, and given her one hundred dollars per time. This may be all right. She may have rendered you former and present secret services, such as are not in my power to perform; but at the same time I think it would be just in you to pay your debts. I know that the poor black woman, at New Rochelle, that you hired as a servant, and I believe paid every attention to you in her power, had to sue you for her wages, before you would pay her, and Mr. Shute had to become security for you.

'A respectable gentleman, from New Rochelle, called to see me a few days past, and said that every body was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at a tavern, in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight; and as to a shirt, it could not be

said that you had one on; it was only the remains of one, and this likewise appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the colour of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible, just like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you not recollect the pains I took to clean and wash you? That I got a tub of warm water and soap, and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean. I likewise shaved you and cut your nails, that were like birds claws. I remember a remark that I made to you at that time, which was, that you put me in mind of Nebuchadnezzar, who was said to be in this situation. Many of your toe nails exceeded half an inch in length, and others had grown round your toes, and nearly as far under as they extended on the top. Have you forgotten the pains I took with you, when you lay sick wallowing in your own filth? I remember that I got Mr. Hooton, (a friend of mine, and whom I believe to be one of the best hearted men in the world) to assist me in removing and cleaning you. He told me he wondered how I could do it; for his part he would not like to do the same again for ten dollars. I told him you were a fellow being, and that it was our duty to assist each other in distress. Have you forgotten my care of you during the winter you staid with me? How I put you in bed every night, with a warm brick to your feet, and treated you like an infant one month old? Have you forgotten likewise how you destroyed my bed and bedding by fire, and also a great coat that was worth ten dollars? I have shown the remnant of the coat to a tailor, who says, that cloth of that quality could not be bought for six dollars per yard. You never said that you were sorry for the misfortune, or said that you would recompense me for it. I could say a great deal more, but I shall tire your and the public's patience; after all this and ten times as much more, you say you were not treated friendly or civilly. Have I not reason to exclaim, and say, O the ingratitude of your obdurate heart!

'You complain of the room you were in, but you know it was the only one I had to spare—it is plenty large enough for one person to sleep in. Your physician and many others requested you to remove to a more airy situation; but I believe the only reason why you would not comply with the request was, that you expected to have more to pay, and not to be so well attended; you might think nobody would keep a fire, as I did, in the kitchen, till

eleven or twelve o'clock at night, to warm things for your comfort, or take you out of bed two or three times a day, by a blanket, as I and my apprentice did for a month; for my part I did so till it brought on a pain in my side, that prevented me from sleeping after I got to bed myself.

I remember, during one of your stays at my house, you were sued in the justice's court by a poor man, for the board and lodging of the French woman, to the amount of about thirty dollars; but as the man had no proof, and only depended on your word, he was non-suited, and a cost of forty-two shillings thrown upon him. This highly gratified your unfeeling heart. I believe you had promised payment, as you said you would give the French woman the money to go and pay it with. I know it is customary in England, that when any gentleman keeps a lady, that he pays her board and lodging. You complain that you suffered with the cold, and that there ought to have been a fire in the parlour. But the fact is, that I expended so much money on your account, and received so little, that I could not go to any further expense, and if I had, I should not have got you away. A friend of yours that knew my situation, told you that you ought to buy a load of wood to burn in the parlour; your answer was that you should not stay above a week or two, and did not want to have the wood to remove; this certainly would have been a hard case for you to have left me a few sticks of wood.

Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet to enter upon every minutia would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception, under which you have acted in your political as well as moral capacity of life. There may be many grammatical errors in this letter. To you I have no apologies to make; but I hope the candid and impartial public will not view them 'with a critic's eye.'

'WILLIAM CARVER.'

'Thomas Paine, New York,
Dec. 2, 1806.

'He lived at Ryder's until the 4th of May, 1809, about eleven months; during which time, except the last ten weeks, he got drunk regularly twice a day. As to his person, said Mr. Ryder, we had to wash him like a child, and with much the same coaxing; for he hated soap and water. He would have the best of meat cooked for him, eat a little of it and throw away the rest, that he might have the

worth of the money which he paid for his board. He chose to perform all the functions of nature in bed. When censured for it he would say, 'I pay you money enough, and you shall labour for it.'

'He returned,' says Mr. Cheetham, 'to his farm at New Rochelle, taking with him Madame Bonneville and her sons. On his arrival, he hired Rachel Gidney, a black woman, to cook for him. Rachel continued with him about two months. But as he never thought of paying for services, or for meat, or for any thing else, Rachel had to sue him for five dollars, the amount of her wages. She got out a warrant; on which he was apprehended, and Mr. Shute, one of his neighbours and political admirers, was his bail. The wages were finally obtained, but he thought it hard that he should be sued in a country for which he had done so much.'

It is now time to bring this article to a close. We will conclude it with a passage from a letter written by Dr. Manley, who attended this extraordinary person in his last illness, in answer to inquiries from the author of the work before us. p. 144.

'During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular. He would not be left alone night or day. He not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and holla, until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period, (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death) particularly when we reflect, that Thomas Paine was author of the Age of Reason. He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, 'O Lord help me, God help me, Jesus Christ help me, O Lord help me,' &c. repeating the same expression without any, the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief, when I understood from his nurse, (who is a very serious, and, I believe,

pious woman) that he would occasionally inquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud,* he assented, and would appear to give particular attention.

‘I took occasion, during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time which seemed to sort exactly with my errand; it was midnight; he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above-mentioned; when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present:

‘Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference: you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of course: you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing: you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come now, answer me honestly; I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.’ I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him. ‘Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again—Do you believe? or let me qualify the question—do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God?’ After a pause of some minutes, he answered, ‘I have no wish to believe on that subject.’ I then left him, and know not whether he afterwards spoke to any person, on any subject, though he lived, as I before observed, till the morning of the 8th.

‘Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though with diffidence I would remark, not so much so in the present instance; for though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration, whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love, might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence?’

On the 8th of June, 1808, about nine in the morning, died this memorable reprobate, aged seventy-two years and five months; who at the close of the 18th century, had well nigh persuaded the common people of England, to think that all was wrong in that government and that religion which their forefathers had transmitted to them. He had the merit of discovering, that the best way of diffusing discontent and revolutionary fanaticism, was by a broad display, in their naked and barbarous forms, of those infidel and anarchical elements, which sophistry had, till his time, refined above the perceptions of the vulgar. By stripping the mischief of the dress, though still covering it with the name and boast of philosophy, he rendered it as familiar to the capacity as it was flattering to the passions of the mob; and easy to be understood in proportion to the ascendancy of the baser qualities of the mind.

To the people he promulgated, under the imposing title of the ‘Rights of Man,’ their dormant claim to an equal participation of luxury and power. And such has been the impression of that notable discovery, that we fear it will be long before the new methods of popular education, efficacious as they are said to be, will prepare the multitude to bear and understand, that power implies subordination, and that luxury owes its existence to the distinction of orders in society; that the riches they envy arise out of the inequality they deplore; that acquisition, enjoyment, dignity, and splendor, are the rewards which animate our hopes, and stimulate our exertions; but that to do this they must be stable and secure; that forced into activity by these incentives, we become gradually acquainted with the capabilities of our minds, and are led in a regular ascent by the hand of nature herself, to place, to character, to distinction, to privilege,

* The book she usually read was Mr. Hobart’s Companion for the Altar.

in society; in a word, that taking new impressions as he proceeds, the human agent reaches by steps his just points of elevation in the orderly dispositions of cultivated existence.

With respect to the unhappy teacher of this fraudulent philosophy to which we have so much alluded, we hope we shall hear no more of him. For the sake of England and humanity, it is to be wished that his impostures and his memory may rot together. In speaking of such a man it was impossible to suppress indignation. Decency towards the dead may draw the curtain of oblivion over transient obliquities of conduct, but duty to the living, demands the records of villainy to be honestly severe. The examples of the dead, either for warning or imitation, are the property of the living; and the veritable description of virtue and vice, is among the genuine rights of man. We shall now leave him to his reckoning with those whom his false and presumptuous theories may have conducted to practical misery; and whom his 'Rights of Man' and 'Age of Reason,' may have rendered proudly insensible to the concerns of the soul, and the perils which encompass our being.

To Mr. Cheetham we are certainly obliged for the completest development we have yet seen of his character and principles. The work itself,

as a specimen of biography, and in point of literary merit, ranks with middling performances. It has many defects in grammar and composition, and nothing to arrest its progress to oblivion, but the magnitude of the wickedness which it records. No edition of it has yet issued from the English press, and we believe that there are very few copies of it in this country. We have extracted the greatest part of what is interesting in the volume, and enough we hope to increase in our countrymen their abhorrence of revolutionary characters and projects. Mr. Cheetham would have acted more wisely and discreetly had he contented himself with the mere mention of the blasphemous verses of Thomas Paine. The introduction of them in his notes could answer no purpose but that of shocking even vulgar decency, and the commonest respect for religion. The turpitude of moral as well as natural deformity should not be exhibited, without a little drapery to satisfy the demands of ordinary decorum. Although Mr. Cheetham, in page 89 of his work, confesses that with wit, at whatever expense, he is pleased; we hope to be excused by him, if, with all deference, we observe, that to be pleased with profane wit, is to prostitute our understandings, but to retail it to others is to sin against society as well as ourselves.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army, and a Sketch of the Campaigns in Poland, in the years 1806 and 1807. By Sir Robert Wilson, aide-camp to the king, knight of the military order of Maria Theresa, &c. &c. &c. 4to. p. 306. London. Egerton. 1810.

[We now offer to our readers an article from the Edinburgh Review, on the subject of a work which has been already noticed in the Select Reviews. But in doing this, we do not imagine that any apology will be demanded of us. They who peruse the two articles will find no repetitions, of illustration or argument, and, if a few of the same extracts from Sir Robert Wil-

son's work, appear in each, it would scarcely justify us in withholding from the public the best powers of the conductors of the first journal which has yet instructed and amused the literary and political world. *Ed. Sel. Rev.*]

THIS is, in many points of view, a very interesting book. The name

of its author stands deservedly high, for gallantry and enterprise in the profession of arms; he is known too, and favourably known, by his former writings; and whatever comes from his pen, though frequently tinctured with prejudices, and marked with a zeal sometimes bordering on intemperance, bears nevertheless a strong character of originality and enthusiasm, which excites and maintains our attention. The subject of the present volume is sufficiently important. It is the real vindication of the Russian army from certain supposed charges, and a supposed defence of the Russians in general, from some actual imputations which recent travellers have brought against them. It contains many valuable particulars imperfectly known in this country; and, after making allowance for much inaccuracy, and a good deal of useless disputation, to prove what no one seems to have disputed, must be allowed to have made an important addition to our knowledge of that country. If any further apology were wanting, for directing the attention of our readers to this work, we might find it in the circumstance of Sir Robert Wilson having apparently been led to publish it as an answer to Dr. Clarke's excellent travels, formerly noticed in this Journal.

The opportunities of information possessed by our author were, in so far as regards the Russian army, and the campaigns in Poland, exceedingly ample. He was attached to the mission of Lord Hutchinson during those campaigns; and, beside having access to the Russian staff, (if we may so term it), he was an eye witness of part of the manœuvres of the mass of the soldiers, which we are taught to call the Russian army. Studying the subject so nearly, and in company with so admirable a military observer as Lord Hutchinson, it must be his own fault if he has reported inaccurately to his readers; and, that the inaccuracy, if any, is undesigned, we may infer from the appeal which he

makes to that noble and gallant officer to confirm his statements,—an appeal, which indeed, as yet, only manifests his own consciousness of well-meaning, inasmuch as it is coupled with the admission that Lord Hutchinson has not seen the work, nor consequently given any testimony to its correctness, but which, at all events, is an evidence of frankness and sincerity. Lord Hutchinson, he observes, 'is indisputably high authority; and although I have had no communication with him relative to this publication, I dare to affirm, that he will corroborate all that I have stated respecting the emperor, and his government, and the courage, conduct and merits of the Russian army; and that he will express his concurring sentiments in more impressive language than I have used, whenever suitable opportunity offers.' (p. vi.) He then goes on to mention various other things, for which Lord Hutchinson is, according to our author's expectations, ready to vouch, but which, until these large drafts on his Lordship are duly accepted, must rest entirely on the credit of Sir Robert Wilson. We do not mean to insinuate that this is inferior,—we only remark, in passing, and to prevent mistakes, that it is a different security. He makes a similar appeal to 'five hundred' other travellers, some of whom he names. But the only document like evidence which he has hitherto produced, is a short letter from the Hon. C. H. Hutchinson, expressive of his good will toward the Russians, and his indignations at the accusations made against them;—accusations, of which he seems to have no very correct idea, (probably because he took them at second hand); for he adds, that they have been described as a people 'with whom no intercourse should be held;' and we are confident, that if any such description has been given of them, it has not fallen under our eyes. In truth, Sir Robert Wilson himself defends the Russians against attacks which

never have been made on them, much more successfully than when he comes to the points where they have really been assailed.

There is another circumstance which deserves attention, as affecting the credit of this work on controverted matters. We allude to the indistinct, but, we are very far from thinking, purposely obscure, manner in which facts known to our author as an eyewitness, are mixed up with others which he has learnt from testimony, or perhaps picked up from common report. He does not deal much indeed at any time in the particulars of his evidence. He seldom lets us know how he came by his information. We have it all together as if it rested on equal authority,—and doubtless, he himself believes it all equally :—But the question being very often neither more nor less than,—whether he or others had the most authentic information, and whether he was entitled to believe what he wrote, and to contradict those others,—it was manifestly fitting that he should lay open the grounds on which he demands credit, if he expected to obtain such a preference. Under this class comes a practice very familiar with Sir Robert Wilson, but which we really cannot approve of ;—we mean, his way of relating occurrences in such equivocal terms as to leave it doubtful whether he is speaking as an eyewitness—nay indeed speaking of himself, or not. ‘*A British officer who was present,*’ we suspect, frequently means our gallant author—but undoubtedly not always ; and hence much, and often fatal, uncertainty. So, such lively description as the following, of the Ataman of the Cossacks, would lead one to suppose that the author is speaking from recollection.—‘His mein, his venerable and soldier-like appearance—his solemn dignity of manner, combined with the awful incidents of the scene to render this one of the most imposing and interesting sights that

could be witnessed :’—Yet he does not once say that he was there, or that he ever saw the Ataman in his life. Now, why all this scrupulousness about the use of the first person ? Was there any kind of impropriety in telling the thing plainly and distinctly as it happened ? Or, is it not infinitely hurtful to the credit of the narrative, to leave the reader in such a state of doubt—to throw suspicions into the minds of some—and furnish ill-disposed persons with an opportunity of insinuating, that we are kept in this uncertainty to prevent us from confronting the author with other witnesses ? These things we throw out for Sir Robert Wilson’s consideration ; they must have struck every one who reads his book : but these will regret them the most, who have perused it with the greatest interest.

It contains a preface, filled with a good deal of general and rather declamatory matter, evincing the author’s displeasure at those who have attacked the Russians ; a dissertation on the composition of the Russian armies, which is extremely valuable ; and an equally interesting account of the Polish campaigns of 1806 and 1807. We must, however, advert to this preface, for the purpose of entering our protest against some loose and dangerous opinions thrown out by Sir Robert Wilson, we trust hastily and from imperfect consideration of the subject. He thus mentions the partition of Poland :

‘The erasure of Poland from the list of states, has ever been deemed an atrocious outrage. But certainly Poland had abused her independence. For nine hundred years this fine country (with very little intermission) had been the prey of factions and disorder, which had kept the bordering states in continual inquietude, whilst they desolated and degraded the people. A king without authority, a turbulent and avaricious nobility, and a people greatly favoured by nature, overwhelmed with oppression and poverty, were the characteristics of this nation.

‘Its habits of violence and anarchy were at variance with the good order of society ;

and its constitution was not analogous to the general spirit and political system of Europe.

'The principle of the elective monarchy, so plausible in theory, was in practice found to be the source of innumerable evils, which destroyed the country, were injurious to the repose of Europe, and only gratified the sordid or ambitious views,' &c. p. xiv.

And there follows a great deal more to the same effect. Certainly the jurists of Catherine and Frederick themselves never ventured upon so bold a ground in their mercenary attempts to defend the atrocious transaction in question. Indeed, we afterwards find him dealing in topics, if possible, still more startling, and speaking as if not only all public law were at an end, but as if nations might, with their eyes open to the nature of their conduct, pursue their interest at the expense of every thing like moral duty. 'The possession of Finland,' he says, (meaning that barbarous war which the Russians lately waged against our Swedish allies, and which probably nothing but the atrocities of the French during the late campaign in Portugal ever equalled.) 'The possession of Finland was a measure that may be condemned for its immorality, but which has placed the most valuable gem in the Russian diadem;' and then he enumerates the advantages which Russia has gained by it. Indeed, we must observe, that our gallant author's professional pursuits appear somewhat to have blunted his feelings, and given him a bias towards every thing that is varnished over by the 'circumstance of glorious war.' In this volume we meet with frequent instances of his tendency to view every thing merely in a military light. Thus, after mentioning the savage warfare of the Cossacks, he adds, that, to be sure, 'they are injurious in countries where the good will of the inhabitants is of immediate importance, or where moderation and regularity can

alone provide the armies with their subsistence.' And, speaking of the Basquiers, he says, 'Some benefits might be derived from the example of their habits; and the troops who could, like them, banquet on horse-flesh, dressed or raw, sweet or tainted, requiring not either bread or wine for sustenance, might indeed be called savages, but would soon have at their command all the luxuries of other nations, to lose again, when they adopted the polished manners of the conquered.'

There are some atrocities, however, which, greatly to his credit, Sir Robert Wilson has always vehemently attacked, although they were committed in the course of military proceedings, for purposes strictly beligerent, to the great benefit of those who practised them, and by masters in the art of war: but, then, they were not perpetrated by either Russians or Cossacks; and, consequently, they may fairly be exposed. We allude to the well known charges made by our author against Bonaparte in a former work, and to which he recurs in this preface. He thus mysteriously speaks of this subject: 'Respect for the lives and families of several persons, not less eminent for virtue than science, obliges me still to withhold the evidence on which I frame those charges; and there exist other momentous considerations to restrain me from a voluntary display of that authority, which would assure the sacrifice of persons who are entitled to protection, instead of injury; but I repeat again, that although the *onus probandi ultimately lies with me*,'* this was a case where the accused should have insisted upon trial, so as to have forced the proofs; and not have directed his ambassador to have made a clandestine remonstrance for the punishment of the accuser, and the suppression of the charges.' As this is a question of some moment, we must be excused for stopping on

* So printed in Italics in the original.

our way to offer a few observations upon it.

It will scarcely, we imagine, be necessary for us to premise, that we have but little inclination to take the part of the French emperor. We need not appeal to the former pages of this Journal, for our defence from such an imputation: we appeal only to its spirit and principles. He is the enemy of England; and he is the enemy of liberty. That is enough. We hate him as a tyrant; we hate him as we do those who would in this country extinguish what remains of freedom, and destroy all that is glorious in the English name; and if we dread him somewhat more, it is only because his capacity is greater than theirs. Now, if there are any persons who feel it necessary to discover other reasons for detesting this Bonaparte—who, not satisfied with his being a despot, a tyrant by trade, a contemner of the rights of men, and an enemy of peace and of the independence of nations, must needs have additional reasons for abhorring him:—If there are any persons naturally so well inclined towards his person and government, that they require strange and extravagant things to be proved against him, before they will well and truly hate him;—if there are any who care so little for liberty and their country, that a French tyrant, thirsting for the destruction of English freedom, is not in their eyes odious, until he be also proved a monster;—to them, if such there be, we recommend the doctrine, but two prevalent in these times, that every thing, however groundless, may fairly be asserted of the enemy; and, provided the atrocity of the charge make up for the defects of the evidence, that every thing should instantly be believed. For ourselves, we require no such stimulants to our patriotism; and we shall therefore continue—until some proceeding in the courts of law, or some act of the legislature, force us to be silent—(they cannot reach our opinions)—to believe according

to the evidence, on which side soever of the Channel the parties in question may reside.

Such being our principles, which we openly and plainly avow, and which neither the folly nor the cant of pretenders to exclusive patriotism will ever make us swerve from, we must say, that the passage we have just cited is not by any means satisfactory to our minds. Common justice required, that if he could not adduce his proofs against Bonaparte, he should have suppressed his accusation. He pretty distinctly hints, that until certain persons either die, or come over to settle in this country, he dares not mention their names. If they die, *his* testimony will avail but little; and the other alternative is surely not very probable. But, perhaps, if Bonaparte dies, or a revolution happens in France, he may safely call his witnesses. Does he, however, think it fair to the accused, that the proof should be delayed until his death? Or, is the very improbable event of a successful rebellion against his power, and his being put in a situation which shall affix a premium to all defamatory stories, the only chance of our ever knowing whether these dreadful charges are true or false? In the mean time, the evidence for the accused may die; and can any case be harder than his, who is condemned without any proof, and deprived, by the silence of his accuser, of all means of exculpation? We repeat our protest against being thought to lean towards Bonaparte: but at least, let him have the same justice which, in this country, however it may be in France, is never refused to the most atrocious of criminals.

But, says our author, 'I repeat again, that the accused should have insisted upon trial.' Now, is there really any sense in this? What does a trial here mean? What can it mean in such a case? 'A trial,' (he adds) 'so as to have forced the proofs.' Why, does the author really mean, that if Bonaparte had put forth an

answer to his (Sir R. Wilson's) book, 'the only way we can conceive of 'insisting on a trial,' he (Sir Robert) would have overcome all his scruples, and given up the names of his concealed witnesses? Does he mean to say, that there is any one act which Bonaparte could do, which would warrant him (Sir R. Wilson) in disclosing his secret evidence? If a proclamation were to issue to-morrow from the Thuilleries, promising pardon and indemnity to every one who should come forward with evidence of the poisoning—or pledging the French government to leave unmolested, whosoever Sir R. Wilson should appeal to as his authority for the story in question; would he, on that account, ever dream of giving up the names of his informants? Then, why amuse his readers with this trash about 'insisting upon a trial,' and 'forcing the proofs,' when he knows full well, that there can be no such thing as a trial, and that nothing but Bonaparte's death, and the end of his dynasty, can drive him from the ground he has chosen to occupy, and compel him to give up his witnesses?

The last part of the passage refers to a remonstrance which it seems was made to our government 'clandestinely,' (nor, indeed, is it usual for governments to correspond upon any subject in gazettes, unless they are at war with one another,) and an application for the prosecution of the accuser. Now, we will be very fair and open with Sir Robert Wilson; because the subject is highly important, and touches nothing *less* than the honour of the country, and the purity of its courts of justice. His book on Egypt, containing the charge against Bonaparte of massacring his prisoners, and poisoning his sick soldiers, was published in London during the peace; and we think Bonaparte had a right to complain of the publication. If no one else had ever been tried for a libel on Bonaparte, we should have stopped here; but a respect for the government which

prosecuted, and the odour which convicted M. Peltier, compels us to add, that it would have been consistent at least, if not just, to have prosecuted Sir R. Wilson also. The poor emigrant was singled out,—the person who had every excuse for a little violence against Bonaparte,—he whose ruin had been sealed by that leader's usurpation,—and all whose feelings of loyalty were daily outraged by his triumph over the old dynasty of France; while Sir R. Wilson was not only suffered to escape, but praised and promoted. In conducting this prosecution, Mr. Percival acted as attorney-general; but he might have refused to do so, or insisted on prosecuting Sir R. Wilson also; and if his terms had been declined, he might have resigned his office. He made no such terms; he tendered no resignation; and every man has therefore a perfect right to consider him as the author of the measure alluded to,—which we are prevented from calling by its right name, when we look to the late proceedings of his successors in office, and the penalties to which men are exposed, who express their sentiments with too much freedom upon delicate topics.

We dismiss this subject with one other remark. Sir R. Wilson is not content with bringing forward the charges against Bonaparte, unsupported by evidence, and then leaving them until he can prove them; but he uses them as if they were already fully substantiated; and recurs to them, whenever he finds occasion, as if they were completely admitted on all hands. Thus, Bonaparte had accused the Cossacks of not giving quarter. Our author, admitting the charge to be in a great measure well founded, adds, 'They did not murder in cold blood; they did not put down the sick and infirm, &c.—&c. ~~the~~ the account of the massacre at Jaffa,' &c. And then he eloquently exclaims, 'Accusations of inhumanity from Bonaparte! ... Scripture quotations from the Devil!' Now, our taste may be

as little singular; but, we confess, we should think one line under our author's hand, stating that he had, at the head of his corps, killed or taken prisoner a single French soldier, a much more eloquent effort against this same Bonaparte, than a million of such exclamations as those just quoted. But it is time that we come nearer to the principal subject of the present publication,—the composition of the Russian armies.

In as far as this treatise is controversial, we do not think very highly of its merits; for it leaves undefended all the points upon which former writers have made their attacks; and setting out with large professions of a disposition and materials to confound those writers, it leaves the matters in issue nearly where it found them, and proves, what it is no doubt highly important to have explained in the detail, but what was never, as far as we know, formally denied. That the Russians are among the bravest soldiers in the world; the hardest, the most patient, the most easily subverted, the most passively obedient; the quickest in their movements:—in a word, that there can scarcely exist better soldiers,—that their officers are very indifferent, to say the least of them,—their staff the worst in Christendom, and the political arrangements of their military department, bad in almost the same proportion,—are points which indeed most men had agreed upon before Sir R. Wilson's book appeared, but of which we find ample proofs, and detailed explanations, in all its pages. We must remark, however, that all the valuable information which this treatise contains, is scattered about without any method or arrangement; so that it is only by going through the whole of it, and arranging its contents for ourselves, that we have any chance of finding the different parts in which bear on particular points.

The instances of Russian courage which are to be found in this work are so striking, that we shall extract a few of them.

'The untrained Russian also, like the Briton, undaunted, whilst he can affront (confront) the danger, disdains the protection of favouring ground, or the example of his adversary, and presents his body exposed from head to foot, either to the aim of the marksmen, or the storm of the cannonade.

'No carnage intimidates the survivors; bullets may destroy, but the aspect of death awes not, even when a commander's evident error has assigned the fatal station.—"Comrades, go not forward into the trenches," cried out a retiring party to an advancing detachment; "retreat with us, or you will be lost, for the enemy are already in possession." "Prince Potemkin must look to that, for it was he who gave us the order: come on Russians," replied the commander. And he and his men marched forward, and perished, the victims of their courageous sense of duty.

'But, although Russian courage is in the field so pre-eminent, a Russian army, in movements that are not in unison with the Russian principle of warfare, and Suwarow's practice, presents to an enterprising and even inferior enemy, all the advantages that may be derived from a state of disorganization of the military frame; and the most difficult of human operations to the year 1807, was the conduct of a Russian retreat.

'When Benningzen retired from Yankova, on the approach of Bonaparte, and sought to evade the enemy by forced marches, in the dark nights of a Poland winter, although 90,000 men thundered on in close pursuit, the Russian murmur at retreat was so imposingly audacious, the clamour for battle so loud and reiterated, the incipient disorder was so frightfully extending, that Benningzen was obliged to promise acquiescence to their demand; and to sooth their discontents, by an assurance, that he was marching to reach an appropriate theatre of combat. Gratified in this request, they fought six long days, to secure the undisturbed march of six longer, more painful, and more terrific intervening nights; but in which, alarm, anxiety, and disorder, mingled to such a degree, and so shattered the military frame, that victory might have been achieved against them without the glory of a subdued resistance; yet when this army, wearied, famished, and diminished by the loss of 10,000 men, entered at Eylau, their alignment for battle-order regenerated, as with the British at Corunna, the memory of former glories; and the confidence of approaching victory cheered even the most exhausted; and a spectator would have supposed that the

joyous acclamations commemorated a success, instead of being an anticipation of the most sanguinary trial that was yet upon the records of this bloody war. Such was their vehement ardour to retrieve imaginary disgrace, and profit of a liberty to engage, that when, in the evening before the battle, Benningzen ordered the village of Eylau, which had been abandoned by mistake, to be recovered, and the columns were in motion to the attack, animated by an expression in the command, "that the Emperor expected his troops to execute the orders;" but afterwards, thinking it advisable, as the enemy was greatly reinforced, to desist from the enterprise, he sent his officers to countermand the service,—“No, no,” exclaimed every voice; “the Emperor must not be disappointed.” And they rushed forward, sheltering their gallant disobedience under the authority of an illusion created by their commander.’ p. 2—3.

To this picture must succeed one of kindred ferocity, but the particular lineaments of which are traced so minutely, that the reader almost doubts whether a little fancy is not concerned in the composition. At least, it does not appear quite plain, that the words put into the mouth of the marauder Chief could, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, have been committed to paper by the aid of a short-hand writer.

“When General Benningzen was retiring upon Eylau, considerable numbers of stragglers formed what they denominated corps of marauders,* who, placing themselves under the orders of chiefs, chosen by themselves, lived by violence until opportunity offered for a return to Russia.

“A party of Russian officers, who had been taken at Landsberg, were marching to Prague on parole, but under the charge of some French officers; a corps of marauders surprised them; and, after some violence, the Russian soldiers were indiscriminately proceeding to despatch the French, when the Russian officers interfered, and endeavoured to explain, that as these French were but an amicable escort to them, who had given their parole, their lives must not only be preserved, but that

honour obliged the Russian officers to refuse the opportunity of release, and bound them to proceed as prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged. The marauder captain stepped forward—“Will you, addressing himself to the Russian officers, join and command us, and conduct us to our country? If so, we are bound to obey you, but with this annexed condition, that you do not interfere with our intention of putting to death the French who are in your company.”—“No, we cannot,” was the answer; and arguments were urged to justify the propriety of their decision. The marauders then assembled as a court-martial; and, after some deliberation, the captain re-advanced, and delivered its sanguinary decree. “The French, for their atrocious conduct to Russian prisoners on every occasion, have merited death.—Execute the sentence.” Obedience was immediate; and the victims were successively shot. This lawless assassination completed, silence was again ordered, and the leader resumed his harangue—“Now, degenerate Russians, receive your rewards; you, forgetting that you were born so, that your country has a prescriptive right to your allegiance, and that you have voluntarily renewed it to your sovereign, have entered into new engagements with their most hated enemies; and you have dared to advance in your defence, that your word must be binding in their service, when you violate the oath you have sworn against them. You are therefore our worst enemies; more unnatural, more wicked, than those we have slain, and you have less claim upon our mercy. We have unanimously doomed you to death, and instant death awaits you.” The signal was immediate, and fourteen officers were thus sacrificed for a persevering virtue, of which history does not record a more affecting and honourable trait. The fifteenth (Colonel Arsinoeff,† of the imperial guards) was supposed dead, the ball of the musquet having entered just above the throat. He was stripped, and the body abandoned on the frozen and freezing snow. Towards night, after several hours torpor, sense returned; and whilst he was contemplating the horror of the past and present scene, identified, not only by his own condition, but, still more painfully, by the surrounding corpses of his mangled friends, and momentarily becoming more terrible,

“In the Austrian campaign there were several hundreds of these marauders, under the command of a sergeant.”

† Arsinoeff, who was one of the most estimable of the Russian officers, was shot afterwards in a duel, about a lady whom he wished to marry. He died universally lamented, and especially bewailed, by the battalion of guards that he commanded.

from the apprehension of an horrible and inevitable death, he perceived a light, towards which he staggered with joyous expectation; but, when he approached the light, a clamour of voices alarmed his attention. He listened, and recognized his carousing murderers. He withdrew from imminent destruction, to a fate, as he then supposed, not less certain, but less rude and revolting. He had still sufficient strength to gain the borders of a no very distant wood, where he passed the night without any covering on his body, or any application to his open wounds. The glow of a latent hope, perhaps, preserved animation; his fortune did not abandon him, his extraordinary protection was continued; and as the day broke, he perceived a passing peasant girl, who gave him some milk, finally sheltered him, and obtained surgical relief. He recovered, and went to Petersburg. The Emperor ordered him to pass the regiments in review, that he might designate the offenders. He declined to do so, observing, that "he thought it unadvisable, to seek an occasion for correcting such a notion of inde-feasible allegiance." p. 68. —

The light infantry appears not to be so numerous in the Russian army, as the peculiar adaptation of many parts of the empire for raising this force might lead us to expect. We speak by inference merely, from our author's way of talking upon this part of his subject; for he avoids minute details, in a manner not a little distressing to those who are in quest of accurate information. He mentions the chasseurs of the imperial guard, who are chiefly Silurians, with peculiar commendation. But the body of that guard appears to surpass almost all other corps in any service. It is 7000 strong; and, when compared with the French and Russian guards at Tilsit, (or, as he writes it, we presume correctly, Tilsitz), threw them quite into the shade. Nor is it only in appearance that these men excel: on every occasion they have distinguished themselves, — and the whole army takes to itself a pride and glory in their superiority.

The artillery is also praised by Sir R. Wilson. Their guns are numerous, beyond those of any other service. In the Polish campaign, about five

hundred generally moved with the army, and were actually in the field at Eylau. They are well drawn; their tackling is of an excellent construction, and they are gallantly served; but, as for the officers, they have not the same title to estimation as in the other European services; for their education is not formed with the same care, and their service does not receive the same encouragement. To them is the toil and responsibility, but the honour is by no means assured them. Some favourite officer, completely ignorant of the science and practice of the artillery, is frequently, in the day of action, appointed for the day to the command of their batteries; and the credit is, in the despatches, given to him for a service which depended on long previous systematic arrangements and laborious attention, with which he never was acquainted; an injustice mortifying to the corps, injurious to the individual artillery officer, and gravely detrimental to the general interests. p. 22.

But the part of the army which he praises most lavishly, and the excellence of which, we own, we were least prepared to hear of, is the cavalry. He considers them (and the authority of his report on this matter must be deemed nearly conclusive) as the best mounted of any on the Continent. The heavy Russian horses, it seems, are matchless for a union of size, strength, activity and hardiness. They have the bulk of the English cart-horse, with blood enough to prevent them from ever being coarse, and suppleness to fit them naturally for the menage. But facts will speak more strongly to their excellence, than any description; and we have here a sufficient example of what they can do and bear.

After the battle of Eylau, when the Imperial cavalry of the guards were ordered from St. Petersburg to join the army in Poland, the men were sent in waggons as far as Riga, and the horses accompanied at the rate of 50 miles each day. From thence they were ridden, and proceeded to their station at the rate of 35 miles each.

day. After a march of 700 miles, so conducted, they appeared not only in excellent comparative order, but in such high condition, that the regular garrisons of any capital in Europe could not present a finer cavalry parade. The hussar horse has nothing remarkable, except that he is generally stronger loined than the Hungarian, with equal blood, and force of constitution.

'During Beningszen's retreat, and from that period to the disappearance of the snow in June, no cavalry ever encountered greater hardship.

'For above six months in the severity of the extremest Poland winter, they were always at the piquet post without any shelter; and for three months, or more, they had no other sustenance than what the old thatch, stripped from the roofs of the cottages supplied; and in consequence of this necessity, Poland was progressively rendered uninhabitable, and war assumed her most frightful aspect.

'The mortality certainly was great, but it did not render the cavalry inefficient or feeble for the service of the most active and laborious campaign which succeeded.' p. 16—17.

After mentioning that the Russians are not by habit horsemen, but that their riding is the effect of training and discipline, he describes the dragoons as equally steady, skilful and persevering.

The account of the Cossacks is curious, but differs not materially from that of former writers, as far as regards their military character; and confirms the account which we took from Dr. Clark's valuable work, as to the amiable, and even civilized manners, of those tribes, when living in a domestic state. They are the people, it may be remembered, whose treatment, both by the government and the subjects of Russia Proper, has so justly been stigmatized by the last mentioned author, as in the highest degree unjust and oppressive.

We have now gone through all the praises which even the laudable partiality of Sir R. Wilson for his Russian friends can collect, except one or two topics on which his statements are either inconsistent with themselves, or contradicted by undoubted facts. We class those topics, therefore, among the points in the dark

side of the picture, which, however unwilling, and indeed partially and by piecemeal, he is compelled to bring forward. To this shady side we must now shortly turn the eye of the reader.

That the Russians (he is speaking of the soldiers, but means, evidently, to describe the people) are 'religious, without being weakened by superstition,' is a proposition which is not the loss calculated to scare the reader, from its meeting him in the first page of this treatise. Were not the authority of Sir R. Wilson himself at variance with it in other parts of this book, we might easily refute it from other sources. 'Die for the honour of the virgin Mary!' says the energetic command in Suwarrow's catechism. Did Sir Robert never hear of the faith which every soldier, officer, and private, has in the powers of the badge (or *bogh*) on his breast, to turn a bullet or a bayonet? Does he not know, that their belief is in an instantaneous transition, if slain in battle, to the arms of the 90,000 virgins of their church, now officiating in Paradise? And what says Prince de Ligne on this subject, speaking even of their most eminent characters? 'Nous voici au camp de Novo Gregori, où nous venons d'apprendre la nouvelle de la première victoire du Prince de Nassau sur le Capitan Pacha. Le Prince Potemkin me fait chercher, m'embrasse, me dit: 'Cela vient de Dieu; voyez cette Eglise, je l'ai consacrée à St. George, mon patron, et l'affaire de Kinburn a eu lieu le lendemain de sa fête. Au bout de quelques semaines de séjour et de marches, rétrogrades à l'occasion du pont pour passer la maudite rivière, nous nous trouvâmes encor à la hauteur de Novo Gregori, où nous reçûmes la nouvelle de deux autres victoires du Prince de Nassau. Eh bien! mon ami! me dit le Prince Potemkin, en me sautant au cou, est-ce que vous ai-je dit de Novo Gregori? Je volla encore. Cela n'est-il pas clair? je suis l'enfant gâté de Dieu!' (Lett. à l'Empereur Joseph II.)

But what says our author himself, in these passages of his work? In p. 12, speaking of the same Russian soldiers, he observes, 'Religious, perhaps superstitious, the Russian believes that heaven is a palace, with reality gates; &c. And, in p. 4, we are told, that they regard Suwarrow as deified, and acting in the capacity of God of war.'

His account of the recruiting is extremely meagre, and we do not think quite impartial. 'It is not,' he says, 'by volunteer enrolment; but the magistrates select the most efficient young men, according to the required number.' The day of nomination,' he adds, 'is passed in general grief, and each family is in unaffected affliction at the approaching separation of a son or a brother.' This we conceive to be quite probable; but what follows certainly can be credited by no one, who is not prepared to say, that human nature is altogether different in Russia and in France. In truth, a more romantic tale was never told; and we marvel at a person, of our author's acuteness, allowing himself to be taken in by it; for we presume he gives it on the authority of his Russian military friends. 'But no sooner,' he says, 'is the head of the reluctant conscript shaved according to military habit; no sooner is he recognized as a defender of his country, than the plights and lamentations cease; and all his relatives and friends present articles of dress or comfort to the no longer reluctant recruit; then revel with the music and the dance, takes place, until the moment arrives when he is to abandon his native home, and the adored tomb of his fathers; with cheers the eternal farewell is mutually expressed; and the exulting soldier extends his regards to his country, and devotes his new life to the glory and prosperity of his sovereign and Russia.'—This moral death, he adds, 'this military resuscitation, is a phenomenon generated and perpetuated by patriotism, the fundamental principle of Russian action, which

cheers him in hardship, and animates him in danger.' (p. 10, 11.) There is certainly nothing much surpassing this in Captain Lemuel Gulliver's valuable account of the country and character of the Houyhnhnms,—of which, however, notwithstanding its great merits, and the author's known respectability, an Irish Bishop observed, that it contained some things which he could scarcely believe, and one or two which he was positive could not be accurate; which made his Lordship, not unnaturally hesitate about crediting the rest. And, truly, one is perplexed by meeting such a passage in Sir Robert's work; for it takes away much of the weight which other parts would undoubtedly carry to the mind of the judicious reader. Perhaps the assertion, that 'no man with bad teeth is allowed to enlist,' may belong to the same class; and points at both a more abundant supply, and more perfect state of the recruiting service, than any other country has yet attained.

Our author's remarks on the officers and the commissariat are of much importance, and explain many of the events which happen in Russian campaigns. After praising the cavalry officers, he proceeds to the infantry, forming, of course, the bulk of the service.

'The officers of infantry are but in the higher ranks such as ought to fill those stations. With partial exceptions, the inferior officers are disqualified by the neglect of education, and the absence of those accomplishments which should distinguish officers as well as the sash and gorget.

'The qualifications of zeal and courage, which they have but in common with the soldiery, are not sufficient to command the respect of superiors or inferiors, and, consequently, the society in the infantry regiments is generally so little worth, that the nobility of the country commence their career in the guards or the cavalry, until they are eligible for those ranks in the infantry battalions of the line which assure them a better association—a system which is one of the fatal causes of the condition which it proposes to evade.' p. 43.

Of the Staff, he says, that 'if regularity of manuscript could 'organize an army, the Russians, long ago, would have attained excellence.' The elaborate system of their returns and reports, is mentioned, with deserved ridicule, as a mere useless incumbrance. According to our author, the Russian officer would seem rather to lead the life of an attorney's clerk, than of any nobler animal. Indeed, we here, as in a former passage, are inclined to suspect a little exaggerated description, on the part of those from whom Sir R. Wilson drew his facts. As, for instance, when he says, that 'the lowest Cossack officer, from his saddle, or the snow, is obliged to send his information, with such care about the paper, the wording, folding and address, as if the report was destined to be preserved as a document in the Archives of St. Petersburg.' (p. 50.) The officers in the quarter-master-general staff draw well, and take up ground quickly and judiciously; but their duties are both complicated and unsuitable to their rank. The greatest *desideratum*, however, he adds, is proper chiefs.

The commissariat is well known to be of the very worst. Sir R. Wilson describes it as wretched indeed,

'Whilst armies are advancing rapidly, the food of the inhabitants can be seized, and may prove sufficient; but when the seat of war becomes permanent, as was the case in Poland, in consequence of Russian valour, famine* must destroy the population, and disorganization and disease consume the army, unless arrangements are made to ensure the regular supplies from unexhausted countries. As the Russian soldiery are satisfied with less than perhaps any soldiers in Europe, great facilities are afforded for the establishment

of sufficient supplies; but, unless those supplies are, in the first instance, redundant, the convoys will always be intercepted by the famishing divisions in route, and rapine and violence will destroy all the resources which might be re-collected, under a proper direction, from the immediate country in which the army may be acting. As it was, no arrangement could be greater, no effect more distressing, and no misery more continual; and it is only extraordinary that the army did not disperse, not from mutinous spirit, but actual necessity.'† p. 51, 52.

But the state of the hospital department is, if possible, still more dreadful. We shall not disgust our readers with the details. It may suffice to observe, that at the battle of Friedland, *for the first time*, the wounded were dressed on the field; and that notwithstanding all the attempts made to improve the hospital staff, our author admits, that they are in total want of medical assistance at home, and that the pay is far too small to procure the assistance of strangers. Then comes a remark, which should really soften so great an admirer of Russia, towards Bonaparte, even if all he has charged him with were accurately true.—'It must also be stated,' says he, 'that the care of grievously wounded men, so as to be disabled from future service, has never till lately been in the policy of the Russian government: for the finances of the empire did not admit of this burthen; and, even at Friedland, it was remarked by an officer of high rank, and of most humane character, that a cannon ball was the best doctor for men without limbs.' p. 53.

The important point of the numbers of the Russian armies, receives

* 'The horrors of famine were at their height during the winter. The mortality amongst the inhabitants was prodigious from actual hunger. The present afflicted state of Europe may be truly ascribed to it; for, chiefly from want of food, Benningzen retired after the battle of Eylau.'

† 'Konigsberg was only 20 miles from Eylau, and yet, although that field had long been selected for the battle, although it was notorious that the army would arrive there without food, not a loaf of bread was on the ground, so that they were fighting and starving from the 7th to the 9th. General Benningzen, for himself and staff, could get but a bowl of potatoes at midnight after the battle, and, from the evening before the battle, had not eat any thing.'

little illustration, from our author. He tells us, however, that we must distrust the numbers upon paper in this, much more than in other services: for it seems Suwarrow never, at any time, had more than 35,000 men, although operations were calculated on the supposition of his having 70,000. And in the Polish campaign their numbers never amounted, even at the beginning, to 80,000, (p. 4 and 23.) Of these moderate sized armies, the wear and tear is enormous, in consequence of bad arrangements; and this statement of our author, he confirms by the circumstance recorded in Frederick II's History of the Seven-Years' war, that the Russians, during that contest, lost 120,000 men, although they had only been in four great battles; while the Prussians, who had fought sixteen, lost only 180,000; and the Austrians, who had fought ten, and supported two garrisons, lost only 140,000.

After all, there recurs the question, so vitally affecting our estimate of the real power of Russia, how it happens that, with a population which Sir Robert Wilson boasts of as fifty millions, she has never sent any adequate armies into the field; and unable to supply the great consumption of men which arose from bad generalship, and want of arrangement in military economy, she has always been unsuccessful in the long-run, whatever doubts there may be as to this or that affair, and ultimately beaten by superior numbers, as well as greater skill? Sometimes our author refers to the maladministration of the state in general—sometimes he dwells particularly on the want of money—sometimes he varies the phrase, and ascribes the failure of the Russians to their deranged finances. Now, it is the want of a plan altogether—now, the want of foresight: now, the delay in preparing for an approaching campaign. Of all these explanations (which we by no means think unfounded in the fact, or unsatisfactory) perhaps the least intelligi-

ble, is the answer he makes to what has so often been observed of the dispersion of the Russian population. It is as follows, and we profess not to catch even a glimpse of its meaning:

'It has been indeed insisted, that the population of Russia is so dispersed, that she cannot collect and concentrate her disposable means; but such arguments can only be used by persons ignorant of the powers of systematic direction, and who are not habituated to contest with difficulties. Distance is of no consequence, if an advance be gained upon the need; and it must be presumed that Russia has not neglected to profit of the opportunity. An augmented expenditure is indeed a consideration of great weight; and the finances of Russia are embarrassed, but she can never again experience pecuniary difficulties, when she adopts a policy suitable to her character, and consonant with her legitimate views.' p. 68.

Every thing that can be said upon this subject, we believe, resolves itself into the general barbarism of the Russians—their want of well educated statesmen—their inferiority to other nations in a supply of those men who can either improve the resources of a state, or draw forth into effective action the resources which it already possesses. But, for offensive operations in the South of Europe, Russia is at too great a distance, even if her affairs were far better administered than we can soon hope to see, by any progress of improvement, however rapid; and he must be a sanguine politician who can seriously expect, that while Austria is leagued with France, or only remains an indifferent spectator, any exertions of Russia should do more than protect the remains of her own independence. This is a point upon which we have so often descanted on former occasions, that we shall not enlarge upon it at present, further than to observe, that the proofs are, yet, not merely unshaken, but untouched, which have so frequently been adduced to show the futility of any coalition for the restoration of the independence of Europe by offensive operations, in which confederacy Austria is not the

prime mover. To explain the failure of the last effort in this great cause, will be for those who planned the Walcheren campaign, and sent the largest and best army that ever sailed from England, to perish by climate, in attempting what was impossible, and almost useless had it been practicable, at the moment when Germany was breaking out into general revolt against her oppressors, and Austria—for the first time overpowering France by superior skill and higher valour—only required our assistance to consummate, in all probability, the long wished-for deliverance of Europe. It is a subject to which we shall gladly return, as soon as an opportunity is afforded by the publication of the information which, we doubt not, some persons in this country possess relative to that most afflicting and glorious campaign.

From what we have already said, it will appear, that our author's defence of the general character of the Russians, is confined to declamatory topics, and attacks on those who have accused that people of barbarism. We shall close this part of our review, by referring to one or two authors who support us in the view taken of the subject on a former occasion, and whose testimony bears out the narrative of Dr. Clarke. It may perhaps show, that neither that excellent writer nor ourselves are liable to the imputation of peculiar prejudice on this subject, if, without going back to the work of the Abbé Chappé, or the well known epithet of '*unprincipled*,' by which the celebrated Ledyard characterised Russia, in his enumeration of the countries he had visited, we extract the following short passages from two of the latest writers, who have touched on the subject—Mr. Thornton's work on Turkey, and the Prince de Ligne's Letters. 'The court of Catherine II,' (says the former) 'can be distinguished from the capital of Syria, only by the grosser character of its debaucheries.' (vol. II, p. 194.) '*Les Russes,*

(says the Prince) '*que Pierre I., à force de barbarie a voulu civiliser; et qu'il a fait battre et tuer pendant neuf ans pour leur apprendre à vaincre—ces Russes sont tout aussi malins que jamais.*' (*Lettre à Prince Kamniz.*)

We have detained our readers longer upon the general treatise, than the proportion which it bears to the rest of this volume might seem to justify. But we consider it as by much the most important part of the work; and, indeed, the account of the Polish campaigns is chiefly valuable as it serves to evince the truth of many general remarks upon the Russian armies which are contained in the former part of the work. The steady and patient valour of the Russian soldiers, rendered always unavailing by the incompetency of their leaders, and the bad administration of their military department, is the fact constantly held up to view in this interesting part of Sir R. Wilson's publication. Several of the statements may be also admitted to show, if indeed any new proofs were required, the exaggerations of the enemy's official accounts. But on this, and in general the whole controversial part of the narrative, we have to notice the mysterious references to secret sources of information; to letters and documents which the author has seen, and to which, he sometimes tells us, Bonaparte will, when he reads this work, know that the author must have had access. In general, we presume, his information is derived either from the Russian staff, or from his personal observation. Why are we left to doubt which of these is the source of his evidence, not only on several, but literally upon all occasions? The French give one account of the battle of Pultusk, for example; our author gives another, quite different—and in many respects diametrically opposite. Why does he leave us in total ignorance of the material fact, whether he was present at that battle, and, if not, how soon after it he arrived at the Russian head quarters? It

was fought on the 26th of December. In no part of this book can we discover the date of Sir R. Wilson's leaving England, or reaching the army. From other sources of information, we may perhaps collect, that the time of Lord Hutchinson's departure from this country does not admit of their having reached Pultusk before the battle: but, then, if it be so, this should have been distinctly stated; and the time when ocular inspection began, should have been fairly marked. The author should recollect, that he is writing upon disputed points of fact—that the question is, not what he believes himself, but whether his account or Bonaparte's is to be taken for the correct one? And in order to weigh the credit of his narrative, we must needs see the evidence on which it rests.

For illustrations of the points formerly stated, we may take any of the accounts of battles given in this narrative, either Pultusk, Eylau or Friedland, or any of the lesser affairs which filled up the intervals between those grand contests. The narrative of battles, however interesting, requires to be gone through at length, and with maps and plans. No general abstract, therefore, of this history could be made intelligible to our readers. We shall prefer the course of giving one or two confirmations of the remarks already made, and a specimen of Sir R. Wilson's powers of interesting his reader by historical and descriptive composition.

The battle of Pultusk is stated by our author to have been a victory on the part of the Russians. He makes the loss of the Russians amount to less than 5000 men, while that of the French exceeded 8000. The latter, too, were compelled to retreat in confusion, and were only saved by the darkness of the night, after losing 'many guns, Bonaparte's equipage,' &c. (as he rather inaccurately says). Now, the whole account of the behaviour of the Russians in this severe affair, must fill us with admiration of

their courage and steadiness. We are disposed, moreover, to allow, that whatever the French may have gained in that battle, was dearly purchased: but then comes the following passage, which at once explains the whole, and perhaps reconciles the French and Russian accounts better than Sir R. Wilson is disposed to allow:

'When general Kaminskoy had found his position behind the Wkra forced by the enemy, he resolved to retire the Russian army behind the Niemen river, and gave directions accordingly to the corps of Buxhowden and Beningszen; but his orders were given under such circumstances, that general Beningszen considered himself as authorised to use his own discretion, and therefore preferred to give battle at Pultusk, hoping that general Buxhowden or general d'Anrep would support him. By some *unfortunate misapprehension or disagreement*, probably originating in the want of acknowledged superior direction and authority, neither of these officers had advanced to his assistance; he therefore thought it more prudent to retire during the night, notwithstanding his success, as Sault was on march for Ostrolenka, and as he feared to be surrounded by the whole French army uniting to revenge its partial disgrace, if he remained on the position of Pultusk; and this determination was indeed almost indispensable, since he had not any provisions in his camp or in the neighbourhood.' p. 80.

General Beningszen after this obtained the chief command, and Kaminskoy, (who, from the note p. 83, appears to have gone mad) was displaced, but not till he had, by various blunders, caused the retreat of the army, and prevented prince Gallitzin from profiting by a brilliant affair with Augereau. Beningszen being now commander-in-chief, *his* blunders began from bad information respecting Ney. He loses an opportunity of defeating and probably capturing that marshal's corps. From equally erroneous intelligence respecting Bernadotte, or from some other mistake, either of his own, or Markow, who led his advanced guard (for we are not accurately informed,

which), a partial engagement takes place, and the opportunity of surrounding Bernadotte is lost. All this time 'no troops could evince more courage than the Russians, who fought, undaunted by the superiority of numbers: they lost 2000 men, but our author says that the French lost as many. The French account says 500. It would have been satisfactory to know whether Sir Robert was there at this time, and with whom he held his communications. The result of this forward movement, however, is stated to have been the raising of the blockade of Graudentz, and relieving that important place by the able co-operation of the Prussians under general Lestocq.

After Benningzen had been above a month in the chief command, he receives intelligence by an intercepted order from Bonaparte to Bernadotte, which he appears never to have had the slightest suspicion of, though our author admits that he ought to have foreseen it, viz. that the enemy meant to cut off his retreat. The Russian forthwith resolves to await the attack; and, for that purpose, takes 'an extremely unfavourable position,' after a march of some length, and losing the certainty of a safe and favourable retreat. He discovers, after narrowly escaping destruction by the French not attacking him, that he dares not remain there; and then wishing he had retreated, he finds he must endeavour to retire the best way he can in face of the enemy—which he begins to do in no small confusion. The army and its officers make strong representations against this movement. 'For indeed,' says our author, 'a Russian force never was by character of composition or system calculated to retreat; and the severe and inclement night-marches, after the day's fatigues, with the aggravating anxieties about food, would have been sufficient to conquer the discipline of troops far better regulated.

'The soldiers had to prowl and dig for the buried food of the peasantry;

so that, between search of provision and duty, they had scarce time to lay down; and when they did, they had no other bed than the snow, no shelter but the heavens, and no covering but their rags.' p. 94.

The general therefore resolved to fight a battle, and chose Preuss Eylau for the scene of it. In assembling his forces there, many blunders were committed by himself and his inferior officers—much loss sustained in consequence; but our author consoles himself with the reflection, that the French did not do all they could, and that prince Bagration and general Lestocq (the Prussian commander) displayed much skill in conducting their part of the retreat. The Russian general drew up his army, 60,000 strong, according to Sir R. Wilson, 'in an open space of uneven ground,' having the village of Eylau (which is quite unprotected by any sort of works) in front, but in a hollow, and so low, that the Russians were higher than the tops of the houses. The enemy, however, having other generals to think for them, arrived in front of the village, and took up a position 'on ground that domineered the Russian position completely, so as to expose the minutest object to their fire, whilst the intervals between the elevations afforded shelter to their troops, and a concealment of their movements and force.' The French, by this account, were almost as superior in number as in generalship; our author says they had 90,000 men. The victory in this battle is decidedly ascribed to the Russians. We refer our readers to the account at large, as very interesting, and only extract one or two paragraphs in illustration of the courage and generalship of the Russians:

'Soon after day-break the Russian cannon opened, and played very heavily, but rather at hazard, as the French columns were principally concealed by the falling swells of their ground, and the town and suburbs of Preuss Eylau. The French cannon quickly replied with vigour and

effect, as every man of the Russian army was exposed from head to heel.

'The French, repulsed in their first assaults, maintained a very heavy fire of artillery from their heights and salient points of the town; and, as the whole Russian army was still exposed to their observation and fire, with much effect, as to the destruction of men.

'The brave Russians, (it is difficult to refrain from enthusiastic expressions of praise when their conduct at this awful moment is recollected), inclining inwards, eagerly pressed on, indifferent to the shower of balls that plunged through their ranks, and uniting with the first line, the whole charged home upon the enemy, who panic-struck by this unexpected attack, instantly gave way, abandoning their cannon and several eagles, and pursued, when the army ceased to advance, by the musquetry fire of one of the deploying columns, and the artillery of all the batteries.

'The Russian army, which had now advanced several hundred paces, was, if possible, more than ever exposed; but the columns remained as a rampart to be battered down; thus proving the superiority of their active and passive courage over an enemy who only advanced with a faltering step to be destroyed, or retired behind the cover that his position offered for shelter.' p. 101—104.

Courage, however, according to Sir Robert, carried the day; and Bonaparte, repulsed in every quarter, when the night terminated the combat, on an alarm that the Russians meant to renew the battle, sent off his heavy artillery and baggage, and withdrawing to the heights behind, 'with difficulty reassembled the wreck of his shattered and dispirited army,' and awaited information of the Russian movements.' Then follows the total result of the victory; about which, unfortunately, there is rarely any doubt, however the narratives of the contending parties may differ as to the details of the battle.

'About eleven o'clock, the Russian generals assembled, (still on horseback), when general Benningzen informed the circle, that he had determined, notwithstanding his success, to fall back upon Königsberg; for he had no bread to give the troops, and their ammunition was expended: but by a position in the neighbourhood of such a city, his army would be

certain of every necessary supply, and be assured the means of re-equipping itself, so as to appear again in the field before the enemy could repair his losses.' p. 107, 108.

Our author makes the loss of the Russians, on this dreadful day, amount to 20,000, that of the French to 30,000, beside 10,000 who fled, and only returned some days after. Benningzen retired to Königsberg; and the enemy having reconnoitred for some days, and in vain waited for the Russians passing the Pöegel, went into cantonments, and remained until he was reinforced.

To pursue the narrative through the different affairs which took place from the battle of Eylau to that of Friedland, would only present an afflicting repetition of the same scenes. We always find the Russians on the worst, the French on the best ground. The former exposed from head to foot, perhaps firing at random against an unseen enemy, confined in their movements, and not protected by either land or water; the latter protected by the natural redoubts of wood and ground, and flanked by marshes, and lakes, and rivers. We shall find no exception to this observation, in the description given by our author of the last great engagement, in which every thing that courage and constancy could perform, was found, as Europe too well knows, wholly unavailing; and the only consolation which the courage of so many brave men afforded, was the almost equal price which it exacted from the enemy for the victory. Sir Robert Wilson's account of this dreadful fight (at which he was unquestionably present), is deserving of particular attention on every account, and we extract the greater part of it, as the specimens by which we have promised to allure our readers to the perusal of his work:

'Friedland is a considerable town, situated on the left bank of the Aller: a long wooden bridge connects the town with the right bank—west of the town is a capacious lake—the country, for a mile in the

direction of Heilsberg, forms a semicircle of apparent plain, but is cut by a deep and narrow ravine full of water, and scarcely fordable, which runs from Domnau into the lakes. Near the town, on the left of the plain, the ground abruptly descends, and woods border down the aller: a deep wood fringed the plain from the Aller to the village of Heinrichsdorf, where there was a little interruption; but woods again closed round to the Aller, the banks of which were very steep, the fords subsequently used were unknown, and, when discovered late in the evening, scarcely practicable.

'In the open space of the semicircle, between the Aller and the rivulet, and about half a mile in front of Friedland, General Benningzen at first formed his troops in column, the cavalry being to the right of the Heinrichsdorf road, and as the succeeding divisions passed the Aller, the right and part of the centre of his infantry were posted between that road and the rivulet, and that part of the centre was covered by a branch of the rivulet which terminated in a broad piece of water: thus his army was entirely exposed to fire, and every movement distinctly seen; whilst the enemy were sheltered from aim, and their force and operations were concealed until they chose to expose them; Moreover, upon the right of their position they had the advantage of some rising ground, which commanded both banks of the Aller as far as the town.' p. 153—154.

A heavy cannonade and various attacks, at first with doubtful success, and afterwards to the disadvantage of the French, occupied the earlier part of the day.—About nine o'clock Benningzen detached 6000 men to secure the bridge at Allenberg, in case he might have his retreat cut off.—About eleven the enemy were giving way, and the Silurian chasseurs pressed on them, but were forced to retire; which they did in perfect order, upon the enemy bringing a large force against them.—The Russians regained possession of Heinrichsdorf too, but were again dislodged by artillery: and in this situation, though their original plan had been frustrated, they remained confident of being able to maintain their position till night.

'Under this confidence no precautions had been taken against disaster; no works were constructed to defend the entrance

into the town, and cover the retiring troops, if prematurely noticed: the necessary precautions that were perfectly easy of execution, as well as digible, and which would have disappointed the ultimate efforts of the enemy.

'About mid-day the enemy's fire, which had relaxed, resumed more vigour; the cannonade increased: the tirailleurs advanced greatly re-inforced; and the cannon shot and the musquetry continued unremittingly from that time a tremendous fire upon the Russians, who were totally exposed, and standing in columns with some infantry thrown forward to act as tirailleurs, whilst the French columns still remained in the woods; and the supporting lines of the advanced infantry, concealed themselves from direct aim by lying down in long grass, or behind the favouring ground.

'The enemy had continued to arrive with fresh succours, and the woods were now thronged by battalions which advanced upon the edge, and there reposed.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Bonaparte was first noticed by the bustle and movement amongst the French troops, and soon afterwards he was distinctly seen giving directions. A little before five, the French army stood to their arms, and the cavalry mounted. From the town of Friedland, the masses appeared, through the interstices of the trees, and the partial interruption of the wood, of enormous power and extensive depth; but the eye could not distinguish where the weight of the force was directing: From the plain, the horizon seemed to be bound by a deep girdle of glittering steel: It was in vain that General Benningzen had notice, and saw, with his own eyes, the mighty preparation.—The ammunition of his artillery was exhausted, and not forty pieces could fire. He had not a single battalion in reserve; and as he had been obliged to pass the last division over the river, not a soldier but the Cossacks remained on the right bank of the Aller, and they half a league in advance. His columns, reduced by the loss of 13,000 men, were now so thinly scattered over the position, that they seemed rather advanced detachments than the army itself, and which impression deceived Bonaparte, so as to suspend his ulterior efforts after the battle.

'It was now that he regretted the absence of the 6,000 men detached in the morning to Allenberg—a detachment that the world has had cause, indeed, to deplore; for if these 6000 men had been present at this moment on the left of the position, Russian courage would have maintained victory against the enormous super-

priority of hostile forces, and against their more ruthless destiny, which had seduced them into the plain of Friedland.

General Benningzen in this extremity did all that his means and the time permitted. He directed six guns to take post on the elevation upon the right bank of the Aller; a little in front of his left, so as to flank the enemy's right in a forward movement. He closed up the wreck of his centre, and sent an order for his cavalry to quit the right wing of the position, and support the centre and right of the infantry; orders which were, under the circumstances, most judicious; but, before the officer could reach the cavalry, the enemy's proposed attack was in execution.

About 5 o'clock the French army had taken its order of battle.—Marshal Ney on the right; marshal Lannes in the centre; marshal Mortier on the left; marshal Victor and the Imperial Guard in reserve; general Grouchy, with his division of cavalry, supported the left; general Laboussaye's division of dragoons, and the Saxon cuirassiers, the centre; general Latour Maubourg's division the right. At half past 5 o'clock, 20 pieces of cannon, discharging salvos, gave the signal of attack, whilst another battery of thirty pieces, opened upon the Russian left. The report of the guns were scarcely heard when the French column started from the wood, and the right corps advanced in massy echelons at a quick step. The chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, greatly committed by an advanced station, fired some volleys and retreated. Several battalions of militia formed behind the chasseurs, and, on the low garden ground near the banks of the Aller, also gave way, and streamed to the bridges; whilst the six guns upon the elevation on the right bank, overpowered by fire, were beat back out of action. Some Cossacks and cavalry, so soon as the French column had quitted the wood, attempted to attack the rear of the right flank; but a division of French dragoons, sustained by infantry, repulsed them. The enemy quickened their pace, animating each other to the assault by loud cheers, and driving every thing before them, notwithstanding gallant efforts from a division of infantry in front of the guards, whilst the remaining French columns saluting from the wood could scarcely find space for the formation of their numbers.

The Russian Imperial Guard, impatient of the cannonade which tore them to pieces, rushed forward with fixed bayonets, but not in compact order. They, however, reached the enemy, pierced the leading column, exacted bloody revenge,

and, for a moment, the corps of marshal Ney retrograded in disorder; but a reserve division advanced, obliged the guards to fall back, pressed on them, and, after a further obstinate contest in the streets, forced the town.

During this contest the bridges were ordered to be fired. The flames rolled over them instantaneously; they were no longer passable for friends or foes, and were consumed, notwithstanding the efforts of the enemy to preserve them, so that a great portion of the infantry were obliged to plunge into the stream, and escape by an almost impracticable ford.

The infantry of the centre and right wing had undoubtedly kept their ground, and the enemy advancing upon the branch of the ravine, and with the existence of which they were unacquainted, suffered heavy loss during their embarrassment; but the Russian flank being exposed by the retreat of the guards, must have given way in disorder, if the Russian cavalry had not, in full speed, rushed at the enemy, now approaching also with his left wing, and trampled down two battalions, whilst the remainder were obliged to arrest their progress and assume a new formation.

The infantry, encouraged by this conduct of their cavalry, also advanced and covered its retreat. But when the smoke of the burning bridges darkened the atmosphere, then, indeed, further resistance to retrieve the day was acknowledged as hopeless, and destruction seemed inevitable; yet, still resolved to preserve their honour from impending ruin, cavalry and infantry adhered to each other's fortunes, and mutually scorned a safety that compromised a friend.

In solid order they retired; slowly measured back their march; charged whenever the encroaching enemy trespassed; and, in this manner, clicking 50,000 men, they continued the action, unbroken and undismayed, until near 11 o'clock at night, when the enemy desisted.

The Russian general then conceiving it too hazardous to continue his march upon the left of the Aller, explored the banks of the river until a ford was discovered, which did admit, with extreme difficulty, of the passage of his troops; but the infantry were obliged to wade through breast high, and the little remaining ammunition in the tumbrils was utterly spoiled.

General Benningzen, who had been driven across the Aller, and who had rallied his left wing at the entrance of the wood, about a quarter of a mile north of the

town, and on the right bank, covered this operation, and prevented for the night any interruption to the march of the artillery and retiring columns.* p. 156—161.

We may here remark an error of some moment, into which Sir R. Wilson has fallen in his estimate of the total loss of the Russians. He says, (p. 163), that they lost 12,000 men, exclusive of 500 prisoners; and the French 7000, and 400 prisoners.—Now, in the foregoing extract it will be perceived, that before the chief brunt of the battle began, that is, before 5 o'clock, he states Beningzen to have lost 12,000 men by the effects of the destructive cannonade to which the Russian position exposed the army;—how to reconcile these matters we cannot tell:—But such things diminish not a little one's confidence in the cool and accurate narrative of this author, and give his adversaries no small advantage, even in other points where similar errors may not occur.

This appearance of inaccuracy is a point on which we have had occasion to touch formerly in the course of this article. It arises, we believe, from inadvertency, or perhaps from an over great zeal and eagerness in behalf of the author's own opinions, which, as is very natural, and in controversy very usual, leads him to adopt whatever account may make for him, without scrutinizing its foundations, or even examining its probability. If more instances were required, we should refer to such particulars as are contained in the notes to pages 138 and 141. We doubt not that some one has told Sir Robert of the Cossacks having 'the prudence, when advanced within range of guns too highly elevated, not to rush back, but rather to close, until they find opportunity to evade the line of fire altogether.' Nevertheless, when he calmly reviews this passage, we suspect he will discover it to belong to the class of stories,

which no weight of testimony can prove: and so of the anecdote of a French commanding officer having his life saved (in an attack upon his post) by a sign of masonry, just as the lance was about to pierce him: A brother was near, and by an exertion preserved him.* Again, we must remark how bad the effects of such passages are upon the confidence of the readers. The same consequence follows from our author's extravagant opinions respecting the defects of the French generals—their blunders—their want of enterprise—their missing so many opportunities of destroying their enemies. And these observations, be it remarked, are in almost every page contradicted by his own narrative. Even Bonaparte is represented as so deficient in skill and courage, that his victories over the Russians can only be accounted for by supposing the latter to be infinitely worse governed and commanded than Sir Robert has himself described them; nor is he content with confining these remarks to the Polish campaigns. He closes his narrative with the following mysterious and significant sentence: 'Since that time, Bonaparte has acquired new celebrity, and his passage of the Danube has been extolled as an immortal testimony of his military genius: but there is more than authority for insinuation—there is reason to assert—that when that operation is investigated at a future period,* a development will be made public, to correct in future a too hasty and credulous admiration.' Does Sir R. Wilson really think that he can maintain, among his readers, such a reliance upon his testimony and his opinions, as to make them believe whatever he asserts, both in point of fact and of doctrine, without disclosing either the evidence of the one, or the reasons for the other?—that they will believe the story of the poisoning in Egypt, because he promises, at some future

* Italic in original.

period; which may or may not ever arrive, to produce his proofs of it; and that they will be convinced of the *want of skill* which repaired the defeat of Aspern, and gained the victory of Wagram, because he promises, at a period equally uncertain, to bring forward something, he does not tell us what, connected with this subject? If such conviction can be gained on such terms, we can only say that the hatred, or rather the contempt of the enemy is more than a match for the reason of this country—and that it will be well if we are not awakened from our dreams by more unpleasant realities than any replies to Sir R. Wilson.

This consideration leads us to say a word, before we finish, upon the charge so frequently brought against all who refuse to partake in the delusions just adverted to—the charge of undervaluing the resources of their own country, and magnifying those of the enemy—of representing Bonaparte as invincible, and all efforts to resist him as vain. Of the many falsehoods which the present contest has engendered, this is perhaps the most gross and unfounded. We verily believe, that among all the speeches and publications to which the war has given rise, not one sen-

tence can be found, uttered, or written, by any Englishman, either with the view, or even with a tendency, to promote a passive submission to France. But for ourselves, we can only say, that if, in looking back upon the opinions disseminated through this Journal, we find any reason to suspect a flaw, it is rather when we reflect on the confidence uniformly expressed by us at all times in the efficacy of even the boldest offensive operations against the power of the enemy. To the best of our recollection, we have never condemned one active exertion of this country, except in as much as it was *misplaced*, and because we maintained that a combined and more effectual effort at the same time, would have done real service. Our hopes have always rested on the power of England to cope with France singlehanded, and to overcome her with the aid of Austria: and while the pretended advocates of '*vigour*' have vapoured in the Sugar colonies, or punctured detached and remote parts of the French empire; we have predicted the success of larger and more daring enterprises, with a confidence which, we admit, could only be justified by a belief almost instinctive in the virtue and fortune of the British arms.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 349.)

I DINED yesterday at Belem with a friend of mine, major B—— of the 20th dragoons, who is very agreeably quartered there. The situation of the house he lives in is extremely pleasant. It stands on the banks of the river, and commands a fine prospect. His quarters are contiguous to the Prince Regent's palace. Before dinner we strolled into the gardens. The walks are tolerably pleasant. There is however in them nothing very remarkable, excepting some admirable statues said to have been dug up a few years since in this kingdom. They are of white marble as large as life, and consist of two groups, each containing two figures. One represents a daughter nursing her father. The other represents a woman fainting in another's arms. These statues, though very injudiciously exposed to the air, are yet in good preservation: possibly they may, from the excellence of the climate, continue uninjured for ages. They are indeed exquisitely beautiful, and

"Seemed to breathe
And soften into flesh beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination flushed."

There are several aviaries at the entrance of the garden, also the royal menagerie, which contains a number of very fine beasts. Among others are some zebras. We visited the museum and the king's hothouses in the neighbouring botanical garden of *Mesa Senhora de Ajuda*. They are well worth attention. The ceilings of the latter are painted in fresco. The museum contained the richest collection of birds in Europe before the French arrived. It has been plundered by Junot, but there are still left a great number. Their plumage exceeds any thing I have ever seen before. Most of them were brought from South America. The palace belonging to the *duke de Aveiro*, who was executed for attempting the life of the late king, once stood near this place.* A column in commemoration of the event is now erected on the site. The palace was razed to the

* The column contains this inscription:

"Aqui foram as cazas arazadas e saudades de Jozé Mascarenhas, exauctorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por sentença proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janeiro de 1759: justizado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que na noite de 3 Setembro de 1758, se havia commellido contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el rey nosso senhor Don Jozé I. neste terrero infame se nao podera edificar em tempo algum."

ground, and the ground on which it was situated was sown with salt. His majesty, in grateful remembrance of his escape, caused a church to be built on the spot where he was shot at, dedicated to *Nossa Senhora do Livramento* (our lady of the deliverance.) The first stone was laid in great state by his royal hands. The plot for the assassination was well conducted, and had the assassins acted as was previously concerted, could not but have been effectual. Three parties were stationed at a short distance from each other. It was agreed that the first should permit him to pass uninjured and that the second should fire upon him. By this means, whether he retreated or proceeded, the assassins would have a second chance of killing him. The precipitation of the first party rendered the scheme abortive. Their impatience induced them to fire as the coach passed. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back; thus the king's life was saved, though he was severely wounded.

The royal church and monastery of Bethalem, or Belem, from which the suburb takes its name, stands near this spot. This magnificent and noble old structure was founded in 1499 by king Emanuel for the monks of the order of St. Jeronymo, and completed by his son and successor Don John III. It has received but little injury from the hand of time, and has withstood all the convulsions which have successively buried in ruins the buildings around it. The architecture, which is a mixture of the Arabic and Norman gothic, is striking and singular. Instead of endeavouring to preserve symmetry, the greatest pains have been taken to avoid every external appearance of regularity, one pillar being made intentionally different from another. We here read the inscriptions on the tombs of many of the royal and noble families of Portugal. Over the portal is inscribed: *Vasta mole sacrum Divina in littore matri Rex posuit Regum maximus Emanuel.*

Auxit opus haeres Regini, et pietatis uterque.

Structura certant, religione pares.

There are two very fine organs in the church. We saw an illuminated manuscript bible, in three volumes, which was presented by the pope to king Emanuel, and which has had the good fortune to escape the eye of Junot. The clasps are of gold and studded with gems, and it is adorned with inimitable paintings.

The castle at Belem was built by the same founder, and at the same period as the monastery, to which it is opposite. It is erected where the river is narrowest, on a tongue of land, and consists of a single tower with two batteries, to which an additional temporary platform has been recently added by the French. It presents as you enter the river a most beautiful and picturesque object to the eye. There is a fine sand along the shore, which affords a most excellent place for bathing. From the warmth of the day, and from its proximity to my friend's quarters, we were tempted to avail ourselves of the circumstance. The place, excellent as it is, is rarely used by the Portuguese. Was a hydrophobia prevalent in Lisbon, there could not be a more general aversion to water.

October 7.

I returned yesterday from an excursion to *Setuval*, or as it is generally called by the English, *St. Ubes*. We crossed the river to a place called *Couna*. Previously to our embarkation we agreed with a muleteer to be in waiting for us, stipulating at the same time how much we should pay for the journey. This is a necessary precaution; for gentlemen of his cloth, if you cross the river without a previous arrangement, seldom fail to demand double their due; and the traveller must either comply with their extortion, or be content to go back again to Lisbon. On landing, we were obliged to let our baggage undergo an examination by the custom-house officers. This ceremony does

not occupy much time. It is merely a mode of taking a *cruzado* without the ignominy of begging it, or the risque attached to picking your pocket. The view of Lisbon from the southern bank is uncommonly beautiful. We stopped as we ascended the hill to look back on the city. On every side the prospect was rich in charms. Around us were cultivated fields, olive vineyards and groves,

"Where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through
the green

Their lighter glories blend."

The Tagus rolled below us. On the opposite shore rose an amphitheatre of hills, crowded with innumerable convents and churches, and covered with villas to their summits. Olive trees, plantations, and gardens, lay interspersed amid the houses of this wide-extended city, above which stood proudly eminent the tall palm, lifting high its lofty crown. We looked down upon the castles of Belém and St. Julien, and the Tagus pouring its waters into the Atlantic ocean. We saw the white breakers glittering over the rough bar at the entrance of the river, and at a distance the majestic, pointed, rocky mountains of Cintra formed the boundary of the landscape. On the other side the eye stretched across the dark and sandy plains of *Alentya*, over which we were about to pass. The prospect in this direction was terminated by the stupendous mountains of *Arrabida*, whose summits were hidden amid the clouds. Below the city rose the rock of Lisbon. It was a holiday, and the river exhibited a most gay and cheerful appearance. The surface of the water was covered with vessels. Unnumbered pleasure boats and barges were gliding along. The assembled fleets of Great Britain, Portugal, and Russia lay at anchor before us, amid a forest of masts. The flags of all nations were flying, and as far as the eye could reach we beheld

"Ten thousand banners in the air,
With orient colours waving."

The sky was clear, and the heat of

the sun tempered by a pleasant and refreshing breeze. I never remember to have witnessed a greater assemblage of pleasing objects, or a more interesting and lively scene. Such is the view of Lisbon, and excusable perhaps is the vanity of the Portuguese in their proverb, *Que heo tege vista Lisboa, nao tem vista cousa boa*: He who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a good thing. But alas, like many other beauties, Lisbon looks best at a distance. In beholding it as it lies stretched before you, you forget for a moment, its dark, ill-paved and narrow streets, its filth, its noise, and its nastiness, but the instant you set foot within it, your senses are again more acutely awakened. All your ideas of the opulence, grandeur and magnificence of a mighty metropolis immediately evaporate like the snuff of a candle, leaving behind only a stench. We found our muleteer, by name *Baltasar Pacheco*, waiting for us with his mules and calesas, ready harnessed. The heads of the mules were ornamented most gayly with strings and tassels of worsted, of all the colours in the rainbow. Their tails were tied with red ribands, and according to the usual custom of the country, the hair on their rumps was very ingeniously cut into divers fanciful shapes and quaint devices. The right buttock of one of the mules in the calesa which I rode in, contained a representation of Christ on the cross. Our ride was very pleasant. The country abounds with flowers, which lay scattered on every side amid the heath and sand. The road was partly through pine forests, interspersed with cork and olive trees, and partly across sandy heaths. At times we seemed to be entangled in a wilderness of evergreen shrubs and aromatic herbs. We passed through the small town of *Azetao*, close to which rise pleasant hills covered with laurel, myrtle, and laurestinus. Here we entered a thick wood of pines, over which we saw the venerable ruins of the castle of Palmella. This

fortress was the last hold of the Moors in Portugal. It stands on the summit of a round and almost conical mountain, and is visible at an extraordinary distance. A convent is situated near the ruins, which also forms a picturesque object. At Palmella we stopped to water our mules at an inn, the doors and windows of which, as Taylor observes of one where he lodged, in his travels through Bohemia, were always open, by reason of their being none to shut. A cross was suspended over the door by way of a sign, and on the roof of the inn there was a stork's nest. There is a very handsome fountain at the entrance of Palmella, decorated with the arms of the town. In the inscription on it we saw the flattering capitals S. P. Q. P. I recollect to have seen the Guildhall of London, S. P. Q. L. but this I think is a rather greater assumption. The country about the town seemed in a high state of cultivation. As we descended the hill the prospect became beautiful. The road was skirted with hedges of laurestinus, gum cystus and myrtle, which grew in luxuriant abundance. The air was impregnated with the balsamic richness of their blossoms. Immediately before us appeared the *Serra de Arrabida*. This lofty chain of mountains rises abruptly to the eastward of Palmella out of the sandy plain, and stretches into the ocean. Its extremity forms the promontory of *Esphichel*. About eight miles below us lay St. Ubes with its harbour: beyond which we dimly discerned the distant shore of Estremadura. We frequently saw single farm-houses, cottages, churches, and convents. There is a striking simplicity in the architecture of the country churches. They are without any tower or steeple, and their bells are suspended in a single wall of a pyramidal form, on the apex of which is a brock. On the outside of many of them were little balconies containing skulls. We passed a churchyard, the wall of which was entirely cover-

ed with monumental crosses. Over most of the church doors were figures of saints, &c. worked in blue tiles, like the wainscoting of the houses in Lisbon. We saw storks' nests in great numbers. The roof of almost every convent and church was peopled with them. This is the case throughout the peninsula. The stork is held sacred, and is looked upon by the inhabitants with a sort of religious veneration. No catholic will molest it. In the winter season they are very numerous, and they return annually to the same nests. They destroy all the vermin on the tops of houses, and pick up a great number of snakes; so that they are welcome guests. It is said that in some parts of Spain, if they do not appear by St. Agatha's day (the fifth of February) the people pelt them with stones when they come, and drive them away.

The dress of the peasants for warm weather is peculiarly comfortable. We met many on the road whose breeches were of white undressed sheepskin, and their gaiters of black, with the wool outwards. The huts of this class of the community are not more sumptuous than their apparel. They live in the same sty with their swine, and appear not to be any ways inferior to their inmates, either in filth or obstinacy. Not swine only, but horses, cows, hens, and chickens, in many of the houses we passed, seemed admitted to board and lodging, to live in the same apartment, and to participate in all the privileges enjoyed by the other members of the family.

As we entered St. Ubes we saw a funeral. The body was carried on a bier without a coffin. Over it was a canopy. Our caleseros, when we arrived, unharnessed the mules, and turned them loose into the market place. This I find is the custom. St. Ubes is situated at the extremity of the *Serra de Arrabida*, on the south side of the ridge. The country about it is pleasant from the variety which it

exhibits. The principal street extends along the strand. As soon as we alighted, we walked through the town. We went to see the *salt pans* which lie in great numbers along the *Sado* and its branches. The Portuguese call them *Marinhas*. They are dug, square, about three feet deep. Salt water is introduced on one side from the sea, at flood, through canals, which extend in innumerable branches, and are shut when the pans are full. When evaporated, the salt is collected in the month of June, and kept either in wooden sheds or in heaps, which are protected against the sun by rushes. The export of this article forms the principal trade of St. Ubes, though some oranges and Muscatel wine are also exported. We saw vast numbers of women nearly in the state of Eve, kneeling to wash in the *Sado*, the banks of which were covered with linen. St. Ubes would be a considerable place were it not so near Lisbon. It was anciently called *Cetobrica*. Coins are frequently found in the vicinity. A Corinthian pillar was dug up not long ago near the town. It now stands in the square, ornamented with a crucifix. Opposite St. Ubes, on the narrow strip of land which forms the entrance of the harbour, are the remains of an ancient city called *Troga*. Many walls are still seen, and a number of square pavements, formed of small angular stones, strongly cemented together, which were probably sites of houses or courts belonging to them.

We put up at an *estalagem*, or inn, which our muleteers informed us was the best in the place: but a worse I never again desire to do penance in. The witch of Endor would have seemed lovely by the side of the hostess. Her countenance was that of a fiend. Her hair was scattered about her face like the dishevelled ringlets of Ophelia. It had once been red, and the original colour might still here and there be distinguished by a lock whose primitive tint yet remained unblanched by the snows of age. Every

time she spoke her nose and chin came in contact like a pair of nut-crackers. To set off this assemblage of charms, she wore a necklace and large pendants in her ears. In the prosecution of my inquiries respecting dinner, the success of which seemed, alas, very problematical, I put my head into the kitchen. As usual, it was windowless. The only light which it received came through the adjacent stable. Chimney there was none. The smoke was permitted to find its way out as well as it could. It is consequently easy to imagine what was the colour of the beams and ceiling, and the complexion of the haggard inhabitants of this black hole. On a bench at the door, sat a grave corpulent personage, whom, it subsequently appeared, was the landlord, or rather the landlady's husband, for he left the management of household affairs wholly to his wife. He was much too important and consequential a person to condescend to interest himself in such insignificant matters. He seemed to have no other concern than the business in which he was then engaged, which was to

"Exhale mundungus from a tube as black
As winter chimney, or well polished jet,
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
Smokes Cambro-Briton, vers'd in pedigree,
When he,
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides."

On summoning the lady of the mansion to know what she could furnish us to eat, she said that she could get any thing that the *cavalheiros* desired. This we found was not entirely correct, as out of a dozen articles for which we asked, not one was in the house. We begged her at length to give us any thing, and every thing that the larder contained. After waiting nearly two hours, in which, by the bustle, I should have conjectured that it was the first dinner, which had ever been cooked in the house, we were informed that our meal was ready. We sat down at a table which consisted of a large stone, with Mosaic work,

framed. This was a piece of antiquity, dug up from the ruins of Ce-tobrica. Very probably Ulysses or Julius Cæsar may heretofore have dined at it. For my own part, I confess myself so little an admirer of ancient manners, that I should much have preferred a modern table of wood, with a clean cloth, or indeed with any cloth at all. It may be supposed from our having so classical a table, that the entertainment was equally classical. Indeed it was nearly as much so, as was the celebrated *feast after the manner of the ancients*, with which Peregrine Pickle was regaled by the democratic physician. To this entertainment many of the dishes which composed our banquet, both in smell and consistency, bore a strong similitude. The soup had an effect on some of the company nearly as potent as that which was produced by the doctor's *salacacabia*, or the *sow's belly* on Pallet. Fortunately for me my stomach is stronger than that of the painter. Our next dish was an *Olla Podrida*, alias a hotch potch of every thing cooked together; to analyze which was a task that soon puzzled what philosophy I was possessed of. I however made out to discover in it *bacalao*, or salt fish, beef, *garbanzos* (horse-beans), peas, pimento, *tomatoes*, garlic, and red-pepper. The whole of this delectable composition was swimming in stinking oil. We had a dish at the second course which the hostess had christened a stewed hare, but which, though I took care to conceal my opinion, I verily suspected to be no other than the carcass of a tough tom-cat. I privately asked Balthazar his sentiments concerning it, and I found that they coincided perfectly with mine. Our suspicions were afterward pretty strongly confirmed. Nothing is more common in this country than *cat-eating*. My landlady at Lisbon is under the necessity of confining her cats, lest they should be stolen and eaten by the neighbours. My stomach not yet

being reconciled to the custom, I therefore forbore to taste of this Portuguese delicacy. Neither did I think it prudent to venture on a sausage which, could the aforesaid cat have spoken, he would probably have claimed as his own property. I made my dinner on a fowl fried in oil, with garlic and onions, and which, though by no means the most tender, I knew not to be a counterfeit. It was brought to the table in the attitude of a flog, seized suddenly with a convulsion fit. The pigs in this country are as familiar as kittens. Several of them very coolly walked into the room as we sat at dinner, wagging their tails like lap-dogs. Such is the force of education. In the afternoon we strolled round the town. We went into a number of churches, in one of which I noticed a crucifix against the wall composed of human skulls, having a pedestal formed by thigh bones. We saw several women at confession. In one of the convents we heard the nuns chanting the evening service. After it was over they chatted with us at the grate. Some of them were pretty, but the major part could not boast of much more beauty than our hostess at the inn. One of these ladies begged me to give her my cravat. For supper we had the fragments of our sumptuous dinner, and a fine pheasant, which we purchased of a man whom we met in the street. Fearing to trust this *bonne bouche* to the barbarian claws of our landlady, I undertook, after it was plucked, the office of trussing it myself, giving her such particular instructions relative to the manner of cooking it, that it seemed impossible any mistake could arise. But alas, my lessons were of no avail. There is no beating any innovation into the pericrania of the people here. She brought in the unfortunate bird in the same attitude as we had seen the fowl served up at dinner. She told me, with an air of superiour intelligence, that I had forgotten to cut off the rump,

which had accordingly undergone amputation, and also that I had neglected to draw it, upon which she yoked in her finger to convince us of the cleanness of the inside. The force of these arguments there was no withstanding. We therefore thought it best to bear our misfortunes with patience. On retiring to rest, mine had for the first time made his appearance, and condescended to conduct us to our rooms. The apartment in which I was to sleep was furnished with a couple of beds, and one solitary, bottomless chair. Its whole appearance was most ancient and buggy, and gave me but a fearful anticipation of the sufferings which I was condemned to undergo. I found, on shutting the door, that it could not be fastened, being unprovided with either latch or lock. I called to the landlord, as he was descending the stairs, to inform him of the circumstance. He answered that *he was the lock*. My bedstead stood in a sort of recess in the corner of the room, and consisted of three boards placed across iron trestles. My bed was an old mattress about an inch in thickness, and had, I have every reason to believe, been in possession time out of mind, of ten thousand legions of fleas, whose territory I did not invade with impunity. In less than a minute I was attacked by stings innumerable. My whole body was in a similar condition with Gulliver's face from the arrows of the Liliputians. The bed had neither bolster, pillow, nor blanket. The floor was covered with mats of straw, and your matting breeds fleas like a loach. All night did I lay awake putting my assailants to death. Underneath us was the stable, from which we were separated only by loose planks laid across the beams, so that we were unceasingly annoyed during the night by the bells of the mules. They sleep standing, with their heads tied close to the manger. It is difficult to imagine a more disagreeable or detested discord than this glingling

produces. It is sufficiently annoying by day, but travellers are obliged to submit to it at all hours. Day and night the annoyance never ceases. The drivers refuse to take off the bells, as they say the animals like the sound. It is difficult to say whether the two-legged or four-legged beast is the most obstinate; though from an accurate attention to the usual behaviour of both, I think that the former is the most reasonable. The roof of our apartment was in the same style as the floor. The rats, by which it was tenanted, entertained us all night with their gambols, and shook down the dirt about our heads as they ran over the rafters. Two of our party lay in the same room with mine host and his rib. Our dressing room exhibited a curious scene. We could get no cloth or towel to wipe our hands, nor could any looking-glass to shave by be procured in the house. One of the company, at my suggestion, desired the landlady to bring in a bucket of water from the well, that he might see his face; but whether from his being unaccustomed to the use of an inverted mirror, or from his own unskilfulness, he nearly severed his cheek in twain with the razor. For my own part, I felt the inconvenience less than my companions, as I had learnt on board the *Africa* to shave nearly as well in the dark. In the early part of the voyage I had the ill luck to break my glass. Being unable to repair this loss, and as necessity is the mother of invention, I was obliged either not to shave at all, or to shave without one. I became at last very expert at the operation, not, however, without giving myself sundry grievous gnashes and wounds in my first essays. The Portuguese ladies are not more deficient in curiosity than those of other countries. In order to try that of my landlady and her daughters, I put my hat before my face on the table as I was beginning to shave, pretending to look into the crown. The women

stared at me with all their eyes. I saw them whispering one another, and one of them I overheard say *con-tinua, Maria o srvelhero sem um medo particular de effeitorae*. 'The cavalier has a very curious way of shaving.' Antonia, the youngest

girl, came behind me, and endeavoured to peep over my shoulder. When I had finished, and laid down my hat, the whole family came in rotation and looked into the crown, in order to see what kind of a looking-glass it contained.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS

Of the right honourable Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, &c. &c.

THE family of Dundas, of Arnistoun, in Mid Lothian, or Edinburghshire, is a younger branch of the house of Dundas, and has for several generations filled the highest departments of the law in Scotland. Robert, the grandfather of Henry, the subject of this memoir, was a respectable judge of the court of session, the supreme judicature of that part of the kingdom. His son Robert, was one of the most eminent lawyers of his time; and after a brilliant display of oratorical abilities, and legal knowledge at the bar, was promoted to the chair of lord president, or chief justice; which he filled in the most dignified manner, distributing justice with judgment, equity, and impartiality. His eldest son, Robert, was no less distinguished as an advocate and a judge. Combining a profound knowledge of law, with a commanding eloquence, he was avowedly at the head of the Scotch bar. During the time he sat in the house of commons, he also made a considerable figure as a parliamentary speaker; and had his disposition led him to relinquish legal for political pursuits, his talents must have rendered him no less conspicuous as a statesman, than his younger brother Henry afterwards became. But after having filled the office of lord advocate, he was, in 1759, elevated to that of lord president; which he enjoyed near thirty years. For this exalted situation, he proved himself eminently qualified:

Unremittingly attentive to the duties of his office; quick in developing the case that came before him; judicious in his arrangements, and decisive in his judgment, he conducted and despatched the business of the court, so as to be of infinite advantage to the suitors; and prevented that accumulation of undetermined causes, which, after his death, and until the late reform, became a serious and increasing evil. Conscious of superior talent, proved in his demeanor, and carrying with him a high tone of authority, he had no small influence over his brother judges. Like the Heathen Jupiter, as painted by the burlesque dramatist,

'Cock of the school,
He bore despotic rule,
His word, though absurd, must be law;
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To squeak must cease or gnaw.'

Since his death the presidentship has devolved into other channels, (cut out by the Dundas interest); but his eldest son, Robert, after successively holding the places of solicitor general and lord advocate, is now lord chief baron of the court of exchequer in Scotland; an office of equal emolument, only second in dignity, and comparatively a sinecure.

Henry Dundas, since viscount Melville, was a younger brother of the last lord president, by a second marriage of the president, his father, with Miss Gordon, daughter of sir Wil-

liam Gordon, of Gordonston, premier baronet of Scotland. He was born about the year 1741, and received his early education at home, and at the high school of Edinburgh. Afterwards he prosecuted his studies, both literary and legal, at the university of that city; where he was distinguished more for the quickness of his parts than intenseness of study. After the routine of the classes, and undergoing the usual public and private examinations, writing and displaying the force of defending a Latin Thesis on the subject of the civil law, he was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates, (and called to the bar) in 1763; and at the time of his death, was, in point of seniority, the eleventh on the list. The Scotch barrister, although he has not the numerous silk gowns to obstruct his career, finds, in general, the road to professional eminence little less difficult and tedious than the English council. Mr. Dundas, however, enjoyed unusual advantages. With a vigorous mind, unrestrained by the *mauvaise honte*, which embarrasses his countrymen in the outset of life, he enjoyed the patronage of numerous connexions of respectability; and clients, as well as their solicitors, were eager to employ a young man of promising talents in a court where his brother presided with dictatorial sway.

And it may be observed, that at the Scotch bar, many lawyers of great practice, including more than one or two of the present judges, have owed their rise, in no small degree, to having relatives on the bench, who were supposed to lend a favourable ear to their arguments. He possessed besides, a fluency of speech, and an energetic, if not elegant, oratory; and from the outset, delivered himself in a language and manner evincing a consciousness of superiority, and of his prospects of nominating the future judges of the bench he addressed; prospects, since fully and unprecedently realised—as now for

many years, they have been almost uniformly appointed through his recommendation; and of the present fifteen lords of session, and five barons of exchequer, there are not above three who do not owe their elevation to his patronage. From these circumstances, it is not surprising that he suddenly rose to the highest line of practice. Nor would he stoop to petty causes, nor submit to the drudgery of compiling those multitudinous papers, and large quarto printed volumes, with which the Scotch legal proceedings are loaded; but when he could not decently decline this branch of professional duty, he generally employed the pen of some of his more laborious brethren, adhibiting his signature on their composition; and it is well known, that even the late lord president, sir Hay Campbell, did not disdain to afford this assistance to his junior friend, and afterwards patron, through whose interest both he and his learned son, now commonly called lord Succoth, were seated on the bench.

On the first vacancy, Mr. Dundas was appointed solicitor general; and in a few years afterwards, (I think in 1773,) his majesty's advocate of Scotland; an office not merely tantamount to that of attorney general of England, but (according to the authority of lady Melville's cousin, the right honourable colonel Charles Hope, late lord advocate, and now lord justice clerk) the only efficient great officer of state, and whose power is unlimited. The Scotch judges assume to themselves an undefined authority, which they style *nobile officium*, and by which they make important legislative acts, that in England would require the joint concurrence of the king, lords, and commons; and in like manner the lord advocate, besides exercising, in every criminal case, the functions of a grand jury, issues mandates competent to no judge in the kingdom. The following instance of this arbitrary power, took place soon after Mr. Dundas's

appointment. The people of the highlands of Scotland, driven from their little farms by the oppression of the landholders and their factors, were then beginning those emigrations to America, which have since been so frequent and numerous. To check this spirit, the lord advocate resolved summarily to prevent them from enjoying in another climate, the fruits of their industry, which their land-lords denied them in their own. A number of these poor highlanders had, by disposing of their little all, engaged, and with their families embarked in a ship, to transport them over the Atlantic Ocean; but they were interdicted, brought forcibly from on board, to wander wherever they might, and an embargo laid on the vessel: all by the simple *fiat* of lord advocate Dundas.*

He was not always, however, so rigid as to emigrants to America. David Campbell, of Belmont, esq. a *freeholder of Mid Lothian*, accused of a serious forgery, was well known to be for months (hardly concealed) in the principal hotel in Edinburgh; but here the vigilance of the lord advocate was asleep; no step was taken either to arrest him, or prevent his departure with his family, for which purpose a subscription was pretty publicly made, and contributions given by certain other of the *freeholders of Mid Lothian*. The two facts just mentioned, are made the subject of a very severe pamphlet, published at Edinburgh, entitled, "A Letter to the Lord Advocate," said to be written by the late Dr. Gilbert Stuart; but which I have good reason to believe, was the production of Mr. Hugo Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh.

Mr. Dundas was resolved not to confine his talents to the bar of the court of session. He was desirous of displaying them in parliament; and having become a candidate for

Mid Lothian, in opposition to the late sir Alexander Gilmain, who had the court interest, he succeeded, as he boasted, against all the influence of government. Since which he has always enjoyed that county himself, or put in one of his family, as member. At the following election, he made a strong push for the city of Edinburgh, in favour of sir William Miller, now a respectable judge, against the late sir Lawrence Dundas, and so far succeeded, as to have his friend returned, but to sit only until ousted on a petition to the house of commons. Sir Lawrence retained the city till his death; since which period it has been completely in the disposal of Mr. Dundas, who took his seat for it himself one parliament, ceding the county to his nephew.

As a younger brother, Mr. Dundas possessed no fortune, except a very moderate patrimony; but in the situation in which he was placed, with the most flattering prospects, and a manly figure, he might successfully have sought the hand of any woman. He fixed his affections on a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, Miss Rannie, the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Rannie, of Melville, in Mid Lothian, and they were married (according to the best of my recollection) about the year 1768. Mr. Rannie was supposed to be immensely rich; and it has been repeatedly said, that Mr. Dundas got 100,000*l.* by her. This however, is erroneous. The fact is, Mr. Cockburn, of Cockburn, (afterwards, by Mr. Dundas's interest, a baron of the Scotch court of exchequer) at or about the same time, married the younger Miss Rannie; and it was agreed by all parties, that Mr. Dundas should have the whole succession, paying Mr. Cockburn 10,000*l.* in full of his lady's share. On Mr. Rannie's death, the property was found to be nowise what was expect-

* I believe Oliver Cromwell was one of the last persons in England, whom the arbitrary power of the government prevented from emigrating to America.

ed. Mr. Dundas got the estate of Melville, which is not very extensive; but it is believed, that after paying the burthens on it and the stipulated 10,000*l.* to Mr. Cockburn, he had by no means an equal sum left to himself. Melville castle is delightfully situated on the banks of the river North Esk, five miles north from Edinburgh; and has been within these few years, rebuilt in the Gothic style, and the grounds laid out with much taste, so as to form a handsome family seat.

A more elegant couple than Mr. and Mrs. D. was no where to be seen; and as theirs was, in a great measure, a match of love, they enjoyed the utmost connubial felicity. At the same time, both being young, gay, and fond of society and pleasure, they tasted deeply of all the gratifications of luxury and dissipation. Mr. Dundas, it is true, had little patrimony, and got no great fortune by his lady; but the fees arising from his practice, the salary and emoluments of his successive offices of solicitor general and lord advocate, and the proceeds of the office of keeper of the signet, which he held first jointly with Mr. Andrew Stuart, and afterwards alone, made altogether a handsome income. On the other hand, his expenditure was great. Besides keeping fashionable establishments in town and country, his frequent journeys to London, together with pretty considerable private expenses, arising from his devotion to the fair sex, altogether were more than sufficient to exhaust the funds of a man in whom the love or care of money, was never a predominant passion; and not only was the estate of Melville mortgaged beyond its utmost value, but his personal debts were both large and numerous. Still, however, he was able to clear his way and live in elegance. His mansion was the resort of the *bon vivants*; and being fond of the pleasures of the table, and an excellent bottle-companion, Bacchanalian orgies not unfre-

quently occurred, and exposed Mrs. Dundas to scenes offensive to female delicacy; but which custom gradually familiarizes. To this may, perhaps, be attributed the unfortunate occurrences, which put an end to their nuptial happiness. It is certain that Mr. Cockburn was so great a husband, as to deny his lady a participation in such revels; and it is equally certain, that Mrs. Cockburn always maintained an irreproachable character.

In the year 1778, the eleventh regiment of dragoons happened to be quartered at Musslebury, a short distance from Melville castle, and from Mr. Dundas's house at Edinburgh. In this corps was lieutenant Falconer, a handsome young fellow; and possessing those accomplishments which, particularly in military men, make so frequent havoc in the female heart. He devoted his particular attention to Mrs. Dundas, while her husband was absent on avocations of business or pleasure, and his assidues were but too successful. The yielding fair one, could not withstand his impassioned suit; and their amour was conducted with so little circumspection, as soon to become generally known; and of course, not to be concealed from her lord. Mr. Dundas behaved on this occasion, with becoming fortitude and generosity, without betraying the mercenary or vindictive disposition, which prompts injured husbands to seek a remuneration for the loss of their wives' affections and honour, in procuring damages. It was, however, necessary that a legal separation should take place.

No objections were made; a divorce was speedily obtained; and in a few days after, a marriage was celebrated between the lady and Mr. F. Mr. Dundas behaving on the occasion with characteristic liberality; besides various nuptial presents, such as are usually bestowed by parents on their daughters, he settled on her voluntarily, and without the interpos-

ing of any court, an annuity of 200*l.* on condition of her *banishing herself from Scotland*. It is unnecessary to trace here, farther the result of this match; but it is proper to mention, with respect to Mr. Dundas, that he at all times acted the part of the best of fathers towards his children; thus best of their mother, and attended most dutifully to their education. The family thus left him, were Robert (now viscount Melville, who married Miss Saunders, grand-daughter of the late admiral sir Charles Saunders, by whom he got a very large fortune,) and three daughters; the eldest married first to Mr. Drummond, and afterwards Mr. Strange, both of London; bankers; the second to his nephew, the right honourable chief baron Dundas; and the third, to the honourable George Abercrombie, (late member for Edinburgh city), eldest son of sir Ralph, and who succeeds to the title of his mother, baroness Abercrombie.

It has been already mentioned, that Mr. Dundas first came into parliament in opposition to the ministry; but he prudently carried his opposition no farther. On the contrary, he became the strenuous supporter of lord North, and of the American war. Although his eloquence wanted that grace and elegant suavity of some of his contemporaries, and although his elocution was disfigured by a guttural pronunciation, a strong provincial accent, and a not unfrequent introduction of Scoticism; yet he argued ably and forcibly; and being a fluent speaker, ever ready to defend and support any proposition or act of his party, such a member could not fail to be highly estimated by a minister, who found no small difficulty to carry his measures.

Mr. Dundas, sensible of his importance to government, was desirous of securing his country in some other situation, besides those he held; and towards the conclusion of the American war, he was in treaty for the treasurership of the navy. The mi-

nister was perfectly willing to grant this; but, knowing the value of good places, at a period when he particularly required to have every means of patronage, he made it a condition that Mr. Dundas should relinquish his office of keeper of the signet; to which the latter would by no means agree. He easily foresaw the speedy downfall of the administration; and was himself *too far North*, to give up a sinecure of 2,000*l.* a year for life, for a place however respectable or lucrative, of which he might be deprived in a month. The prudence of his determination soon appeared. After various defeats in parliament, the American war and lord North's administration at once terminated; and the Rockingham party came into office the 27th of March, 1782.

Unfortunately for the nation, this ministry was but of three months' duration; the untimely and lamented death of the virtuous marquis, its head, occasioning another almost total change, on the 1st of July, the same year; when the earl of Shelburne, afterwards marquis of Lansdown, succeeded as first lord of the treasury, and Mr. Pitt became chancellor of the exchequer. Although these and other members of this motley group, had been strongly inimical to the acts of the North ministry, Mr. Dundas found no difficulty in accepting a place under them, and became as resolute and strenuous in their support, as he had formerly been in favour of lord North.

He was sworn into the privy council, and appointed treasurer of the navy, retaining at the same time, his Scotch offices of lord advocate and keeper of the signet.

The new ministry set seriously to the work of making a general peace. Provisional articles with the thirteen United States of America, were signed on the 31st of November, as were preliminaries with France and Spain, the 30th of January following. There is, however, no duty in which an administration is so unlikely to give sa-

satisfaction as peace-making, especially after an unfortunate war. During the continuance of the war, the people are buoyed up by expectation, and the conductors of public affairs, find means in the midst of reverses, to gloss over the evils, and to persuade the multitude that they are only temporary and will soon be repaired; but when they are obliged to make peace, all this delusion is dispelled: the people see that the blood and treasure of the nation has been wantonly expended, and that the terms which can be obtained from a successful enemy, are a bad recompense for this expenditure. In the present case, the immense load of debt incurred by the war, and on which the people had now the opportunity of calmly reflecting, filled them with dismay, especially when they found the articles of peace to be by no means what they expected, and the obloquy fell not on those who conducted the war, but on them who were obliged to make the best terms they could: and lord North, the prime agent of the crown in all the warlike measures, was the man to attack his successors for what it was hardly in their power to avoid. He and his great political adversary, Mr. Fox, forgetting all their animosity, joined their interests to destroy the existing administration; by their joint influence they were successful; and that celebrated coalition ministry, on the very grounds of the terms of peace, and the address of thanks on the occasion, obtained such a majority in parliament, as commanded their way to power, and placed the imbecile duke of Portland in the nominal office of minister, or at least first lord of the treasury, while they, holding the seals of secretaries of state, were the efficient ministers.

Under this change, Mr. Dundas not only lost his place of treasurer of the navy, but also that of lord advocate of Scotland, which he had held about ten years; and which was conferred on the honourable Henry Erskine. The two gentlemen falling

into company together at Bath, soon after this appointment, Mr. Erskine observed that he must have his silk gown made; on which Mr. Dundas tauntingly said, "It is hardly worth while, for the time you will want it; you had better borrow mine." It is certain, that he held the office little more than half a year; but Mr. Dundas, on the succeeding change, did not think proper to resume it, but ceded it to Mr. Hay Campbell, whom he afterwards promoted to the chair of lord president.

The coalition administration lasted a very short period. Young Pitt, assisted by Mr. Dundas, by the Grenville family, and a very strong popular interest, soon precipitated their downfall; the ground of attack being Fox's celebrated India bill. In opposition to this measure, Mr. Dundas made a very conspicuous figure. He had most assiduously employed himself to investigate and understand the complicated affairs of the company. This was, perhaps, the first occasion which he was employed, in matters that required deep and serious attention. In his professional business as a lawyer, and his parliamentary speeches, his abilities carried him through without much intense labour or study; but this required not only all his talents, but also the most unremitting investigation to unfold the intricate affairs of this immense concern; in the future control of which he was afterwards to take the great lead: and here he showed himself completely equal to the most profound researches. In fact, one of the first acts of the new administration, was to bring in an India bill, no wise materially differing from the enormous one of Mr. Fox; and Mr. Dundas was placed at the head of the board of control, established by that law.

Mr. Pitt was completely the premier, holder of the offices of first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer; and Mr. Dundas, holding the offices of treasurer of the navy,

and president of the board of control; and adding afterwards to these, that of secretary of state, besides being sole and absolute minister for Scotland. His patronage was unbounded; India was filled with his creatures; and every office in his native country was given through him. With this unprecedented influence, it is no wonder that of the forty-five members which Scotland sends to the house of commons, he carried five-sixths, although from his natural or family interest, he could hardly succeed in the county of Mid Lothian alone, and was without pretension to attempt any other city or borough. The sixteen representative peers were also entirely his nomination. This last indeed is nowise uncommon; the Scotch peerage being so undeviatingly loyal, that the minister of the day never fails to dictate their choice, and that not secretly, but by circular mandates, in the form of requests; to which this noble body as tamely submits, as the no less loyal clerical order do in the case of a *congé de chère* for a bishop. To show this in a strong instance, lord Lauderdale, during Mr. Dundas's reign, had not influence to procure his own election; whereas, having, during the late administration, succeeded to the management of Scotland, the same noble lord had the influence with the same body of peers, to nominate fifteen of the sixteen.

But, although Mr. Dundas, from his vast patronage, had immense influence among these classes in Scotland, who lived in the hope of obtaining places for themselves or their relatives and connexions, the strong measures of the administration with which he acted, rendered him very unpopular among the body of the people. And in his visit to Scotland, in the year 1793, he, at more places than one, narrowly escaped the fury of the populace; which his friends, by their imprudent zeal in his behalf, rather promoted, than allayed. A circumstance occurred in Edinburgh

on the king's birth-day, 1793, deserving of notice.

It has been the custom in that city to celebrate the birth-day of the sovereign, with great eclat and noise; and on this annual festival, the lower part of the community, among their other enjoyments, take the opportunity of expressing their abhorrence of persons they consider inimical to the country, by exhibiting and hanging in effigy, the unpopular character of the day. Mr. Wilkes, from his spirited and well-founded attacks on North Britain, and the character of its inhabitants, was the obnoxious individual, whose effigy, on every returning 4th of June, for a series of years, was transported in a cart, by these miserable Scots, to a place called the Yellowlee, and there executed in due form. This display of popular resentment, was always suffered undisturbed by the magistrates; and the multitude having satisfied their love of justice, quietly dispersed. Mr. Wilkes had for years been forgotten, and the ceremony fallen into disuse, until the 4th of June, 1793, when the mob destined the revival of the ceremony in the person of Mr. Dundas. Accordingly, on that day, his effigy was prepared, and placed in a cart for the usual execution; but the magistrates were roused at the idea of the indignity attempted to be offered to their idol. A military force was called in, and the populace proceeding to some acts of riot, by breaking the windows of his relatives' house in George's square, the soldiers attacked them, and several persons lost their lives. Had the magistrates quietly suffered the innoxious display of popular resentment, no mischief would have taken place; but the lives of the citizens were sacrificed for their zeal towards the giver of good things: and the lord provost, Mr. Stirling, by whose authority the military power was called out against the inhabitants, was, for his time-serving energy, created a baronet.

Although ever since the establish-

ment of Mr. Pitt's ministry, in 1783, Mr. Dundas had been a most efficient adjutor, it was not until 1791, that he became a member of the cabinet; as principal secretary of state for the home department. This he held until the year 1794; when the grand alarm brought over to Mr. Pitt's government, a great body of nominal whigs, at the head of whom was the duke of Portland. But here a difficulty rose; Mr. Dundas was no less attached to places than the duke, and by no means wished to relinquish any that he held. By Mr. Burke's bill, the third secretaryship had been abolished, at the close of the American war. Therefore, to please both individuals, Mr. Pitt and his colleagues found means, by some magical calculation, to show that the places of two secretaries, required three persons to fill them; and thus, while the duke succeeded to the home department, Mr. Dundas continued as secretary under the head of the war department. And as if the places and patronage he enjoyed had not been sufficient, he was also nominated *custos rotulorum*, for Middlesex.

In the investigation of plots by Jacobins, against government, about this time, Mr. Dundas was particularly conspicuous; and especially in the trials that took place in Scotland, where several members of what was styled the British convention, were by an extraordinary extension of the laws, rather than the justice of that part of the kingdom, transported for fourteen years, to New South Wales; and one of the ministry's own spies was hanged: while persons in circumstances not dissimilar, tried in London, were acquitted by the verdicts of honest London juries.

Mr. Dundas may also be said to have been the father of the volunteer system, which was the great instrument of keeping up the spirit of the people in favour of the war, in which the country was ruinously involved. When in Edinburgh, he appeared as a private in the first corps raised

there; and not a little indulged the vanity of that regiment, by proposing one day AFTER DINNER, to send a few ships of war, to carry them to London in a body, to be presented to his majesty. He certainly did present one of them, as a specimen; a gentleman near seven feet high, and stout in proportion; who appeared at court in the uniform of a private volunteer.

About the year 1792, Mr. Dundas married lady Jane Hope, daughter of the late, and sister of the present earl of Hopetoun; by whom he has no issue. But since that period, that family have appeared pretty conspicuous in the lists of placemen. Her ladyship herself, obtained some valuable crown leases; and Mr. Dundas modestly declining a pension from the East India company, the same was conferred on her, as being a better life. He himself also, on the death of Mr. Stewart McKenzie, was appointed (for life), keeper of the privy seal of Scotland, an absolute sinecure of 3,000*l.* but which he raised to 4,500*l.*; and for fear of the office of keeper of the signet going out of his family on his death, he transferred it to his son, who holds it for life.

Mr. Dundas continued in his several offices until 1801, when he retired with his friend Mr. Pitt, to make way for the Addington administration; and he was the next year created viscount Melville and baron Dumira, a title he took from the estate purchased by him in Perthshire.

On Mr. Pitt's return to office, lord Melville succeeded lord St. Vincent, as first lord of the admiralty, and continued so until the memorable occurrence of his impeachment. He had, while treasurer of the navy, rendered much essential advantage to the service; and had been instrumental in promoting the comfort of the seamen by bills he introduced, for enabling them, during their absence, to allow certain portions of their pay to their wives and near relatives; and he also brought forward a bill for regulating

the treasury of the navy, and preventing an improper use being made of the money passing through his hands, and directing the same from time to time, to be paid into the bank. This bill, of which he was the father, he was the first to break, and, by the tenth report of the commissioners for naval inquiry, instituted under the auspices of the earl of St. Vincent, it appeared that large sums of the public money in the hands of the treasurer, had been employed directly contrary to the act.

It would be unnecessary here to go into a detail of all that occurred on this momentous occasion, especially as the circumstances are fresh in the memory of the public. The matter was taken up very warmly by the house of commons; and after keen debates, the resolutions moved by Mr. Whitbread, for the impeachment of the noble lord, were carried on the 8th of April, 1805. On casting up the votes on the division, the numbers were found equal, 216 for, and 216 against, but the motion was carried by the casting vote of the right honourable Charles Abbot, the speaker. On the 10th, lord Melville resigned his office of first lord of the admiralty, and on the 6th of May he was struck from the list of privy counsellors by his majesty. On the 26th of June, Mr. Whitbread appeared at the bar of the house of lords, accompanied by several other members, and solemnly impeached lord Melville of high crimes and misdemeanors; and on the 9th of June, presented at the bar of the house of lords, the articles of impeachment. The trial afterwards proceeded in Westminster hall, and in the end lord Melville was acquitted of all the articles by considerable majorities. Trials of this description are always much biassed by party; and that this was the case in the present instance, it is only necessary to look, at the names of the voters. That lord Melville acted contrary to law, there can be no doubt; but on the other hand, it does not

appear that he was actuated by motives of personal corruption, or, in fact, that he enjoyed any peculiar advantage from the misapplication of the monies. Those under him, and whom his prosecutors, the better to get at him, secured by a bill of indemnity, employed the public money to their own use and vast emoluments; nor does it appear that lord Melville ever had the use of any part of it, except one or two comparatively small sums, for a short period. The great impropriety of his conduct, was not personally offending against the act, but suffering it to be done by the paymaster and others under him; but no money was lost to the public by the malversations.

But although lord Melville was acquitted, and afterwards restored to a seat in the privy council; although his son has enjoyed places of importance, and does now enjoy the presidentship of the board of control, yet he himself could never return to office. When he applied to Mr. Percival, the minister at once rejected his application; a circumstance that must have been particularly galling, as coming from a mere shoot of the ministry, in which he had enjoyed such power. Mr. Percival stated, that he could not recommend him to the king for an official situation, but would take his majesty's sentiments on creating him an earl. This his lordship indignantly refused. He occasionally appeared, and spoke in the house of lords since the trial, but has never attempted to make any prominent figure. The greatest part of the time he passed in Scotland, where he died suddenly, in the house of his nephew, the chief baron, at Edinburgh, on the 27th May last. He had, the evening before, arrived in that city from Melville castle, to attend the funeral of his deceased friend lord president Blair, and in the morning was found dead in his bed.

Lord Melville certainly was a man of abilities, and devoted to public business. Like other politicians, he was

however, attached to his party, and employed his talents and influence in promoting their measures. That these have been highly ruinous to the nation, and mischievous to the human race, there can be no doubt; and of consequence his memory must receive his share of blame for his part in all the destructive measures of the last thirty years. To sum up his public character in a few words, he has for many years been considered as forming an exact counterpart to Macklin's *Man of the World*. In his private character, he was highly respectable, and he fulfilled all the family and social functions in a manner that justly endeared him to the circle by which he was surrounded.

The places held by him at his death were.

Keeper of the privy seal, worth per annum,	5,000 <i>l</i> .
Crown grants to lady Melville, estimated at,	1,500 <i>l</i> .
Pension from the East India company,	2,000 <i>l</i> .
	<hr/>
	8,500 <i>l</i> .

He enjoyed also various other offices, which, if they brought in no immediate pecuniary income, gave him great patronage: as governor of the bank of Scotland, chancellor of the university of St Andrews, elder brother of the Trinity-house, governor of the Charter-house, &c.

His son, the present viscount, is president of the board of control, (besides the recent addition), 2,000*l*.

Keeper of the signet of Scotland, 2,000*l*.

4,000*l*.

His nephew and son-in-law, the lord chief baron, 3,500*l*.

Keeper of the register of Sossines, 2,000*l*.

5,500*l*.

Besides a variety of other lucrative appointments have been scattered among his family and connections.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

CITY AND GOVERNMENT OF TIMBUCTOO.

NEARLY IN THE CENTRE OF AFRICA.

TIMBUCTOO, the great emporium of central Africa, has from time immemorial carried on a very extensive and lucrative trade with the various maritime States of North Africa, &c. Morocco, Tunis, Algier, Tripoli, Egypt, &c. by means of (akkabaahs) accumulated caravans, which cross the great Desert of Sahara, generally between the months of September and April inclusive; these akkabaahs consist of several hundred loaded camels, accompanied by the Arabs, who let them to the merchants, for the transport of their merchandize to Fas, Morocco, &c. at a very low rate. During their route they are often ex-

posed to the attacks of the roving Arabs of Sahara, who generally commit their depredations as they approach the confines of the Desert.

In this tiresome journey, the akkabaahs do not proceed in a direct line across the trackless Desert to the place of their destination, but turn occasionally eastward or westward, according to the situation of certain fertile, inhabited, and cultivated spots, interspersed in various parts of Sahara, like islands in the ocean, called Oas, or Oases; these serve as watering-places to the men, as well as to feed, refresh, and replenish the hardy and patient camel: at each of these

Oases, the akkabaah sojourns about seven days, and then proceeds on its journey, until it reaches another spot of the same description. In the intermediate journeys, the hot winds, denominated *Shume*, are often so violent, as considerably, if not entirely, to exhale the water carried in skins by the camels for the use of the passengers and drivers; on these occasions the Arabs and people of Soudan affirm that 500 dollars have been given for a draught of water, and that 10 or 20 are commonly given when a partial exhalation has occurred.

In 1805, a caravan proceeding from Timbuctoo, to Tafilét, was disappointed, in not finding water at one of the usual watering-places, when, horrible to relate, the whole of the persons belonging to it, 2,000 in number, beside 1,800 camels, perished of thirst! Accidents of this sort, account for the vast quantities of human and other bones, which are found mingled together in various parts of the Desert.

The intense heat of the sun, aided by the vehement and parching wind driving the loose sand along the boundless plains, gives to the Desert the appearance of a sea, the drifting sands resembling exactly the waves of the ocean, and hence aptly denominated by the Arabs (*El Bahar billa mâa*) a sea without water.

It is generally affirmed, that the guides, to whom the charge of conducting these numerous accumulated caravans is committed, in their routes to and from Marocco, direct their course by the scent of the sandy earth; but I could never discover any reasonable foundation for such an opinion, and apprehend it to be an artful invention of their own, to impose on the credulity of this superstitious and ignorant people, and thus to enhance the value of their knowledge. These guides possess some idea of astrology, and the situation of certain stars, and being enabled by the two pointers to ascertain the polar star, they can by that unvarying

guide, steer their course with considerable precision, preferring often travelling in the night, rather than under the suffocating heat of the scorching meridian sun.

When the akkabaah reaches Akka, the first station on this side of the Desert, and situated on the confines thereof, in Lower Suse, which is a part of Bled-el-jerrède, the camels and guides are discharged, and others there hired to proceed to Fas, Marocco, Terodant, Tafilét, and other places.

The akkabaahs perform the traverse of the Desert, including their sojournments at El-wahs, or Oases, in about 130 days. Proceeding from the city of Fas, they go at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, and travel 7 hours a day; they reach Wedinoon, Tatta, or Akka, in eighteen days, where they remain a month, as the grand accumulated akkabaah proceeds from the latter place.

In going from Akka to Tagassa, (the g should be pronounced guttural) they employ sixteen days, here sojourning fifteen days more, to replenish their camels; they then proceed to the Oasis and Well of Taudeny, which they reach in seven days; here again they remain fifteen days; their next route is to Arawan, another watering-place, which they reach in seven days; here they sojourn fifteen days; and then proceed and reach Timbuctoo the sixth day, making a journey of fifty-four days actual travelling, and of seventy-five days repose, being altogether, from Fas to Timbuctoo, one hundred and twenty-nine days, or four lunar months and nine days.

There is another akkabah, which sets out from Wedinoon and Sok Assa, and traversing the Desert between the black mountains of Cape Bojador and Gualata, touches at Tagassa, El Garbie (both g's guttural, being the letter *ğ*), or West Tagassa, and staying there to collect salt, proceeds to Timbuctoo. The time

occupied by this akkabaah is 5 or 6 months, as it goes as far as Jibbel-el-bied, or the White Mountains, near Cape Blanco, through the desert of Mograffa and Woled Abbusebah, to a place called Agadeen, where it sojourns twenty days.

The akkabaahs which cross the Desert may be compared to our fleets of merchant vessels, under convoy, the (stata) convoy of the Desert being two or more Arabs, belonging to the tribe through whose territory the caravan passes; thus, in passing the territory of Woled Abbusebah, they are accompanied by two Sebayées, or people of that country, who on reaching the confines of the territory of Woled Deleim, receive a remuneration, and return, delivering them to the protection of two chiefs of Woled Deleim; these again conducting them to the confines of the territory of the Moraffra Arabs, to whose care they deliver them, and soon, till they reach Tinbuctoo: any assault made against the akkabaah during this journey, is considered as an insult to the whole clan to which the (stata) convoy belongs, and for which they never fail to take ample revenge.

Besides these grand accumulated caravans, there are others which cross the Desert, on any emergency, without a stata, or guard of soldiers: but this is a perilous expedition, and they are too often plundered near the northern confines of the Desert, by two notorious tribes, called Dikna and Emjot. In the year 1799, an akkabaah consisting of two thousand camels, loaded with Soudanic produce, together with seven hundred slaves, was plundered and dispersed, and many were killed. These desperate attacks are conducted in the following manner: a whole clan picket their horses at the entrance of their tents, and send out scouts to give notice when an akkabaah is likely to pass; these being mounted on the Heirie, or Shrubba Er'reeh, quickly communicate the intelligence, and the whole

clan mount their horses, taking with them a sufficient number of (spang) female camels, to supply them with food (they living altogether on the milk of that animal); they place themselves somewhere in ambush near an oasis, or watering-place, from whence they issue on the arrival of the akkabaah, which they plunder of every thing, leaving the unfortunate merchants entirely destitute.

Those who have philosophy enough to confine their wants solely to what nature requires, would view the individual happiness of the people who compose the caravans, with approbation. Their food, dress, and accommodation, are simple and natural; proscribed from the use of wine and intoxicating liquors, by their religion, and exhorted by its principles to temperance, they are commonly satisfied with a few nourishing dates, and a draft of water; and they will travel for weeks successively without any other food; at other times, a little barley meal and cold water is the extent of their provision, when they undertake a journey of a few weeks across the Desert; living in this abstemious manner, they never complain, but solace themselves with a hope of reaching their native country, singing occasionally during the journey, whenever they approach any habitation, or whenever the camels appeared fatigued; these songs are usually sung in trio, and in the chorus all the camel drivers, who have a musical voice, join; it is worthy observation, how much these songs renovate the camels, and the symphony and time they keep, surpasses what any one would imagine, who had not heard them. In traversing the Desert, they generally contrive to terminate the day's journey at A'saw, a term which they appropriate to our four o'clock, P. M. so that between that period and the setting sun, the tents are pitched, prayers said, and the (lashaw) supper got ready; after which they sit round in a circle, and talk till sleep over-

comes them, and next morning at break of day, they proceed again on their journey.

The Arabic language, as spoken by the camel-drivers, is peculiarly sweet and soft; the guttural and harsh letters are softened, and with all its energy and perspicuity, when pronounced by them, is as soft, and more sonorous than the Italian; it approaches the ancient Koranick language, and has suffered but little alteration these twelve hundred years. The Arabs of Moraffra, and those of Woled Abbusabah, frequently hold an extempore conversation in poetry; at which the women are adepts, and never fail to show attention to those young Arabs who excel in this intellectual and refined amusement.

The articles transported by the company of merchants trading from Fas to Timbuctoo, are principally as follows: various kinds of German linsens, viz. platillas, rouans, brettanias, muslins of different qualities, particularly muls, Irish linens, cambrics, fine cloths of particular colours, coral beads, amber beads, pearls, Bengal raw silk, brass nails, coffee, fine hyson teas, refined sugar, and various manufactures of Fas and Tafilelt, viz. shawls and sashes of silk and gold, hayks of silk, of cotton and silk mixed, of cotton and of wool; also an immense quantity of (hayk fililly) Tafilelt hayks, a particularly light and fine manufacture of that place, and admirably adapted to the climate of Soudan; to these may be added red woollen caps, the general covering of the head, turbans, Italian silks, nutmegs, cloves, ginger, and pepper, Venetian beads, cowries, and a considerable quantity of tobacco and salt, the produce of Barbary and Bled-el-jerrède.

The produce of Soudan, returned by the akkabuaks, for the above articles, consists principally in gold dust, twisted gold rings of Wangara, gold rings made at Jinnie, bars of gold, elephants' teeth, gum of Soudan, (gum Saharawie) grains of Sahara,

called by Europeans grains of Paradise, odoriferous gums, called el b'kor'h Sodan, much esteemed by the Arabs for fumigating, to which they ascribe many virtues; a great number of slaves, purchased at Timbuctoo, from the Wangarden, Houssonian, and other states, who bring them from those regions which border on the Jibbel, Kamra, or Mountains of the Moon, a chain which, with little or no intermission, runs through the continent of Africa from the west to the east, viz. from Assentee in the west, to Abyssinia in the east.

Ostrich feathers and ambergris are collected on the confines of the Desert, and are added to the merchandize before-mentioned. The gold jewels of Jinnie are denominated by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain; they are invariably of pure gold, and some of them of exquisite workmanship, and of various forms, but hollow in the middle for the purpose of containing the Herrez, or amulet, which consists of passages from the Koran, are ranged in some geometrical figure, on paper, which being enclosed in the gold jewel, is suspended from the neck, or tied round the arms, legs, or elsewhere. These charms have various and particular powers attributed to them, some insuring the wearer against the effects of an evil eye, others from an evil mind; some are intended to secure a continuation of prosperity and happiness, or to avert misfortune, whilst others secure to the wearer health and strength. This superstition and predilection for charms, pervades the greater part of Africa: thus, in the northern maritime states, in Suse, and other parts of Bled-el-jerrède, the fakrees, or saints, attach half a hundred herrez (without, however, the gold covering, for which they substitute a leathern one) to different parts of their body, and even to the horses: at Marocco, I have seen eleven round one horse's neck. The inhabitants of these countries imagine no disorder incident to man-

kind can attack either man or beast, without the aid of some (jin) spirit, or departed soul, or (drubba d'lain) an evil eye.

The slaves brought by the akkabahs are more or less valuable in Barbary, according to their beauty and symmetry of person, and also according to their age, and the country from whence they are procured: thus a Wangareen slave is not worth so much as one from Houssa; the former being a gross, stupid people, little superior in understanding to the brute creation, whilst those of Houssa are intelligent, industrious, acute, and possess a peculiarly open countenance, having prominent noses, and expressive black eyes; those of Wangara, on the contrary, have large mouths, thick lips, broad flat noses, and heavy eyes. A young girl of Houssa, of exquisite beauty, was once sold at Marocco, whilst I was there, for four hundred ducats, whilst the average price of slaves is about one hundred, so much depends on the fancy, or the imagination of the purchaser!

These slaves are treated very differently from the unhappy victims who used to be transported from the coast of Guinea, and our settlements on the Gambia, to the West India islands. After suffering those privations, which all who traverse the African Desert must necessarily and equally submit to, masters, as well as servants and slaves, they are conveyed to Fas and Marocco, and after being exhibited in the sock; or public market-place, they are sold to the highest bidder, who carries them to his home; where, if found faithful, they are considered as members of the family, and allowed an intercourse with the (horraht) free-born women of the household. Being in the daily habit of hearing the Arabic language spoken, they soon acquire a partial knowledge of it, and the Mahomedan religion teaching the unity of God, they readily reject paganism, and embrace Mahomedanism; their

Moselmin masters then furnish their vacant minds, ready to receive the first impression, the fundamental principles of the Moselmin doctrine: the more intelligent learn to read and write, and afterwards acquire a partial knowledge of the Koran; and such as can read and understand one chapter, from that time procure their emancipation from slavery, and the master exults in having converted an infidel, and in full faith expects favour from heaven for the action, and for having liberated a slave. When these people do not turn their minds to reading, and learning the principles of Mohammedanism, they generally obtain their freedom after eight or ten years servitude; for the more conscientious Moselmins consider them as servants, and purchase them for about the same sum that they would pay in wages to a servant during the above period, at the expiration of which term, by giving them their liberty, they, according to their religious opinions, acquire a blessing from God, for having done an act, which a Moselman considers more meritorious in the sight of Heaven, than the sacrifice of a goat, or even of a camel. This liberation is entirely voluntary on the part of the owner; and I have known some slaves so attached to their masters from good treatment, that when they have been offered their liberty, they have actually refused it, preferring to continue in servitude. It should not, however, be supposed, that the Arabs and Moors are always inclined thus to liberate these degraded people: on the contrary, some of them, particularly the latter, are obdurate, and make an infamous traffic of them, by purchasing, and afterwards intermarrying them, for the purpose of propagation and of sale, when they are placed in the public market-place, and there turned about, and examined, in order to ascertain their value.

The eunuchs which the emperors and princes keep to superintend their respective harems, are, for the most

part, procured from the vicinage of Senegal, in Soudan; these creatures have shrill and effeminate voices; they are emaculated in a peculiar manner, and sometimes in such a way, as not to be incapacitated from cohabiting with women; they are in general very fat and gross, and from the nature of the charge committed to them, become very confidential servants: indeed their fidelity is surpassed only by their unbounded insolence. I knew one of these creatures, who was chief of the eunuchs superintending the harem of Muley Abd Salam, at Agadeer, who was 110 years old; he was then upright, and walked about without a stick.

Persons unaccustomed to, or unacquainted with the mode of living in Africa, may imagine the expense and trouble of conveying the slaves across the Desert, would be more than the advantage derivable from their sale; but it must be recollected, that these people are very abstemious, particularly, whilst travelling; ten dollars expended in rice in Wangara, is sufficient for a year's consumption for one person; the wearing apparel is alike economical, a pair of drawers, and sometimes a vest, forming all the clothing necessary in traversing the Desert.

It is not ascertained when the communication between Barbary and Soudan was first opened, yet it is certain, that the enterprising expedition of Muley Arsheede to the latter country, tended considerably to increase and encourage the exchange of commodities, and caused the establishment of the company of Fas merchants, at Fas, as well as that of their factory at Timbuctoo, which has continued to increase and flourish ever since.

The circulating medium at Timbuctoo is (tibber) gold dust, which is exchanged for merchandize: thus a platilia is worth 20 mizans of gold; a piece of Irish linen of 25 yards, is worth 30 mizans, and loaf sugar is worth 40 mizans of gold per quintal.

Having in some measure explained the nature of the trade with Timbuctoo, we may now proceed to discuss the extent of its territory, and although this does not appear to have been ascertained, yet it may be said to extend northward to the confines of Sahara, or the Desert; a tract of country about 90 miles in breadth; the western boundary is 180 miles west of the city, and the eastern extends to the Bahar Soudan, or the sea of Soudan, which is a lake formed by the Nile El Abeede, whose opposite shore is not discernible; this is the description given of it by the Soudanees, who have visited it; on its opposite or eastern shore begins the territory of white people hereafter mentioned, denominated by the Arabs, (N'sarrath) Christians, or followers of Jesus of Nazareth: south of the river is another territory of immense extent, the boundary of which extends to Lamlem, or Meli, which latter is reported to be inhabited by one of the lost, or missing tribes of Israel.

The city of Timbuctoo is situated on a plain, surrounded by sandy eminences, about 12 miles north of the Nile El Abeede, or Nile of the Blacks, and three (erhellat) days journey from the confines of Sahara: the city is about 12 miles in circumference, but without walls. The town of Kabra, situated on the banks of the river, is its commercial depôt, or port. By means of a water carriage east and west of Cabra, great facility is given to the trade of Timbuctoo; from whence the various articles of European as well as Barbary manufactures, brought by the akkabaahs from the north of Africa, are distributed to the different empires and states of Soudan, and the south. This great mart is resorted to by all nations, whither they bring the various products of their respective countries, to barter for the European and Barbary manufactures.

The houses of Timbuctoo have for the most part no upper apartments; they are spacious, and of a square

form, with an opening in the centre, towards which the doors open; they have no windows, as the doors, which are lofty and wide, admit sufficient light to the rooms when thrown open. Contiguous to the entrance door is a building consisting of two rooms, called a Duaria, in which visitors are received and entertained, so that they see nothing of the women, who are extremely handsome: the men are so excessively jealous of their wives, that when the latter visit a relation, they are muffled up in every possible way to disguise their persons; their face is also covered with their garment, through which they peep with one eye, to discover their way.

The king, whose authority has been acknowledged at Timbuctoo ever since the death of Muley Ismael, emperor of Marocco, is the sovereign of Bambarra; the name of this potentate in 1800 was Woolo: he is a black, and a native of the country which he governs; his usual place of residence is Jinnie, though he has three palaces in Timbuctoo, which are said to contain an immense quantity of gold. Many of the civil appointments, since the decease of Muley Ismael before-mentioned, and the consequent decline of the authority of the emperor of Marocco, have been filled by the Moors of Maroquin origin; but the military appointments since the above period, have been entirely among the negroes of Bambarra, appointed by the king Woolo; the inhabitants are also for the most part negroes, who possess much of the Arab hospitality, and pride themselves with being attentive to strangers. The various costumes exhibited in the market-places and streets, indicate the variety and extent of the commercial intercourse with the different nations of central Africa; the individuals being each habited in the dress of his respective country, exhibit a variety both pleasing and interesting to every stranger who goes there.

The toleration in a country like

this is particularly deserving of notice. The Divan, or L'Alemma, never interfere with the religious tenets of the various religions professed by the different people who resort thither for commercial or other purposes; every one is allowed to worship the great Author of his being without restraint, and according to the religion of his father, or in the way wherein he may have been initiated.

The police of this extraordinary place is extolled, as surpassing any thing of the kind on this side of the Desert; robberies and house-breaking are scarcely known; the peaceable inhabitants of the town each following his respective avocation, interfere with nothing but what concerns them. The government of the city is entrusted to a Diwan of twelve Alemma, or men learned in the Koran, and an umpire, who retain their appointments, which they receive from the king of Bambarra, three years. The power of the Alemma is great, and their falling into the mass of citizens after the expiration of the above period, obliges them to act uprightly, as their good or bad administration of justice either acquits or condemns them after the expiration of their temporary power. The civil jurisprudence is directed by a Cadî, who decides all judicial proceedings according to the spirit of the Koran; he has twelve talbs of the law, or attorneys, attending him, each of whom has a separate department of justice to engage his daily attention.

It is asserted, that until lately, no Jews were permitted to enter the town, and various conjectures have been made as to the cause of this interdiction. It is also reported that those Jews who do now resort thither are obliged to become Mohammedans, the forms of which religion they probably relinquish on their return to their native country; but whatever may be the ostensible cause, I am inclined to think the true cause why the Jews are not admitted into Timbuctoo is the extreme jealousy of the indivi-

duals of the Moorish factory, whose avarice induces them to exclude every person from sharing their emoluments, whenever a plausible pretext can be found.

The climate of Timbuctoo is much extolled as being salubrious, and extremely invigorating, insomuch that it is impossible for the sexes to exist without intermarrying; accordingly, it is said, there is no man of the age of eighteen who has not his wives or concubines, all which are allowed by the laws of the country, which are Mohammedan; and it is even a disgrace for a man who has reached the age of puberty to be unmarried. The natives, and those who have resided there any considerable time, have an elegance and suavity of manners, which is not observed on this side of Sahara; they possess a great flow of animal spirits, and are generally so much attached to the country, that they invariably return, when insurmountable difficulties do not prevent them.

The accommodation for travellers at Timbuctoo is very simple; camels, horses, drivers, and merchants, rendezvous at a large house, having an open space in the middle, round which are built rooms sufficiently large for a bed and table: these inns, or caravanseras, are called Fondaque, and each merchant hires a room, or more, until he accommodates himself with a house, bartering and exchanging his commodities, till he has invested the whole in Soudanic produce, which he endeavours to accomplish by autumn, (September), in order to be ready for the akkabaah, either to proceed to Marocco, Cairo, Jidda, or elsewhere.

With regard to the manufactures of different kinds of apparel at Timbuctoo, and other places of the interior, they are made for the most part by the women in their respective houses, whenever they cannot procure European cloths and linens, or when there is a great scarcity of Fas

and Tafilelt manufactures of silk, cotton, and woollen.

It has been said that there is an extensive library at Timbuctoo, consisting of manuscripts in a character differing from the Arabic; this, I am inclined to think, has originated in the fertile imagination of some poet; or perhaps some Arab or Moor, willing to indulge at the expense of European curiosity, has fabricated such a story. In all my inquiries during many years, I never heard of any such library at Timbuctoo. The state library, which is composed for the most part of manuscripts in the Arabic, contains a few Hebrew, and perhaps Chaldaic books; amongst the Arabic, it is probable there are many translations from Greek and Latin authors at present unknown to Europeans.

The Nile El Abeede, or Nile of the Negroes, overflows in the same manner as the Nile Massar, or Nile of Egypt, when the sun enters Cancer; this is the rainy season in the countries, south of the Great Desert, and in Jibbel Kumra, or the Mountains of the Moon, from whence the waters descend, which cause the river to overflow its banks. At Kabra, near Timbuctoo, it becomes a very large stream. River horses are found in the Nile El Abeede, as well as crocodiles, and the country contiguous to its southern banks is covered with forests of primeval growth, in which are many trees of great size and beauty. These forests abound with elephants of an enormous size.

The river, according to the concurrent testimony of the Arabs and the Moors, is about the width of the Thames at London; the stream is so very rapid in the middle, as to oblige the boats which navigate to Jinnie, to keep close to the shore; and the boatmen, instead of oars, push the boat on with long poles.

The soil about Timbuctoo is generally fertile, and near the river produces rice, millet, Indian corn, and

other grain; wheat and barley grow in the plains, and are cultivated principally by the Arabs of the tribe of Brabeesha. Coffee grows wild here, as does also indigo; the latter, however, is cultivated in some parts, and produces a very fine blue dye, which they use in their various cotton manufactures; a specimen of this colour may be seen in the British museum, in a piece of cloth of cotton and silk, which I had the honour to present to that national depository of curiosities some years since: it is of a chequered pattern, similar to a draft board, the squares are alternate blue and white; these pieces of cotton are manufactured at Jinnie and Timbuctoo, and used as covers to beds; they are valuable from the strength and durability of the texture, and are therefore sold at a high price in Barbary, according to the quantity of silk that is in them, and the quality of the cotton: those, however, which have no silk interwoven, but are simply cotton, of blue and white patterns, are not so costly: the width varies from two to twelve inches; the pieces are sewed together so closely afterwards with silk or thread, that one can scarcely perceive the seams, the whole appearing as one piece.

The husbandmen, (whom they call fulah) are very expert in the economy of bees; honey and wax are abundant, but neither is transported across the Desert; first, because the articles abound in Barbary, and secondly, because they are used by the natives of Timbuctoo, the former as an article of food, and the latter for candles.

There is a supply of fish from the river about Kabra, but of what kind I have not been able to learn, as they differ from those of Europe.

The mines of gold which lie south of the bed of the river, belong to the Sultan Woolo, who resides at Jinnie; he has three palaces, or spacious houses at Timbuctoo, where his gold is deposited, of which he is said to possess an enormous quantity. The persons who are daily employed in

working the mines are Bambareen negroes, who are extremely rich in gold, for all pieces of ore which they take from the mines, not weighing twelve anizans, or two ounces, become a perquisite to themselves, as a remuneration for their labour, and all pieces of greater weight belong to the Sultan, and are deposited in his before-mentioned palaces.

It is asserted, that the mines are so pure, that lumps of virgin gold are constantly found of several ounces in weight; this being admitted, it will not be surprising that the value of this precious metal, here so abundant, should be inconsiderable, and that some articles of small value with us in Europe, such as tobacco, salt, and manufactured brass, should often sell at Timbuctoo for their weight in gold. But here I would wish to be understood as speaking with some latitude, as the precise value of the circulating medium of Soudan is subject to great fluctuation, originating from a company of enterprising speculators of great capital at Fes, who are extremely jealous of the trade, and particularly cautious in communicating any information respecting it. In my various inquiries on this subject, I have constantly been guarded from receiving any information respecting Soudan, from men who have had commercial establishments there, but have been rather induced to prefer the testimony of those whom I have frequently met from time to time in my various journeys through West and South Barbary, who were strangers to the motive of my inquiries, considering them merely as the natural suggestions of curiosity; some of these, however, I have by chance met with afterwards at Mogador and Agadeer, where my commercial establishments were, when finding I was engaged in foreign commerce, they became very circumspect and cautious, and apparently regretted having communicated intelligence so soon concerning their country.

POETRY.

BETH-GELERT.*

ON THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.
And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
Come, Gelert, come, we'rt never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.
Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flow'r of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!
Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed,
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord
And sentinel'd his bed.
In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.
And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy caes yells
The many-mingled cries?
That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved
For Gelert was not there.
Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hies,
When near the portal seat
His truant Gelert he espies
Bounding his lord to greet.
But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.
Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.
O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
With blood-stain'd covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.
He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.
Hell-bound my child by thee's devour'd
The frantic father cried:
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.
His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.
Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!
Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had mis'd:
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.
Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.
Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.
Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's wo:
Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic blow that laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.
And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd,
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

* The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house—The greyhound, named Gelert was given to him by his father-in-law king John, A. D. 1205, and the place to this day is called Beth-Gelert, or the grave of Gelert.

There never could a spearman pass
Or forrester unmov'd ;
There oft the tear besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of *Gelert's* grave.

Dolymelynlyn, }
August 11, 1800. }

FROM THE GENERAL CHRONICLE.

TO THE SEA BIRD.

PLEAS'D I behold thee, rover of the deep,
That brav'st the terrors of this raging
world ;

And follow still, with curious eye, thy
sweep,

'Mid emerald waves, with snowy heads,
y-curl'd !

Pleas'd I behold thee o'er the expanse
ride,

Now pois'd aloft amid the lurid skies ;
Descending now the wat'ry valleys wide,
Now rising slow, as slow the billows rise :

Pleas'd I behold thee ; and think, blest it
were,

Like thee, the dark seas dauntless to
explore ;

Like thee, to toil unwearied, and to dare ;
Nor, with a coward's haste, to seek the
shore :

Tempt, while I please, the fortunes of the
day,

Then spread the wing, and bear, at will,
away !

FROM THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

HORACE IN LONDON.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

My work is establish'd—pale Envy, be still,
My fame is not now to be undone,
I rank with the first of the sons of the quill,

Even elegant Horace of Strawberry-hill
Must now yield to Horace in London.

Blow, Boreas, blow, tumble torrents of

rain,
How tough is the hide of the witty ;
The seasons may dance, hands across back
again,

They never can injure my permanent
strain,
Nor blot out a line of my ditty.

I rather suspect, when I'm lock'd in a
hearse,

My friends will consider me dead,
Oh no ! from that circumstance never the
worse,

My far better half, not my wife, but my
verse,

Will pop up its flourishing head.

Posterity long shall be proud of my name,
Than Parian marble far whiter :

When fashion shall die, and Ephemeral
fame

No longer shall trumpet the charms of the
dame,

Who lower'd the Osnaburg mitre.

My Odes shall be sung from the Mouth of
the Nore,

Old Thames shall the stanza prolong,
From Westminster-bridge to fair Twick-
enham's shore,

Where Pleasure and Beauty shall rest on
the oar,

At eve to attend to my song.

If Beauty applaud me, let Pedantry foam,
I'm proud of the plan I have hit on,

To make the old bard, when transplanted
from Rome,

Leave learning and classic allusions at
home,

And talk the free language of Britain.

I care not a fig what the critics may
say,

My fame is too firm to be undone,—
Then hold up your head, pretty Muse,
from this day,

And crown with a chaplet of laurel and
bay,

The forehead of Horace in London !

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A new edition, with the author's last corrections of the works of Cornelius Tacitus; with an Essay on his Life and Genius. Notes, Supplements, &c. By Arthur Murphy, esq.

The Letters of Anna Seward, in six volumes, post 8vo. with portraits. Written between the years 1781 and 1807. This work consists of upwards of 500 Letters, written by Miss Seward to her numerous correspondents; and besides much valuable literary criticism and anecdote, many of the letters contain discussions on the principal occurrences of the times, and on topics of a public as well as a domestic nature.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney. By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. Second edition.

The History of the Helvetic Republics. By Francis Hare Naylor, esq.

Patriarchal Times; or, the Land of Canaan, in seven books. Comprising, interesting Events, Incidents and Characters; moral and historical; founded on the Holy Scriptures. By Miss O'Keefe.

A new Pocket Dictionary of the English and Dutch Languages, with a vocabulary of Proper Names, Geographical, Historical, &c. in Two Parts: 1. English and Dutch.—2. Dutch and English. Containing all the words of general use, collected from the best authorities in both languages, carefully revised, and constructed upon the plan of the octavo dictionary. By Samuel Hull Wilcocke.

Brighton in an Uproar, &c. &c. &c.—Founded on facts. By H. M. Moriarty. This work, comprising Anecdotes of Modern Characters, was advertised to be published on the 15th of last August; but was stopped, from the bookseller being threatened with a criminal prosecution.

Popular Directions for the treatment of the Diseases of Women and Children. By John Burns, Lecturer on Midwifery, and Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, in Glasgow.

The Sabine Farm; a Poem: into which

is interwoven a series of Translations, chiefly descriptive of the Villa and the Life of Horace. Occasioned by an excursion from Rome to Licenza; and illustrated with a Road Map, and Six Views, taken on the spot. By Robert Broadstreet, esq. A. M.

Geological Travels in England. By J. A. Deluc, esq. F. R. S. Translated from the French Manuscript. In two large volumes octavo.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

A handsome little volume, containing Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. is just published by Mr. C. Williams and T. B. Waite & Co. Boston. They are principally on the important subject of education, and should be read by every student, as well as every man of letters.

By Edward Parker, Philadelphia.

An Inquiry into the History and Nature of the Diseases produced in the Human Constitution by the use of Mercury; with observations on its connexion with the Lues Venerea. By Andrew Mathias, Surgeon extraordinary to the Queen and to her Majesty's Household, Surgeon to the Westminster Lying in Hospital, and member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. In one volume octavo.

By D. Allison & Co. Burlington, N. J.

A Sermon delivered in the city of Burlington, N. J. on the 1st of May, 1811, at the opening of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Jersey. By the Rev. Simon Wilmer, Rector of Trinity Church, Swedesborough.

By the same.

Practical Astronomy: containing a description of the Solar System, the Doctrine of the Sphere, &c. &c. By Alexander Ewing, teacher of mathematics, Edinburgh. Revised, corrected, and improved, by John Gummere, Teacher of Astronomy and other branches of the mathematics.

Also,

Practical Piety; or, the influence of the Religion of the Heart, on the conduct of the life. By Hannah Moore. A handsome edition in one volume. Price 150 cents.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

A translation of the continuation of Humboldt's Travels, &c. in New Spain, recently arrived.

The Life of the late Richard Cumberland, esq. by Mr. Mudford, is in preparation. The "Memoirs," published by the author himself, will be used as an authentic record for every thing respecting facts, but there still will remain an important portion to supply.

The First Number of the Military Classics; a publication which, in monthly numbers of 2s. 6d. each, will reprint the whole Series of Ancient and Modern eminent Military Works of any name and authority; and by a compressed way of printing, will comprehend, in one Number, price 2s. 6d. the whole contents of a quarto volume, verbatim, usually charged from two to three guineas. The First Number comprehends the works of Marshal Saxe, complete.

Sketches, Civil and Military, of the Islands of Java, and its immediate Dependencies, including particular and interesting details of Batavia, collected during voyages performed from between 1768 to 1778. By a Dutch Admiral. And 1804 to 1806. By an Officer of Engineers, sent express by Bonaparte; with a Map of Java, and Plan of the City of Batavia and its whole line of defence, both from actual survey.

Observations on the present State of the Portuguese Army, as organised by lieutenant-general Sir William Carr Beresford, K. B. Field Marshal and Commander in Chief of that army. With an Account of the different Military Establishments and Laws of Portugal, and a Sketch of the Campaigns of the last and present year; during which the Portuguese army was brought into the field, against the enemy, for the first time, as a regular force. By Andrew Halliday, M. D.

A quarto work, to be entitled the History of the rise and progress of the Royal British System of Education, to be dedicated, by permission, to the Prince Regent.

A Treatise on the Law of Idiots, Lunatics, and other persons, non-compos mentis. Together with an Appendix.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Thomas J. Rogers, Easton, Pennsylvania.

By subscription—A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. John Ewing, D. D. late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia, and Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. To which will be prefixed a sketch of his life, and an engraving of the author. Subscriptions received by the booksellers generally.

By Thomas Yeates & Thomas Johns, Chambersburg, (Penn.)

By subscription—The Lives and Experience of twenty-one eminent Methodist Preachers. Written by themselves. The profits arising from the publication of the above work, are for the purpose of defraying certain expenses, which the Trustees of the Methodist Church have incurred in building a House for Divine Worship, in the borough of Chambersburg.

By T. B. Wait & Co. Boston.

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